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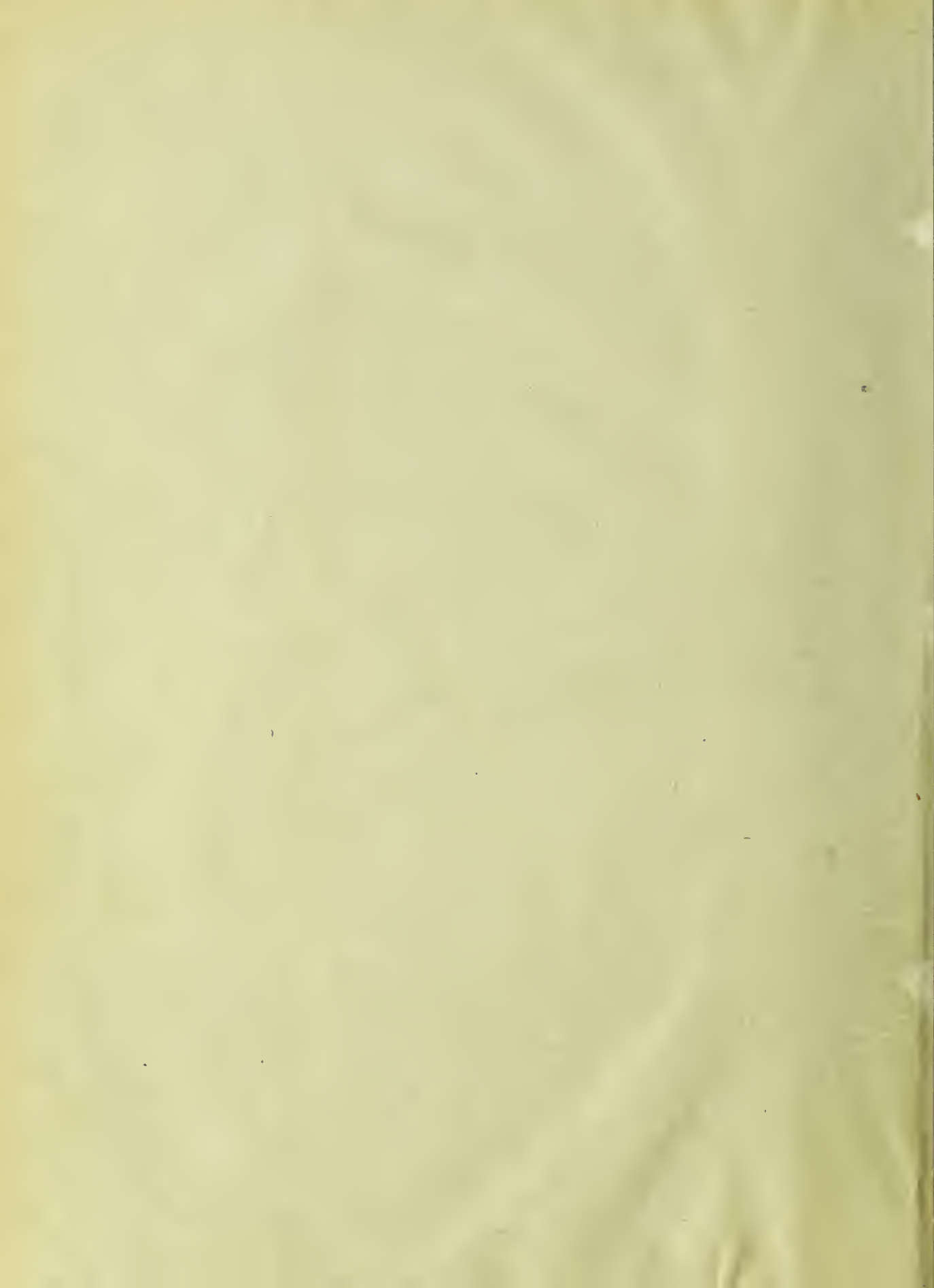
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# » ARLINGTON » HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

Publication Office, High School, Academy Street.

Vol. IX.

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No. 1.

## THE CLARION

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## EDITORIAL

With this issue, the CLARION enters upon its ninth year of existence. It is hoped that it will be as successful this year as it has been in the eight preceding and to make this possible the co-operation of the school and graduates is needed. Every pupil and graduate should be a regular subscriber. At present the paper is largely carried on by the generosity of the advertisers.

Every one is requested to become a contributor as well as a subscriber, for the value of the paper depends upon the value of its contents and these depend on the willingness of the school to help in a literary as well as in a financial way. Any person having an interesting story, poem or sketch is invited to send it to the editor.

Remember the CLARION is the school's paper and it is our representative wherever exchanges are made with other schools.

We hear with pleasure that the Senior Social is not far off. These Socials are practically the last receptions of the graduating classes and are always one of the pleasantest occasions of the school year. Each class has its own socials and festivities but the Senior Social is for the whole school.

The sympathies of the school have been with Miss Reed during her prolonged illness and a speedy recovery is hoped for.

The Debating Club has begun its year with vim and already several very interesting debates have been enjoyed. The membership is open to all the boys in the school and the Freshmen are particularly invited for on them depends the future success of the club. The meetings are open to girls as well as boys and all may enter into the general debate.

Before the next issue of the CLARION the Junior Gift will be presented to the school. The only places left for statues seem to be in the dark and secluded places. Perhaps the town will have to add a room to the building where Junior Gifts and Hockey Cups may be exhibited.

There must be something the matter with the storm whistle, for instead of waking pupils up at 7.15 as was intended, it only serves to tantalize them at 8.15. How would it work to try the 2-2 blows at 7.15 instead of 6.45?

It would be a mistake indeed not to mention the Freshmen class pins. How fortunate the District Nursing Association was in operation, for the next day after the pins first appeared several scratches showed that the owners had been in close contact with the corners.

Was Scott thinking of the spring vacation when he wrote, "There's a gude time coming."

A large, life-sized portrait of Nathan Pratt has been recently added to our school. Certainly no more fitting place could be found than its present position at the front of the assembly hall where all may be reminded each morning of Mr. Pratt's generosity. The equipment of the chemical, physical and botanical laboratories, also many of the art decorations and several fine lectures have been secured for us through the Pratt Fund. The portrait is the work of Mr. Caliga, a distinguished artist.

Is there not some member in the school who can compose music suitable to be put with the words of our school song? It seems strange that the music of a popular song is all that can be found worthy of the words. Perhaps it is unknown to some that the verses were written by a graduate of

our school, and this makes it all the more desirable to have the music composed by one connected with the school.

During the winter the school has been treated to an excellent course of lectures and recitals through the instrumentality of the Pratt Fund. The first lecture was given by Dr. Jaynes. The speaker chose for his subject, "Greek Drama." All who attended this lecture were well repaid, for the speaker handled his subject in a very interesting and instructive manner. Prof. Baker, of Harvard, gave two very interesting lectures on "The Drama in Shakespeare's Day," and the "London of Shakespeare." He emphasized the fact that Shakespeare's success was attained by "dint of hard labor," an element which is always prominent in a self-made man. Dean Southwick spoke on "Hamlet, the Man of Will." This lecture was followed by a recital of Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu, the Cardinal King," and Shakespeare's "Othello." Mr. Southwick's ability to interpret the great plays makes it very instructive as well as entertaining to attend his recitals.

The Senior and Junior classes remember with pleasure the year Dr. Mather spent with us as a teacher and are glad to have him fill the vacancy caused by Miss Reed's illness.

We may well be proud of our hockey team for its showing on the ice this year. This makes the second year we are guardians of the new cup. The cup is soon to be presented to the school for a year and at the same time an individual cup will be given to each player on the team. As spring comes the base-ball players are getting ready for a campaign. May they be as successful as the hockey team!

Now is the time to get the flags ready, girls.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

A cold shiver passed down my spinal column and ran at large over my manly frame. Could it be true? Was there no mistake? My eyes stuck out like an Indian's on the warpath as I reread that fatal letter. Alas! it was true. Jack Moore, my cousin from the Maine woods, would meet *me*, yes, *me*,—no one else,—at the North Station, and from there I must go with him to Mrs. Arnold's dinner. Where did he ever meet Mrs. Arnold? Why, she was one of Boston's——! But the time—it surely said six o'clock and now it was five.

I have an appointment with the Dean! No, I have a date with the Glee Club! Better still, the whole Harvard yard is infested with smallpox! Why, I couldn't go! The last time I heard from Jack he carried a carpet-bag and a green umbrella! To think of walking the whole length of Mrs. Arnold's drawing room with *him*! 'Twas too much to expect of a gentleman from Harvard! Who was he, anyway? Only a third cousin of my brother's second wife, and he had been brought up in the wilds of the Maine woods. What business did he have to come up here and demand my guidance? If I did go—disgrace. If I

didn't—oh, my father's wrath was terrible to think of. In truth I must go.

A dress suit! I could not find mine high nor low. I fell over the whole of my last winter's clothes getting to the closet—for I had spied a box on the top shelf. The suit must be there. Every drawer in the room was streamed wide open—about all my clothes seemed to be on the floor—the dress suit must be in that box. I broke the string. Ye Gods and little fishes! A bathing suit—striped blue and green!

I must borrow Dick's. I hurried across the hall and rushed toward the closet. A box, neatly tied up, reposed calmly on the top shelf. If Dick's suit was there I was saved. I tore off the paper. Heavens! An odor like the mingling of Pond's Extract, kerosene, and the Charles-River-Flats-at-Low-Tide rose to greet me. 'Twas moth balls, moth balls. Yet the dress suit was there, covered with wrinkles not of the tailor's art. I swung the coat out of the window and struggled on. I backed past the glass, I didn't dare look. Think of Jack Moore and I together, treading Mrs. Arnold's drawing room. 'Twas too much and I waited full five minutes to laugh.

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The car buzzed over Harvard bridge. My coat flapped around the motorman's legs. I was airing off on the front platform.

I had tramped the station for half an hour now. A good looking fellow tramped with me, and we smiled at each other, being in a common cause, I suppose. Where could my infant be? Lost or strayed, very likely, and father would blame me. As the clock slowly traveled around to seven, the fellow left. The station grew colder and the thoughts of that fellow travelling the streets and my father's wrath on finding it out, urged me on to find my cousin despite the cost of pride.

I hailed a cab. I never saw one go so slowly. I got into the wrong house three times and the butlers turned me gravely out. It was growing unbearable — even that butler had sniffed and looked alarmed. If I'd been a woman, tears would have appeared long ago.

The hostess was charming. I looked wildly around and whispered to myself, "Keep cool, keep cool," while I fervently prayed that Jackie wouldn't come. There was that fellow I had seen in the station. His fraternity pin told me that he was a Dartmouth man. He sniffed and moved away. The odor of moth balls rose above my fear for my cousin's safety, while I cursed their inventor.

The hostess looked decidedly worried. "It must be the radiators," she broke out. I dashed toward it. Could it be that radiator? Nay, sad truth, it was the moth balls. I turned the heat off — I turned it on — 'twas to no avail.

The hostess' son coming in a trifle later, looked around in that same puzzled way — "the lamp?" he queried. They all smiled sympathetically.

Dinner was announced, — a heaven sent blessing. If Jack had come they might have thought it was his clothes, but to have a Harvard student infested with moth balls and then have a country cousin turn up was too much. The butler coughed, the window was lowered, but I could not escape.

Then the butler made the fatal mistake. The soup was spilled on a girl's dress. Every one forgetful, dashed to the rescue — my handkerchief was whipped out and eight, — yes, eight, — round, white, beastly moth balls popped out and rolled across the floor.

"Why, M. Long, they're moth balls," the girls broke out.

"Long?" asked the fellow from the station with a twinkle in his eye. "I rather think I'm your cousin, Jack Moore."

With shame I thought of the tale of the umbrella and the carpet bag, of the strange English that I had expected, and my fear of

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making a scene with him. I shuddered while I thought of my pride, but when I thought of the signs I had left at home about blowing out the gas and turning off the water, that same cold shiver raced down my back and tortured me; and all the while I was pulling on my coat that would ride up my back.

Verily, "Pride goeth before a fall."

MARION R. BROOKS, '06.

### A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

It was a clear moonlight night in October, and though midnight was fast approaching, many of my fellow passengers had come out on deck to enjoy a picture far more beautiful than any artist could paint. The great, full moon looked down upon us in the most friendly manner, and seemed to take great delight in spreading a soft glow as far as it could reach, over the smooth expanse of glimmering water, interrupted here and there by a small island, with its white beach and perchance a little cluster of houses in the centre. The beauty of the scene had caused a deep silence to fall upon the little company, and each one of us was busy with his own thoughts, when suddenly my eye lighted on a small white object in the distance. On leaning forward to examine it more closely, I came to the conclusion that it was a signal of distress, and whispered the discovery to my companion. Together we stole up to the captain, who was leisurely smoking his pipe just inside the cabin door, and explained the situation to him. Instantly he was alert with interest, and taking his spy-glass from

his pocket, he walked quickly to the railing, and peered anxiously at the moving white speck in the distance. Just at this moment the moon began to disappear behind a dark cloud, so that he hardly had time to examine the object, before a complete darkness had settled upon the water. I assured him I knew some one was drowning out there, and begged him to send help; so, ordering the pilot to turn the ship a little more to the northeast, he went below to see that her speed was increased, in order that we might reach the unfortunate person as soon as possible. By this time I had acquainted everyone on deck with the news, and the silence was replaced by a scene of confusion and excitement, which increased more and more as the ship advanced, aggravated by the fact that we could no longer see anything. When we were within calling distance, the captain shouted, "Hello there!" But there was no reply. Again he shouted, and still no reply. As he well knew that there were rocks in that vicinity, he dared proceed no farther, but ordered the sailors to anchor the ship and lower a row boat, into which two stalwart men descended with a lantern, and rowed away in the direction which the captain indicated to them. By the help of the lantern, the small group of excited passengers could follow the course of the little dory, as it made its way very slowly against both the wind and the tide. Fifteen minutes of anxious waiting went by, before we saw the boat stop in front of what looked like an immense black rock. To our astonishment it did not stay very long here, but gliding slowly around the rock, it began to move toward us, ap-

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parently without having added a single person to its crew. As the moon was still under the cloud, and we could see nothing but the glimmer of the lantern, you can imagine with what impatience we awaited the return of the little craft, which was coming back very swiftly, helped along by the gentle breeze and the long, even strokes of the sailors. Not a word would they answer to our excited shouts, and it was not until they had reached the ship's side and had been helped up on deck, that we learned the result of their expedition. The signal was only a bit of foam, dashing upon the side of a rock. You may be sure I did not sit up much later that night, but slipped quietly off to bed; not in time, however, to escape a few sarcastic remarks, relative to my marvelous eyesight.

MARJORIE WOOD, '06

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### SIR ROGER IN BOSTON.

*Facilis descensus Averno.—Virg.*

One cent is all one has to pay  
To descend and pass through the Subway.  
*Trans. C. G.*

A short time ago, while my friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, was spending a fortnight with me, we decided one day, at my suggestion, to pay a visit to the Hub. We had the motor car, one of the new four cylinder machines, brought around to the door, where Sir Roger, true to his custom, wished to inspect the axle-trees. Although I showed him that he would be obliged to crawl partly beneath the vehicle, he insisted, and proceeded to plough up the ground with the back of his new leather reefer. He emerged very soon, however, spluttering cylinder oil with a wry face, and exclaiming, "That tastes exactly like the substance that Will Honeycomb was wont to oil his hair with, and which I once took for *eau-de-vie*!" As for the axle-trees, they seemed to be perfectly satisfactory, so we climbed in and started.

I certainly disregarded the speed ordinance that morning, and Sir Roger managed to gasp in my ear, "Aren't you — going — a bit — ah — fast? Really, you know, I have not had — ah — time to bow — to any of the — people we — have past, — much less to say — good morning." I replied that they, too, were in a hurry, so that it did not matter.

On arriving at the hotel, we got out and went in the side entrance where, after registering, we were beset by the usual obsequious bell boys and porters, all of whom Sir Roger thanked very kindly and proceeded to look for one with some infirmity. "H'm," said he, after a short survey of every nether limb, "they all seem to be as sound as the three-year-old geldings."

After a change of clothing and lunch, we were again ceremoniously brushed by certain other servile individuals, one of whom,

as we started to leave, said, "Ain't you forgot somethin', sir?" Sir Roger made a hasty inventory of all his immediate possessions, and replied, "N-no, I think not; I thank you, none-the-less, for reminding me." I absent-mindedly left two coins on the table, and with a glance at the grinning men, left the room.

We walked up town and descended the stairs to the East Boston Tunnel, although before going down Sir Roger suggested our buying battery lamps, like one I had shown him at home, in case we should want to find our way. He was amazed at the brilliant glare of the lights below.

Having got into the car, the old knight was prone to bow to all within, and when we sat down he asked a young woman by his side, in a perfectly courteous way, for the state of the little boy's health, who sat beside her. I immediately engaged him in a brisk conversation, which I continued all the way over, although I could not help hearing a man opposite remark to his neighbor "Butt wise de fly old sport, tryin' ter talk t' Alderman McGinnis' wife. He better cut it; McGinnis has got de biggest fist in de ward; dat's right!" Very fortunately my friend did not hear this, for it would have deeply pained him to have what he intended for a kind remark, seem rude. Upon asking him what he thought of the tunnel, he said, "A very great work; truly, a remarkable work; although the conversation so interested me that I did not much notice."

After an evening at "Hamlet," where he aroused the good-natured mirth of those about us by his quaint remarks on the players, and mine by his references to and

comparisons of Ophelia and the perverse widow, we rode home slowly, discussing the play on the way. "A great man, was Hamlet," said he, "verily, a truly great man. His grief did remind me of that of Tim Tender, when he lost his last colt in the mire. Yes, he was indeed a noble soul, and in his silence in public, I do appreciate the silence of my very dear friend, 'the Spectator,' in the days of the 'Spectator Club.'"

CHARLES GOTT, JR., '06.

### A MIDNIGHT EXPERIENCE.

"Me! Maria, afraid of a ghost? Hum, well I guess not," and, with a great laugh but a strangely beating heart, John Lakely turned to the door preparatory to spending his first night as electric car starter. The man who had formerly held this office had recently died and his ghost was said to appear every night at twelve.

"Well, John," began his wife timidly, "they do say —"

"Oh hush up, Maria, there arn't no such things, I tell ye."

So, with a brave slam of the door and a great tramping down the steps, he strode off through the darkness.

When he threw open the door of the little station, where it was believed the ghost came, he found nothing more disturbing than the loudly ticking clock and a cat purring by the stove. All went well until about quarter of twelve. Then the cat, by some occult influence, who had hardly moved before, began to stir uneasily, the to move about and rub against the man's

---

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knees with almost a human expression of pity.

The fire crackled and he looked at his watch. Five minutes of twelve, he straightened himself in his chair and began a tremulous, faint whistle of "Home, Sweet Home." After the third time of whistling he heard a faint, but unmistakable, sound at the door, a breathing, wheezing sound as if the old fellow had been hard-pressed to arrive at the appointed hour. Then a clock struck but not loud enough to hide the persistent breathing and a rattle of the door. Then a knock, another rattle, while John, with his eyes nearly bursting from their sockets and his hands tightly grasping the arms of his chair, stared, like one overpowered straight before him.

The great town clock was on its last stroke when the door was flung open and —

"Oh, John, be ye killed?"

"Maria, for the land's sake!" rang out on the still night air.

MARJORIE SUTCLIFFE.

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### WHAT I DID NOT DO.

I was met the other day  
In the hallway at recess,  
And asked to write for our paper  
Something more or less.

That was easy to say,  
But there was also the stipulation  
That I write not of what I did  
While off on my summer vacation,

Spent at the mountains or shore,  
Or some such similar sight;  
For descriptions of that sort  
Were getting decidedly trite.

Since I can't write what I did,  
The only thing left to do  
Is to write what I did not,  
And so, that course I'll pursue.

I didn't wish that school was open,  
And through every long, hot day  
That I was pouring over Greek  
In a very studious way.

I didn't go to Europe  
And buy up Paris gowns,  
Or wander through Westminster,  
Or quaint old Scottish towns.

I didn't go to a hotel  
And hire out as a cook  
Or chamber maid or second girl,  
No such task I undertook.

In reality I simply did —  
But there, I must not tell,  
For I promised that I wouldn't  
And I must keep my promise well.

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**A MODERN GEORGE WASHINGTON.**

George Washington Jones was a small boy, and like most small boys, was overflowing with fun and mischief. On his tenth birthday, his father, a patriotic man, presented his son with a complete "Life of Washington," with handsome, brown paper covers. As he handed the book to George, he said, "My son, take that noble man for a model."

So George, with the adaptable nature peculiar to small boys, after having perused a few pages, which described the childhood of the great George Washington, started off in search of a hatchet.

"Pa thinks a heap o'that cherry tree out back o'the barn, but it's the only one on the place, an' I guess he won't mind s'long as I tell the truth."

So our little hero-to-be hunted diligently in the wood shed for a hatchet, but could find nothing but a large, heavy axe. He dragged it to the foot of the cherry tree, and by much hacking and scraping, finally induced the slender trunk first to bend, then to break.

"Now I'll go tell pa. He'll more'n praise me for telling the truth — and 'sides, I want to go to that circus," murmured George.

Just then Mr. Jones happened to come into the barn yard, whistling "America."

"Pa! O, Pa! I done it with my-er-big axe!" cried a shrill voice, as George came running up, arms extended, anticipating the hearty embrace, which must, as he thought, follow this conscientious confession.

"Done what?" thundered Mr. Jones.

"The cherry tree, pa, I-er-o-o-o-o, I'll never do it again. Boo-hoo-hoo! You told me to do what Washington did and —"

"You young rascal! Did I — my cherry —" but Mr. Jones' wrath choked him, and, after administering a good spanking

to the small offender, he started off to view the remains of his precious cherry tree.

Subdued, but not discouraged, George thought he would next try his hand at breaking in colts. The man on the next farm owned several fiery colts, and into the pasture where they were wandering George crept, a rope in his hand. With a great deal of manoeuvring, such as was described in the "Life of Washington," George sprang upon the back of the colt nearest the fence, and flung the rope about the animal's neck. Terrified by such an unusual proceeding, the fiery beast ran at full speed across the meadow, straight over the stone wall, directly into the river, and up the steep bank on the other side. He deposited George head foremost in a patch of blackberry bushes, and then dashed on in his mad flight.

George sat up and rubbed his head pondering. This imitating George Washington wasn't quite so much fun as he imagined it would be. Now this last venture had been unsuccessful, and he was undecided whether to go on telling the truth or to keep quiet.

Suddenly a bright idea struck him "I'll ask the Wogglebug." And what did the Wogglebug say?

RUTH WHITTEN.

**AGAMEMNON'S PRAYER.**

*Iliad, Book II, Lines 412-418.*

O Zeus, both best and greatest of the gods,  
Thou cloud-wrapped dweller of the skies above,  
Let not the sun its shining orb conceal,  
Or the shades of night o'ertake me lingering here,  
Till Priam's smoky roof I level low,  
And overwhelm his house with hungry flames;  
Till Hector's mantle round his breast I rend,  
Brave Hector's mantle torn with sword of bronze.  
And grant that round his body, many friends,  
In agonies of death may bite the dust.

HOWARD T. VIETS.

### THE MAJOR'S INVENTION.

In one of New York's lesser skyscrapers there dwelt about a decade ago an old man of inventive tendencies together with a vagrant pigeon and an obsequious feline of uncertain antiquity. They lived together in a small chamber on the top floor facing Broadway. The fire escape on the building had, by some caprice of the builder, been beheaded, or else never owned a head, for it reached no further than the floor below, thus lowering the rent and placing the apartment in reach of the old veteran's purse.

The room also contained a few articles of a domestic nature, a highbacked bed, on which the aged veteran and his nocturnal comrade were wont to dream blissfully at night, a straight-backed chair, minus the most essential part, a pigeon-cote and a miniature bath in which the pigeon delighted to disport itself to the detriment of the wall near by, whose faded paper was all spotted and streaked.

But the most peculiar thing in the room was a long, crooked, white object standing in one corner, a something, I hesitate to name it, but a something resembling perhaps a pair of wings.

On closer scrutiny it appeared to be a double frame covered tightly with canvas, jointed in the middle and one side curving like a bay, of a size about big enough to admit a man's body. A multitude of straps, strings, pulleys and such paraphernalia hung about in a tangle confusing enough, doubtless, to the uninitiated, yet of such ingenious arrangement as to settle beyond a doubt the genius of the eccentric old man.

It was in short a portable fire escape of condensed style. For the old man had not been blind to the dangers of living eight stories above earth with no visible means of escape except a rickety old stairway which threatened at any moment to shudder and crumble into dust after the manner of the famous one hoss shay.

Major Hiram Hallery was suddenly waked one night from peaceful dreams of descending rent by a vigorous scratching on his face and beard and opened his eyes to see his faithful cat most energetically sharpening her claws on his tender skin. Hiram did not relish being awakened in this manner and showed his resentment by sending the feline sprawling on the floor. But as he did so he felt a certain sharp sting in his nostrils and a smarting in his eyes (besides the various other pains which extended all over his furrowed face) and coughed violently. He jumped out of bed in a second and looked about. The room was full of thick smoke.

As he stood there half dazed and still more asleep than awake, he heard a confused sound of many voices rising up from the street below and pouring in at the open window. A dull, roaring noise, now for the first time, became audible to him, and with a bound towards the window he pushed his head out and looked down.

A vast, surging sea of upturned faces met his gaze and the shouts and cries redoubled as the old man's form became visible to the crowd below. For a time he looked down at them with an air of curiosity rather than of fear. But all at once the great volume of sound which rolled up to him seemed to take definite shape, and

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louder and clearer upon his ear beat the dread, hoarse cry "Fire!"

Quickly he looked down at the structure beneath and with a look of horror saw the fourth story was a mass of roaring flames. The third and fifth were scarcely better off, and the mighty conflagration was eating its way with terrible rapidity towards his own floor. Even now, little bright tongues of fire curled out of the seventh story windows and pointed their bright fingers mockingly at Hiram's pale face.

He drew in his head and made a dash for the stairway. His slippered feet had pattered down three steps when he stopped short with a cry of horror.

The five upper floors had already been partly burned away and the blaze, now under a powerful draught, roared up in a great column of flame five stories high, which threatened to change the sky-scraper into a rubbish heap in half an hour.

For a moment Hiram stood still and tried to think coolly. He looked down the roaring pillar of fire and decided wisely enough that even an urchin clad in the toughest corduroy would hesitate long before shinning down such a trunk. He rushed over to the window again but one glance in that direction was enough.

"The time has come," he cried, "when the fury of the elements shall yield to the cunning of the human mind." With this pet phrase scarcely out of his mouth, he ran over to the long white object and with a rapidity and ease born only of long prac-

tice fitted the thing on to his waist and tightly drew the straps.

His face now was of deathly palor, his eyes shone with almost unearthly fire, his hands trembled as he strained the straps and his whole form quivered with that tenseness of strain which a person can feel only in the shadow of death.

With as firm a step as he could command he sidled over to the window, his long red dressing robe flowing out behind and the two wings flopping awkwardly by his side. Stepping upon the edge of the chair he attempted to thrust his wings out. But, alas, they were too big.

Quickly he jumped down and grabbing the chair, almost maddened by the thought of being trapped, he hurled it with all his might at the sash, with the result that it, together with a shower of broken sticks, pieces of glass and such bric-a-brac, descended on the crowd beneath. It was said afterwards that the bottomless chair would have collared one of the big policemen had not a pair of big lopping ears arrested its further descent.

Having thus broken up housekeeping with characteristic energy, Hiram again mounted the broad sill. For a time he stood motionless as a statue, gazing far out over the dull gray sea of slated roofs to the distant horizon where the sun, barely peeping over the brim of the ocean, was beginning to shoot long streaks of rosy light over the arch of the sky; wondering, doubtless, whether another such sun would see him in the realm of the living.

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A dull crash below, as some partition wall fell, roused him from his revery, and with haggard face he prepared to launch himself out on the air. He stretched forth gingerly one foot to the edge of the sill, he brought up his next, his left wing he squeezed through and last his right, and bending far over he prepared to give that one fateful leap which was to mean life or death to him. But as he had almost left his footing a sudden fear seized him, he waved his wings madly forward, and then tried to clutch the side of the casement.

The crowd below became hushed and only the crackle of the flames cut the death-like stillness. For a moment he wavered there eight stories above the pavement, when the issue was suddenly decided for him in a most businesslike manner.

There was a rush and a scramble inside the small chamber, a streak of fur flashed through the air as the obsequious feline before alluded to made a flying leap from the old bedstead, and landed all fours on Hiram's back.

What was to happen next was not left long in doubt. Poor Hiram, imagining no doubt that grim Death itself had fixed its talons upon him, gave one horror-stricken look over his shoulder and bounded out into the air.

For a moment there he floated far, far above the crowd like a huge bird, his bare legs kicking convulsively up and down, his bright red dressing gown floating far out behind like the train of a shooting-star, his great, broad wings fiercely beating the air, his drawn face and starting eyes, and above all the cat, perched securely on his back with a firm and perhaps painful connection with his neck, all presenting a sight calculated to change the seeming tragedy into an uproarious comedy.

The pair had shot past five stories in as many seconds when Hiram's equilibrium was suddenly disturbed, one wing went

down and the other went up and Hiram's position was changed accordingly. Indeed, it seemed as if he had passed the principal focus and now the concave mirror of the sky had inverted him and sent him towards earth in a position highly dangerous to himself.

But fate again intervened. A sudden stop, a feeling as if a hundred switches had been laid over him and Hiram sat up in a cradle of telegraph wires.

What his discourse was in respect to that great invention which bridges the widest seas, which brings together the uttermost parts of the globe and yet kept Hiram from the embrace of his dear old Mother Earth, is not exactly known. Perhaps the operator took his words down as they sped along the wires, but if so they would be only a series of dashes and would not therefore interest the reader.

A life net was spread below and when the word was given, Hiram, with his inseparable prefix, flopped over and in a flash of white and red landed safely in the net.

The cat still holds an honored place in Hiram's household and his set dream ever since, prompted I suspect, by a consideration for his own neck, has been to make a miniature flying apparatus for his feline friend.

EDWARD L. VIETS, '05.

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The hockey team has once again proved its merits to the pride which the school feels in it. The team won both games played in the Interpretatory League, defeating Roxbury High by the score 2-0, and winning from Mechanics Arts by a score of 2-1. These victories were the result of clean, honest playing, and that protests should be made seems unmanly in the extreme.

Early in the season, Capt. Hicks, finding himself unable to continue the work, re-signed. The charge of the team was undertaken by Howard Viets, who soon brought the squad into fast winning form. Practice was daily in progress, first in early winter in the school basement, and then, as soon as possible, on Spy Pond. Snow, in whatever quantities it came, proved no hindrance to the work, for many willing hands quickly cleared a space for the practice. Too much credit cannot be bestowed on those who made success possible by their energetic efforts. When we consider that the team was recruited, to a large extent, from inexperienced players, the team's work is still more to be praised. The forwards, Clifford, Captain Viets, Hicks, J. Taylor and Marston all played a fast, aggressive game, good team work being responsible for most of the scores. Phil. Taylor, at cover point, played his position with credit, and together with Grey, point,

and Bullard, goal, made a defense which would be hard to beat. Winchester, our old rival, suffered defeat twice by the decisive scores of 7 to 1. Somerville High, Cambridge Latin, and various scrub teams were also defeated. Long live the fame of A. H. S. hockey team!

Through the provisions of the Pratt fund, the school has been able to enjoy this winter a series of six lectures on the drama. A limited number of tickets were offered for sale to the public, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to hear lectures of a high order of excellence. As the proceeds from the sale of these tickets were turned over to the Athletic Association. It is to be regretted that more interest was not displayed in disposing of them. Since athletics cannot long continue without the necessary funds, the urgency of the situation requires much greater activity on the part of its promoters. Let that spirit of energy and loyalty now show itself and make it evident that difficulties, fairly met, can be overcome.

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## SCHOOL LOCALS

'05.

Those who attended the '05 Dance have assigned it a place among pleasant memories.

There has been recent evidence that the writing of poetry is not a dead art.

In Physics — "Is friction useful to locomotion?"

"Why, yes, we couldn't get along without it."

Our definitions of "justifiable" have eclipsed Webster's beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Unhappy Dido has been anglicised by one member of the class as Eliza, while by another Saturn is identified with the character known in English as Satan.

Hints for lexicographers — "unparallel," "barbarious," "inavoidable," "lossed."

How venerable those fresh '08 pins make us feel!

Only one question causes serious annoyance in Geometry, namely "why?"

A German would probably tell us that "abend" ends in day.

The study of mirrors presents admirable opportunities for reflection.

Our class is apparently in favor of a spelling reform(?). We quote a few examples with number of advocates: Sophomore (3), Sulphomore (1), Sophomore (4), Soph-rano (2), Saprana (1).

Has a course in journalism been instituted? The zeal with which the exchanges are sought would indicate the fact.

Translations as usual the editor's solace:

Juicy herbs are gathered on the moon.

An old man of seventeen years.

The green Aeneas.

Dijon is well provided with graves.

The duke allowed them to hang together.

With yellow tears of joy.

He flies like his grandfather.

Of constant occurrence also are the expletives: er, and, but, hem, etc.

The class hopes soon to act the part of host.

'06.

Notice! Members of the Junior Class will be glad to take orders for coining words. The best of recommendations. Example: The latest adverb produced by the French Class, "painably."

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German teacher — "Give principal parts of the verb können."

Enterprising pupil — "Können, kaunte, gekaunt."

Teacher "Well, I guess you can't."

Ask the chemistry class about "bubbles."

Teacher — "It seems to me there is an unnecessary amount of baggage in this aisle. It doesn't look very well." Whereupon one boy picked up a small piece of paper, and the rest put their feet under their desks.

"Variety is the spice of life," so one of the French pupils sprinkles her plurals and singulars where they look best, or as fancy dictates.

Heard in the Latin Class — "Cassius was his grandfather's uncle-in-law."

"These men abounded in kinds of bodies (copiarum)."

Heard in the French Class — "They saw a traveler pass several miles from their place." Remarkable eyesight!

Pots-de-terre — "Potatoes."

Jambes enflées — "swelled legs." Without doubt, these are near relatives of "swelled heads."

"The old man was occupied in visiting the chains of Kascambo."

One must remember that in foreign

countries, people are often more courteous and polite than in America. This probably accounts for such an unusual call.

We are told that in Russia, the greater part of the natives live in crevices in the earth, which are three or four feet above the surface of the ground.

This question is open for discussion.

One of the English pupils says that Sir Roger de Coverly went to the theatre with the "Spectator," and saw Andrew Mack (Andromache.)

'07

Men through the summer (aetatem) were of no use.

Caesar must have had good ocular powers, he saw the forces of the enemy twelve thousand miles off.

They managed to elope the victor.

The horses were smaller than Persians.

Some of us in Physics would cut with the handlers of the scissors.

The legions fought with their heads under water.

Many English words come from the Latin — One of us translates "incolumes," in columns.

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## EXCHANGES

The editorials in the January number of the *Latin School Register* are extremely good. "The Girl Who Stood," wins our attention as being a well-written sketch and one which is truly original. But why not add an exchange column to your paper?

"The Gray Woolen Sock" in the *Fram* teaches a lesson that all girls might profit by.

The *Lowell High School Review* could be improved by a few short stories. Doesn't a continued love story seem a little too premature for a high school paper? We criticise the same thing in you, *Phillips High School Review*.

"Oak Leaves" from *Oak Grove Seminary* is among our new exchanges. Couldn't you brighten the cover up a little bit?

The *Dorchester Item* is the best paper that we have received. The stories are interesting and the number of them makes one's heart glad. The class notes are good.

"I cannot give," he sadly said,

"Even a yacht to you."

"Well," she said, "I'm sorry, but  
A little smack will do."

— *E. H. S. Record*.

Mistress — Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frog's legs?

Nora — Sure, I dinnaw, he wore trousers.

— *E. H. S. Record*.

Little drops of water,

Frozen on the walk,

Make the naughty adjectives

Mix in peoples talk.— *Racquet*.

Professor (dictating prose) — Slave, where is thy horse?

Startled Pupil — It's in my desk, sir, but I wasn't using it.— *Racquet*.

"Fifty miles an hour," yelled the chauffeur, "are you brave?"

"Yes, I am full of grit," said the pretty girl, as she swallowed another pint of dust.

— *Racquet*.

"I think," she said, "that kissing's foolish, don't you?" "Well," he replied, "there certainly is a good deal of foolishness con-

nected with it." They looked earnestly at each other a little while. Then she wiggled around and said, "Oh, dear! I feel so foolish this evening! I wonder what's the matter with me."— *Packard Budget*.

Teacher — Why don't you speak louder when you recite?

Pupil — A soft answer turneth away wrath.— *Packard Budget*.

Silently one by one in the infinite notebooks of the teachers

Blossom the neat, little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the teachers.

— *Ball High School Review*.

"Please hand me Review of Reviews," he said,

The landlady's eyes did flash,

For another young boarder looked absently up,

And solemnly passed the hash.— *Ex*.

✓ Little Elmer was playing out on the roof, when suddenly he lost his balance and began to slide.

"Oh God," he prayed, "please don't let me —" but his progress was suddenly stopped. "Never mind, God," he continued, "I've caught on a nail."

— *Cambridge Review*.

### FOR THE GERMAN STUDENTS.

Guest — What is that pretty little octavo volume?

German Linguist — That's a new edition of my rules of German Grammar.

Guest — And what are all those quarto volumes near it?

German Linguist — Those are the exceptions to the rules.

Freshman Year — "Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year — "Much Ado About nothing."

Junior Year — "As You Like It."

Senior Year — "All's Well that Ends Well."— *Polaris*.

# » ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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## THE CLARION

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## EDITORIAL

As the days grow longer the year grows rapidly shorter. Before long the Seniors will be packing their trunks and leaving us. This means that some one will have to fill up the vacancies in the back of room A. In a way this can be done, but it will take some time for the new occupants to take the place fully of those who leave. It always seems lonesome at first to have the graduating class go away, but one soon grows accustomed to it as a new class takes the place of the old one.

In looking through this edition one will find that the contributions are entirely from the Senior class. This is the first time that the experiment has been tried and the result has been so satisfactory that it might be tried again in some succeeding issue. It seems especially appropriate that the

Seniors should contribute to this issue, as it is their last chance as members of this school. Nevertheless, when they have left the school we hope that they will remember us with "pen and pocket book."

The Friday evening before the Spring vacation will long be remembered by the Seniors, as well as by the friends of the class, who were their guests on that occasion. Certainly this was one of the pleasantest evenings of the year and the class may be proud of the pleasure it afforded to all present. The president, in her greeting, made all feel they were welcome and the rest of the evening seemed a proof that the welcome was sincere. Mr. Gordon's selections were skillfully rendered. The principal feature of the evening was a three act play, entitled, "The Shakespeare Water-

Cure." Each actor was well fitted for his part and the play was finely executed. It has been said that the only way to understand Shakespeare is to see his plays on the stage. However that may be, we have no doubt the play given at the Senior social gave us all a new insight into Shakespeare's intentions when he wrote such plays as "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and "Romeo and Juliet."

At last the hockey team has been able to present to the school the cup for another year and also receive the individual cups which are given to the champion team of the league.

It was thought at the first of the winter that six lectures would yield a sufficient sum of money to carry on our athletics for a year and also pay the rental on our field, but we were mistaken. It became necessary to have another entertainment in order to increase the funds. The Pierian Sodality, of Harvard, was secured and a most entertaining concert was given. This Sodality consists of an Orchestra and a Glee Club. Six selections were given by the Orchestra and four by the Glee Club. All the selections were well rendered and the quartet of the Glee Club was especially pleasing. At the close of the concert a dance was held and the evening was declared a success by all. A good sum was realized from the proceeds.

It would be well to mention here that the posters for the entertainment were made by two pupils of the school, Miss Brooks and Miss Wyman, to whom are due the thanks of the Athletic Association.

When the CLARION started nine years ago the Debating club was in such a flourishing condition that a column was given up to its interests. The orators soon graduated

and interest in the club died out for a time. Now it has been started again and, with the German club, it forms a strong factor in the school life. Therefore, it seems advisable to devote a page of each issue to the two societies.

Early this spring, Miss Jones, a graduate of this school and at present a teacher in a grammar school at Townsend, became a heroine of whom we may well be proud. Seeing two of her pupils in imminent danger, she rushed from the school house and, at her own peril, rescued the drowning boys. The hearty applause of the school the next morning, upon hearing of Miss Jones' pluck, showed that the school admired her bravery and presence of mind.

Who will get the Blake prizes is a question in every one's mind. Remember, Seniors, you have got to beat last year's class.

Is it not getting tiresome to have the graduates ask what kind of teams we are going to have? Of course the best players cannot remain in the school forever. When classes graduate there are others to take their places and so with good athletes there are always others to fill the positions. We may look to our hockey team this year as an example, where four of the seven men had never played on the school team before. Therefore our advice to all is "just wait and see."

Although the Freshmen were not represented in the class locals of the last CLARION, it is not a sign that they were perfect and made no mistakes. Undoubtedly the teachers could recall instances where a different translation would have made the speaker's intention a little clearer.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

PLAYING SCHOOL.

To begin with, the children had all gotten out of bed the wrong side, and were decidedly cross. First, Betty had put both boots on the wrong foot, and laced them up before the mistake was discovered. Then Tommie upset his milk at the breakfast table, and was in disgrace for the rest of the meal. Then it was raining and they couldn't go out to play, and in general the omens were not favorable for a pleasant day, so we got the Friar's Balsam and some bandages ready and prepared to endure.

They played marbles and quarreled; they played store and quarrelled. Nothing seemed to go right, and they played tag and raced from attic to cellar like a small cyclone. Then Harry fell down stairs and cut his head. We bound up his wounds, wiped up the trail of blood he had spilled (a ceremony which greatly interested all three of them) and devoutly hoped that this accident would turn the tide of affairs. Having been thus doctored and advised to keep quiet for a little while, if possible, the sufferer sank into an armchair, announcing faintly, "My head aches awful, and I want you children to keep still," which the children proceeded to do for the space of half a minute. Bettie put her fat little thumb in her mouth and gazed at him, while Tommie wheeled round twice on one foot, and then suggested, "Let's play school."

"Teacher!" shouted three voices in chorus, the loudest being that of the sufferer.

"You was teacher las' time," said Tommie reproachfully.

"You never let *me* be teacher," said Betty, ready to shed tears again.

"Well, don't be a bawl-baby! I'm the biggest, anyway, an' I ought to be teacher,

an' I should think you'd want to let me when I fell down and most killed myself." Melted by this last argument, they made no more objections, so assuming the reins of authority he began to issue commands. "Betty, you put up the chairs and give out the books, and Tommie you get a rattan." For be it known unto you who are uninitiated that, in playing school, you may have imaginary scholars, or, on a pinch, you may have an imaginary teacher, but the rod must be the real thing, capable of being applied in and out of season.

The chairs arranged and the rod found, the school was called to order. "Betty, you may begin to read;" and Betty slid down from her chair with a "Beginner's Latin Book" in her hands.

"Mawy, Mawy, quite contwawy," she began. when—"Teacher, she's got the book upside down," Tommie broke in.

"I ain't."

"You have, too."

Down came the cane on the teacher's desk.

"Stop talking in school. Tommie hold out your hand."

Punishment being duly administered, order was restored and the lesson proceeded.

"The Wock-a-bye Lady, from Hushabye stweet,  
Puppies hang fwom her head to her feets  
Comes cweeping"—

"Ho, *puppies* hang from her head to her feet," echoed Tommie and the teacher, scornfully. "Ma, hear what Betty says. Ha! ha! *Puppies!*"

"That's what teacher said."

"She didn't!"

"She did, too, Tommie Brown, an' I want my hankchief," and the ever ready tears began to flow.

"Tommie, you read," said the teacher,

disgustedly. "She's no good to play school."

"I am, too. How way can I wecite when you laugh at me."

"Betty, will you hold your tongue? Now, Tommie;" and Tommie, with the air of one who knows, and knows he knows, arose and recited,

"The Rockabye Lady from Hushabye street.  
Poppies hang from her head to her feet."

"That's right. Go on." Tommie went on, and with great eloquence recited "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep," and "Old Mother Hubbard," and then seated himself as one who has done his duty.

Betty's tears being dried by this time, she was again called on to recite. Brushing back the tumbled curls, she began in a sing-song tone —

"A birdie wiv a yellow bill,  
Hopped upon my window sill;  
Cocked he shiny eye and said,  
Aint you 'shamed, you sleepy head."

Then, forgetting what comes next, she began to extemporize, "I aint 'shamed, little birdie, I said, I will go wiv you to the sunny meadows where the dandelions shine and we will pick them, and

Robin he  
Upon a twee  
Saw wipe chewwies  
One, two, fwee,

and the sun was shining in the blue sky, and how way could we get home, I said."

At this juncture she suddenly sat herself down, covered with confusion.

"Now we will sing," announced the teacher, and forthwith, "My country 'tis of thee," floated upon the air in three different keys.

"Now Betty. And Betty sang —

"Hushabye, wockabye, little papoose,  
Dey's many who lubs and watches above you,  
Till Dawn comes, wiv Wosy Wings."

"Now Tommie, sing the scale." Then Tommie was in despair, for singing the scale was not among his accomplishments. He stood first upon one foot, then on the other. He looked at the ceiling, he looked at the floor.

"Hurry up," said the teacher.

"I don't know what pitch to begin on," he stammered forth at last.

"Well, we'll have the harmonica for a pitch-pipe. Does anybody know where it is? We'll have recess while we look for it."

After upsetting everything in the room, the missing instrument was found in the teacher's pocket, and once again the school was seated.

"Do, re, mi," sang Tommie to the accompaniment of the harmonica, when "Wow, wow, wow," came in deep crescendo from the corner of the room where the great St. Bernard lay stretched out at full length. The children gazed in open

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mouthed astonishment, then "Laddie's singing, Laddie is singing," they shouted. Sure enough the music had touched some chord in the old dog's soul, and he lifted up his voice and sang. "Play some more," begged Betty. "Come Laddie." The dog rose, stretched himself, then solemnly sat down before the children. Harry played a high note and "Ooow" came in one prolonged howl. Then he went down the scale and "Wow, wow, wow," the dog's notes slipped from tenor to bass. The children danced around him in high glee, shouting "Good dog, good Laddie," and Laddie wagged his tail as if conscious that he had conducted himself wisely. Six times he sang, now high, now low, then as if ashamed of his unwonted frivolity, he stalked back to his corner and laid down, nor could any amount of coaxing from the children, or any strain, however enticing, from the harmonica, induce him to break his dignified silence.

'05

### THE BIG TROUT.

What's that? How did I catch that trout? Well, he does look fine since I have had him mounted, and he recalls to me a very pleasant experience which I had last summer.

I had determined to spend my vacation away from the usual haunts of vacationers and hearing that there was fine fishing in Ames, N. H., I determined to spend a few weeks there and try my luck.

It was a typical New England farm with a typical New England farmer owning it, and what was best of all, the river was only

about a half a mile away and full of trout.

My host, Mr. Enoch Carver, was much interested to see my fishing outfit and during my unpacking he told me the story of the big trout.

"Yas," said he, "they be fishin over 'n th' river 'n ye can ketch em 'bout anytime 'n anywheres, 'n good ones too; but ye'll not git th' big one."

"What's this?" said I, "have you got a special trout over in the river?"

"Yep, and ye'll not git 'im either. Nobody can't git him. He's busted more'n a dozen poles 'n lines in th' last six years 'n I reckon he'll break yours too. Jake Haskins' boy who's in th' "T" wharf came up las' summer with a cod line, 'n a hook, bigger'n yure fist, 'n a reg'lar flag pole 'n the bloomin fish busted his line th' fust cast."

I simply answered, "We will see."

Enoch had meanwhile carefully examined my fishing tackle and I could see that he regarded it with a great deal of scorn; but he said nothing more.

After supper we went up to the store; a typical country store with the dry goods on one side, the groceries on the other, and the customary group of farmers and loafers in the center about the stove, industriously chewing their cuds or eating the customary, germ-infested rations usually found in such places. While conducting some business with the postmaster I overheard Enoch describing my fishing outfit to his interested listeners.

"Yas, he's one 'o them 'ere city whipper-snappers with a hoss whip fer a pole, a piece 'o spider web fer a line 'n a hook

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*baited with hens' feathers* 'n he says he's a goin ter ketch the big one. Oh shucks! Lord, what fools these city folks be!"

The next morning I tried my luck and was well rewarded. The pool where Enoch said that the big fish lived was certainly a fine place for a trout's home; smooth water above, rapids, and then the dark, deep pool, on one side bounded by a rocky bank and on the other by a high turf bank.

There was no big fish for me that day and I soon went home to show Enoch my catch. He was greatly surprised at my being able to catch anything with that "horse whip" of mine, and, while I was reading my mail that evening, I heard him tell his companions about it, and he wound up with, "How he could ketch the biggest feller caught this spring with that pesky little pole 's more 'n I know!"

For several days there was no big fish for me, but one morning my line twanged, my reel buzzed, and — my line broke, leaving a vague vision in my mind of a great something darting through the pool. I went home, got out my best line and went back, determined to have that fish or "bust;" but he would not strike again, in fact all the trout in the pool became so accustomed to my hook that they would not even rise to it any more.

One morning about a week later, after a fruitless effort, I was lying on the bank scratching my head and trying to think how I could catch my prize, when something happened. A little field-mouse, perhaps on the way to visit his prospective mother-in-law, started to swim across the still water above the pool, but becoming tired, was quickly drawn into the rapids. Suddenly, as I was wondering how I could help the little fellow, there was a rush and a swish; the mouse was gone, and I had an idea!

I went back to the barn, found an old mouse trap, and placed it in the granary. The next morning I had several mice at my

disposal. After several attempts I rigged up a very respectable imitation mouse out of one of the captured skins and fastened it to my best hook.

My mouse swam beautifully but my hopes were falling, when suddenly a great white belly flashed for a moment in the sunlight, there was a tug on the line, and — the bank gave way beneath my feet and I found myself gasping in water up to my arm pits, but still holding the pole, while on the line was firmly hooked the big trout!

There ensued the hardest and most exciting hour's work that I have done for many a day, but at last the fish was safely landed and I, wet and bedraggled but triumphant carried the big fellow home.

That night Enoch told his astonished cronies all about it.

"Yas, he ketched 'im with his hoss whip pole, his spider web line 'n a common little no 'count barn mouse, 'n Jabez couldn't

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ketch 'im with a cod line 'n a hook bigger 'n youre fist 'n a reg'lar flag pole fer a road, b' gosh! Some o' these city fellers ain't sech fools 's they look ter be!"

FRED S. MEAD, JR. '05.

### MOZART'S LAST HYMN.

An old man, his silvered hair shining in the beams of the setting sun, reclining on a low couch, a crutch resting beside him; a beautiful young girl, her face seeming fresher and more striking in contrast with his, sitting at his side; a cheerful fire, its light vieing with that of the sun for precedence; and last, an organ of dark mahogany, to whose sides the passing of years had given a sombre richness, its ivory keys glistening in the firelight and seeming almost to look with yearning toward the couch; this is the pleasant picture.

Let us turn back a leaf and see this other picture. It is the great cathedral, the empty aisles and transepts flooded with light from the stained windows, in one of which is pictured the form of St. Cecilia, smiling benignantly, with a halo shining about her brow. From above are heard the magnificent tones of the great organ. A young man sits before the key-board, his face fired with devotion to his occupation.

The sound ceases, the organist rises and begins to descend from his height. Suddenly he disappears; there is a sound of falling, a low moan, then all is still; and through the painted windows the light streams unfeeling, and St. Cecilia from her place smiles down as benignantly as before. Tender hands carry the helpless man away; after long weeks he gains strength, but only to find that he can no more follow the occupation of his love.

Let us turn to the last picture. Again we see the little room with the organ. As before, the firelight flickers gaily and once

more the sun shines brightly, but now there seems to be a tincture of sadness in the atmosphere; the face on the couch grows paler and weaker and a strange look of pain possesses it. "I am dying," comes from the faded lips, and the wan face silently reiterates it. His eye, still bright, rests upon the organ in the corner. A smile lights up his face and he whispers, "Lead me to it." The girl takes his hand, and he totters to the instrument.

A hesitating note—and then suddenly, and with infinite tenderness he brings forth the solemn strains of Mozart's Last Requiem. On and on he plays, his face is suffused with a peace like a beatitude. Then the touch grows weaker, the white head falls upon the breast, the hands drop from the keys—and the girl is left alone.

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## ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION.



A short while after the successful hockey team was disbanded, Capt. Hicks issued the call for base ball candidates with a view toward an equally successful base ball aggregation. As soon as the weather became suitable, the practice was changed from the basement to Lawrence field, which has been hired for another year.

The make-up of the team this year contains one or two important changes. Hendrick, the reliable left fielder of last year's team, has donned the catcher's mask, in which capacity he has done excellent work. Clifford caught the first game, but finding himself not quite in his element has been installed in the outfield. In the twirling department Hicks is depended on to win the harder games, although Wood has pitched remarkably good ball in several

victorious games. Banks, also, has showed up well in the pitcher's box. Phil Taylor, at first, takes every thing that comes his way in first-class style, while Mansell at short and Mac Taylor at second are playing in a way to remind one of Parent and Ferris, of the Americans. Banks covers third base in good form, and is strong with the stick, also. Left field is occupied to good advantage by Cashman. Center field seems to be a pitcher's alternative, and in right, Clifford, Rolfe and Marston have played, the latter at short, as well. The fielding has been on the whole much better than that is expected at this time of the year, but a little more effective batting is needed to swell the list of victories.

The season opened Friday, April 7th, on Lawrence field, with our customary first opponents from Cambridge Latin School.

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## ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION.

The visitors started off with four runs to their credit in the first inning and again in the sixth and ninth piled up a total of seven more, gained largely through loose playing on our side. Towards the close of the game the boys made a strong batting rally, but too late to secure the game. The score is as follows:—

| ARLINGTON |    |    |    |    |   |   | CAMBRIDGE |    |    |     |    |    |   |
|-----------|----|----|----|----|---|---|-----------|----|----|-----|----|----|---|
|           | ab | bh | po | a  | e |   | ab        | bh | po | a   | e  |    |   |
| M. Taylor | 2  | 5  | 0  | 1  | 4 | 1 | Macarty   | lf | 5  | 1   | 0  | 1  | 2 |
| Banks     | 3  | 5  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 | Currie    | rf | 1b | 4   | 1  | 4  | 0 |
| Clifford  | c  | 4  | 0  | 12 | 0 | 3 | Paine     | 3  | 5  | 0   | 2  | 2  | 0 |
| Wood      | cf | 2  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 0 | Boyer     | 1  | 3  | 0   | 9  | 0  | 2 |
| Hicks     | p  | 4  | 1  | 0  | 2 | 1 | Keaney    | ss | 3  | 1   | 0  | 2  | 0 |
| Mansell   | ss | 4  | 1  | 2  | 2 | 0 | Chase     | cf | 5  | 1   | 1  | 1  | 0 |
| Hendrick  | lf | 4  | 0  | 2  | 0 | 0 | Grant     | 2  | 4  | 0   | 1  | 5  | 0 |
| Cashman   | rf | 4  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 | Delaney   | c  | 1  | 0   | 5  | 1  | 0 |
| P. Taylor | 1b | 4  | 0  | 9  | 0 | 1 | Nash      | p  | 4  | 1   | 1  | 5  | 0 |
|           |    |    |    |    |   |   | Garfield  | rf | 0  | 0   | 0  | 0  | 0 |
|           |    |    |    |    |   |   | Rowe      | ss | 1  | 0   | 0  | 0  | 2 |
|           |    |    |    |    |   |   | Eccles    | c  | 1  | 0   | 3  | 2  | 1 |
| Totals    | 36 | 4  | 27 | 8  | 6 |   | Totals    | 37 | 5  | *26 | 19 | 8  |   |
| Innings   |    | 1  | 2  | 3  | 4 | 5 | 6         | 7  | 8  | 9   |    |    |   |
| A. H. S.  |    | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 | 0         | 2  | 4  | 1   | —  | 8  |   |
| C. L. S.  |    | 4  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 | 3         | 0  | 0  | 4   | —  | 12 |   |

## ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION.

little difficulty. The score and other features of the game follow:—

| ARLINGTON HIGH. |    |    |    |    |   | B. C. FRESHMEN |    |    |    |     |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|---|----------------|----|----|----|-----|---|
|                 | ab | lb | po | a  | e |                | ab | lb | po | a   | e |
| M. T'lor 2b     | 2  | 0  | 0  | 3  | 0 | Powers lf      | 5  | 0  | 4  | 0   | 1 |
| Banks 3b p      | 5  | 1  | 2  | 2  | 1 | Sullivan c     | 5  | 0  | 6  | 0   | 1 |
| Clifford rf     | 4  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | Luby 3b        | 2  | 0  | 1  | 2   | 1 |
| Wood cf         | 5  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | Hopkins lb     | 3  | 0  | 10 | 0   | 1 |
| Hicks p 3b      | 4  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 | O'Keefe 2b     | 4  | 1  | 1  | 3   | 0 |
| Mansell ss      | 5  | 0  | 0  | 3  | 1 | McHigh ss      | 3  | 0  | 1  | 3   | 1 |
| Hendrick c      | 4  | 2  | 9  | 1  | 1 | McC'k p cf     | 2  | 1  | 1  | 1   | 0 |
| Cashman lf      | 3  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | O'C'll rf cf   | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0   | 0 |
| P. Taylor lb    | 4  | 1  | 14 | 0  | 0 | Haley p rf     | 3  | 0  | 0  | 2   | 0 |
| Totals          | 36 | 6  | 25 | 10 | 3 | Totals         | 28 | 2  | 24 | 11  | 5 |
| Innings         | 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5 | 6              | 7  | 8  | 9  |     |   |
| Arlington H. S. | 2  | 4  | 2  | 0  | 2 | 0              | 0  | 0  | 0  | —10 |   |
| Boston College  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 2              | 0  | 0  | 0  | —3  |   |

Two-base hits, Hicks, Banks. Sacrifice hits, Banks, Wood, P. Taylor 2, Luby, McHigh. Stolen bases, M. Taylor 2, Banks 2, Clifford, Hendrick 4, P. Taylor, Luby, McHigh. O'Connell. First base on balls, Hicks 4, Banks 3, Haley 6, McCormack 2. Hit by pitched ball, McHigh, O'Connell. Passed balls, Hendrick 1, Sullivan 5. Struck out, Hicks 5, Banks 3, Haley 2, McCormack 2. Umpires, Kelley and O'Brien. Time, 1h. 30m. Attendance, 500.

\*McCormack out, ran out of base line. Hopkins out, hit by batted ball.

A typical holiday crowd saw the local Lakesides defeated by Arlington High in a most decisive manner. Wood was in the box and played a fine all round game. Hendrick and Hicks also contributed some clever plays. For the Lakesides, Powers and Kelley excelled.

| ARLINGTON H. S. |    |    |    |    |   | LAKESIDE    |    |    |    |   |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|---|-------------|----|----|----|---|---|
|                 | ab | bh | po | a  | e |             | ab | bh | po | a | e |
| M. Taylor 2     | 4  | 1  | 3  | 4  | 1 | Powers 3    | 5  | 1  | 1  | 1 | 0 |
| Banks 3         | 4  | 0  | 5  | 1  | 1 | Kelley c    | 5  | 0  | 13 | 2 | 1 |
| Clifford cf     | 4  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0 | Roach lf s  | 2  | 1  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Wood p          | 4  | 2  | 0  | 1  | 2 | Cassette 1  | 4  | 0  | 5  | 0 | 0 |
| Hicks rf        | 3  | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0 | Carpenter 2 | 0  | 2  | 0  | 1 |   |
| Marston s       | 2  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 2 | Duffy s lf  | 3  | 0  | 2  | 3 | 4 |
| Hendrick c      | 2  | 1  | 7  | 1  | 0 | Lusk r      | 3  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Cashman lf      | 4  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | O'Neil p    | 3  | 1  | 0  | 3 | 0 |
| P. Taylor 1     | 5  | 1  | 9  | 1  | 0 | Chri's'n cf | 4  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Mansell s       | 1  | 1  | 2  | 2  | 1 | Kanally r   | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Totals          | 48 | 8  | 27 | 12 | 8 | Totals      | 33 | 3  | 24 | 8 | 6 |

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| Innings  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| A. H. S. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 2 | —14 |
| Lakeside | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1—5 |

Runs, M. Taylor, Banks, Clifford 2, Wood 2, Hicks 3, Cashman, P. Taylor, Mansell 3, Powers, Roach, Duffy 2, O'Neil. Two-base hits, Roach, Clifford. Sacrifice hit, Lusk. Stolen bases, Hicks, Mansell, Powers, Roach 2, Lusk. First base on balls, off Wood 4, off O'Neil 11. First base on errors, Arlington H. S. 5, Lakesides 6. Struck out, by Wood 6, by O'Neil 8. Double plays, Marston to P. Taylor to Banks; M. Taylor to P. Taylor. Passed balls, Hendrick 2, Kelley 3. Hit by pitched ball, O'Neil, Cashman, Hicks. Time 1h. 45m. Umpire, Shean. Attendance 800.

On the next day, however, the tide of victories was stopped by the Volkmann school, who won out in a ten-inning game at Chestnut Hill. Up to the ninth, it was our game in a walk, but careless playing let in three runs, and in the following inning the home team secured the game by another run. This game should teach the team to play their best until the last man is out. The score is given below:—

| ARLINGTON   |    |    |    |    |   | VOLKMANN    |    |    |    |    |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|---|-------------|----|----|----|----|---|
|             | ab | bh | po | a  | e |             | ab | bh | po | a  | e |
| M. Taylor 2 | 5  | 1  | 3  | 5  | 1 | Woodruff 3  | 5  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1 |
| Banks p     | 5  | 1  | 0  | 4  | 1 | Liv'more ss | 5  | 2  | 2  | 3  | 3 |
| Clifford 3  | 4  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 1 | Harding 1   | 5  | 3  | 10 | 2  | 0 |
| Wood cf     | 2  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 2 | Briggs 2    | 5  | 1  | 5  | 1  | 0 |
| Hicks rf    | 4  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | Follet lf   | 2  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Mansell ss  | 3  | 0  | 4  | 2  | 0 | Pevear cf   | 5  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Hendrick c  | 3  | 0  | 8  | 2  | 0 | Allyn p     | 4  | 2  | 2  | 2  | 0 |
| Cashman lf  | 3  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | Sprley c    | 4  | 0  | 10 | 3  | 0 |
| P. Taylor 1 | 3  | 0  | 12 | 1  | 1 | Sommer rf   | 3  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
|             |    |    |    |    |   | Esterb'k rf | 2  | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0 |
|             |    |    |    |    |   | Jacques lf  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Totals      | 32 | 3  | 29 | 14 | 6 | Totals      | 41 | 11 | 30 | 13 | 4 |

\*Two out when winning run was made.

| Innings  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10  |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| A. H. S. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0—7 |
| Volkman  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 1—8 |

Runs, Banks, Clifford, Hicks, Mansell, Hendrick 2, Cashman, Livermore 2, Harding, Briggs 2, Jacques, Pevear, Esterbrook. Two-base hits, Hicks, Cashman, Harding. Sacrifice hits, Wood, P. Taylor, Harding. Stolen bases,

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Banks, Hendrick 3, Livermore. First base on balls, off Banks 6. Allyn 3. First base on errors, A. H. S. 4, Volkmann 4. Struck out, by Banks 8, Allyn 7. Passed balls, Schugley 2. Hit by pitched ball, Hendrick. Time 2hr. 10 m. Umpires, Kelley and Wadsworth.

In a fast finely played game on April 22, we were the victors over Tufts Freshmen. Wood distinguished himself in the box, keeping the score down at several critical points by his excellent pitching. The others also played a clean errorless game. The score:—

| ARLINGTON H. S. |    |   |    |   | TUFTS '08 |            |    |        |    |   |   |  |      |    |   |
|-----------------|----|---|----|---|-----------|------------|----|--------|----|---|---|--|------|----|---|
| bh po a e       |    |   |    |   | bh po a e |            |    |        |    |   |   |  |      |    |   |
| M. Taylor       | 2b | 1 | 3  | 1 | 0         | Vogt       | c  | 0      | 4  | 0 | 1 |  |      |    |   |
| Banks           | 3b | 1 | 3  | 2 | 0         | Esten      | p  | 1      | 1  | 5 | 0 |  |      |    |   |
| Clifford        | 1b | 2 | 6  | 0 | 0         | Ruth       | ss | 2      | 4  | 3 | 1 |  |      |    |   |
| Wood            | p  | 0 | 0  | 3 | 0         | Warner     | 1b | 0      | 11 | 0 | 0 |  |      |    |   |
| Hicks           | cf | 0 | 1  | 2 | 0         | Sylvester  | 2b | 3      | 0  | 3 | 1 |  |      |    |   |
| Mansell         | ss | 0 | 0  | 3 | 0         | Croggin    | 3b | 1      | 0  | 1 | 1 |  |      |    |   |
| Hendrick        | c  | 2 | 11 | 1 | 0         | Burton     | lf | 0      | 2  | 0 | 0 |  |      |    |   |
| Cashman         | lf | 0 | 1  | 1 | 0         | Farnsworth | cf | 0      | 1  | 0 | 0 |  |      |    |   |
| Marston         | rf | 1 | 0  | 0 | 0         | Stevens    | rf | 0      | 0  | 0 | 0 |  |      |    |   |
| Totals          |    |   |    |   | 7*25      | 13         | 0  | Totals |    |   |   |  | 6†23 | 12 | 4 |

\*Warner out, hit by batted ball.

\*Burton out, infield fly.

†Mansell out, hit by batted ball.

| Innings   |  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
|-----------|--|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| A. H. S.  |  | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—5 |
| Tufts '08 |  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0—3 |

Runs made by M. Taylor 2, Banks, Hendricks, Marston, Esten, Vogt, Two-base hits, Hendricks 2, Warner. Stolen bases, M. Taylor, Banks, Clifford, Hendricks 3, Sylvester. Base on balls, off Wood 2, Esten 4. Struck out, by Wood 9, Esten 3. Sacrifice hits, Banks, Cashman. Double play, Esten to Ruth to Warner. Hit by pitched ball, Vogt, Ruth. Passed balls, Hendricks, Vogt 5. Umpire, Kelley. Time 1h. 30m.

The next game on the 25th of April was with another Tufts' representative, the Tufts Second team, who carried off the palm by a score of 4-0. Poor throwing and inability to hit the ball were the causes of our defeat, although the collegians themselves played a fast game, getting in two double plays. It was one of those games which, though a defeat, was most interesting to follow. The score:—

| ARLINGTON    |     |   |    |    |   | TUFTS SECOND. |          |    |   |    |     |   |   |
|--------------|-----|---|----|----|---|---------------|----------|----|---|----|-----|---|---|
| ab bh po a e |     |   |    |    |   | ab bh po a e  |          |    |   |    |     |   |   |
| M. Taylor    | 2   | 4 | 0  | 2  | 3 | 2             | Nick'son | cf | 5 | 1  | 2   | 0 | 1 |
| Banks        | 3   | 4 | 0  | 1  | 1 | 0             | Wilson   | lf | 4 | 1  | 0   | 0 | 0 |
| Clifford     | lf  | 3 | 2  | 0  | 0 | 0             | Fisher   | 1  | 4 | 1  | 1   | 0 | 0 |
| Wood         | p   | 4 | 0  | 0  | 2 | 3             | Chapen   | 3  | 4 | 0  | 0   | 2 | 1 |
| Hicks        | cf  | 4 | 0  | 2  | 0 | 1             | Claus    | 2  | 4 | 0  | 4   | 3 | 0 |
| Mansell      | ss  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 3 | 1             | Ober     | rf | 3 | 0  | 0   | 0 | 0 |
| Hendri       | k c | 2 | 0  | 9  | 2 | 1             | Merrill  | ss | 4 | 2  | 1   | 4 | 0 |
| Rolfe        | rf  | 3 | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0             | Green    | c  | 4 | 2  | 8   | 2 | 0 |
| P. Taylor    | 1   | 3 | 1  | 13 | 0 | 0             | Goggin   | p  | 3 | 1  | 1   | 0 | 0 |
|              |     |   |    |    |   |               | Buckley  | rf | 1 | 0  | 0   | 0 | 0 |
| Total        | 28  | 3 | 27 | 11 | 8 |               | Total    | 36 | 8 | 27 | 11  | 2 |   |
| Innings      |     | 1 | 2  | 3  | 4 | 5             | 6        | 7  | 8 | 9  |     |   |   |
| A. H. S.     |     | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0             | 0        | 0  | 0 | 0  | 0—0 |   |   |
| Tufts 2nd    |     | 0 | 0  | 2  | 0 | 0             | 0        | 0  | 0 | 0  | 2—4 |   |   |

Runs, Nickerson, Nelson, Fisher, Goggin. Stolen bases, Banks, Wilson, Fisher. First base on balls, off Wood 2, Goggin 4. First base on errors, A. H. S. 1, Tufts Second 4. Struck out, by Wood 8, Goggin 7. Double plays, Merrill to Claus to Fisher. Merrill to Claus to Fisher. Hit by pitched ball, Wilson, Fisher. Time 1 hr. 30 min. Umpire, Kelley.

On April 28, in an interesting game on Cambridge Common, our team met defeat at the hands of Cambridge High. The home team won by bunching its hits, being

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|-------------|----|----|-----|----|---|-------------|----|----|-----|---|---|
|             | ab | bh | po  | a  | e |             | ab | bh | po  | a | e |
| M. Taylor 2 | 4  | 1  | 5   | 0  | 1 | Monah'n c   | 5  | 1  | 7   | 1 | 0 |
| Banks 3     | 5  | 2  | 1   | 0  | 2 | Mullins 1   | 4  | 1  | 6   | 1 | 2 |
| Clifford cf | 4  | 2  | 1   | 4  | 1 | Erickson 3  | 5  | 2  | 3   | 2 | 0 |
| Wood p      | 4  | 0  | 0   | 1  | 0 | Holsb'g cf  | 4  | 1  | 0   | 0 | 0 |
| Hicks rf    | 4  | 1  | 2   | 2  | 1 | Beeching rf | 3  | 0  | 0   | 0 | 0 |
| Mansell ss  | 3  | 0  | 3   | 2  | 0 | Redm'nd 2   | 4  | 2  | 2   | 0 | 0 |
| Hendrick c  | 4  | 0  | 4   | 2  | 1 | Will'ms ss  | 3  | 0  | 1   | 1 | 0 |
| Cashman lf  | 3  | 1  | 1   | 0  | 0 | Winlock lf  | 4  | 1  | 6   | 0 | 0 |
| P. Taylor 1 | 3  | 0  | 6   | 0  | 0 | Murray p    | 4  | 1  | 1   | 3 | 0 |
| Total       | 35 | 7  | *23 | 11 | 6 | Total       | 36 | 9  | †26 | 8 | 2 |

\*Redmond out, hit by batted ball.

†Clifford out, hit by batted ball.

| Innings  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9    |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| A. H. S. | 1 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — 8  |
| C. H. S. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0—10 |

Runs, M. Taylor, Banks 2, Clifford, Mansell, Hicks, Hendrick, P. Taylor, Monahan 2, Mullins 2, Erickson, Winlock 2, Redmond, Beeching, Holsberg. Two-base hits, Banks, Hendrick, Redmond 2, Mullins, Erickson. Sacrifice hits, M. Taylor. Stolen bases, Banks. First base on balls, off Wood 1, off Murray 4. First base on errors, A. H. S. 2, C. H. S. 5. Struck out, by Wood 2, Murray 5. Double plays, Clifford to P. Taylor, Hicks to Wood to P. Taylor.

The games have been very well attended

by the school, girls as well as boys. This manifestation of loyalty is very pleasing to the players, and often helps determine the victory.

| ARLINGTON   |    |    |     |    |   | BROOKLINE   |    |    |     |   |   |
|-------------|----|----|-----|----|---|-------------|----|----|-----|---|---|
|             | ab | bh | po  | a  | e |             | ab | bh | po  | a | e |
| M. Taylor 2 | 3  | 0  | 2   | 3  | 1 | Kimball lf  | 4  | 1  | 0   | 1 | 0 |
| Banks p     | 5  | 2  | 0   | 4  | 1 | Jones ss    | 4  | 0  | 2   | 0 | 0 |
| Clifford 3  | 3  | 0  | 0   | 0  | 2 | Gaffey 2    | 5  | 0  | 3   | 2 | 1 |
| Rolfe cf    | 1  | 0  | 0   | 0  | 0 | Marshall 3  | 4  | 1  | 3   | 0 | 2 |
| Hicks rf    | 4  | 1  | 0   | 0  | 0 | Hann 1      | 4  | 0  | 5   | 0 | 0 |
| Mansell ss  | 3  | 0  | 1   | 3  | 1 | Aechtler cf | 2  | 0  | 1   | 0 | 0 |
| Hendrick c  | 4  | 1  | 13  | 1  | 1 | High rf     | 3  | 0  | 0   | 1 | 0 |
| Cashman lf  | 4  | 0  | 1   | 1  | 1 | Hill c      | 4  | 2  | 12  | 2 | 0 |
| P. Taylor 1 | 1  | 1  | 9   | 0  | 0 | Brown p     | 4  | 0  | 0   | 0 | 1 |
| Total       | 31 | 5  | *26 | 12 | 7 | Total       | 34 | 3  | *26 | 6 | 4 |

\*High out, hit by batted ball.

†Two out when winning run was made.

| Innings   | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9    |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Arlington | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2— 4 |
| Brookline | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0— 3 |

Runs, M. Taylor, Clifford, Hendrick, P. Taylor, Marshall 2, Hann. Three-base hit, Banks. Stolen bases, Banks, Clifford, Hicks, Hendrick, Marshall 2, Hann. First base on balls, Banks 4; Brown 5. First base on errors, A. H. S. 4; B. H. S. 7. Struck out, Banks 9; Brown 9. Double play, Gaffey to Hann. Hit by pitched ball, Jones, Rolfe. Time, 1hr. 50 min. Umpire, Ho; t. Attendance, 300.

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## CLUB NOTES

### BEMA DEBATING CLUB.

The Bema Debating Society has begun its new year under most favorable auspices, and with a bright outlook for the repetition of the success of the past year. The constitution has been thoroughly revised and amplified so as to cover all contingencies which can be foreseen. After the experience of our first year, in which the Society was conducted largely as an experiment, we have tried to strengthen the weak places in our organization, so that in the coming year we hope that the society will prove itself to be of great value to the entire school, as it already has to a portion.

Our last debate on the question: Resolved, That Trades Unions secure the best interests of the workingmen, proved exceedingly interesting and thought-provoking. Mr. E. Viets and Mr. Charles Gott for the affirmative, opposed Mr. Ackerman and Mr. H. Viets. The judges awarded their decision to the negative side.

All members of the school are invited to attend the meetings, and take part in the general debate, which always follows the main debate, and all boys are particularly urged to join the society.

HOWARD S. RUSSELL, Sec.

### GERMAN CLUB.

The German Club, or "auf Deutsch," the "Mehr Licht Verein," woke from its summer sleep with unusual vigor and started the new school year with a large and loyal membership. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Miss Weeks; Treasurer, Mabel B. Coolidge; Secretary, Edward L. Viets.

So far the club has held nine meetings at the various homes of the members, with the following committees in charge:—

Oct. 5, 1904. Miss Weeks.

Oct. 26, 1904. Mabel B. Coolidge, Edward L. Viets.

Nov. 16, 1904. Nettie Fisher, Robert Gordon.

Dec. 28, 1904. Miss Verrinton, Miss Perry.

Jan. 11, 1905. Myra Wood, Fred Mead.

Feb. 1, 1905. Ada Stephenson, Arthur C. Frost.

Feb. 15, 1905. Lillian Brine, Alice Kendall.

March 8, 1905. Howard S. Russell, Ralph Wood.

April 12, 1905. Helen Blake, Harriet Bishop.

Some of the many good things which the club has especially enjoyed are the following:—

Miss Esther Bailey read a paper on the German composers, and illustrated her comments by piano selections from each. Dr. Mather prepared a most interesting account of some features of German University life and his experience while at Berlin. These, together with a German play, a valentine party, a "German supper," in which the "steins" and their contents played a prominent part, a charade party, a game party and an innumerable caravan of other good things, have made this year a memorable one.

One of the occasions most eagerly looked forward to is that of initiation night when the new members have to go through their various antics to earn their membership. On one of these occasions a would-be *Mitglieder* bestrode a ponderous rocking-horse and galloped about the room in a highly interesting manner, emitting the while blood-curdling war-whoops of his own manufacture. Later, while attempting an escape, he made a rather close acquaintance with a sheet of fly-paper and had the virtue of "stick-to-it-ive-ness" forcibly illustrated.

In conclusion I would say that the German Club earnestly desires all German students to apply for membership and help us enjoy the good time. Do not be unduly frightened at the initiation ceremonies. They are really quite gentle.

## SCHOOL LOCALS

### Class of 1905.

It is soon to be our turn to bid farewell to our alma mater, teachers, school-mates, and all the associations which we have learned in our four years to enjoy and cherish. We have endeavored to give our faithful support to the various activities of school life. Best wishes to the A. H. S. in the years to come!

Translations give rise to many queries. Just what, scientifically, is theatrical or theological chemistry?

On your summer vacation beware of dolphins along the country lanes.

"shure," "rhime," and "innumeros" others.

We have, without doubt, done our share toward making Shakespeare immortal.

What Virgil might have written:—

I sat in an omnibus.  
Eat for-ge, for it is extra fine.  
At his post in time!

Only the uninitiated smiled when they heard in a geometry recitation the phrase, "Cut out the pies."

If brevity is the soul of wit, the scientific German Reader is certainly not a joke book.

Moral teaching: "Truth and Sincerity both lie together."

Imagination may body "forth the forms

of things unknown," but it does not supply adequate proofs in solid Geometry.

"Fuit enim illud extremum: That was the limit" (of the lesson.)

"A shining horse loves to eat."

"She left the window blushing."

Other specimens are considerably omitted.

"Use the opera glass at the theatre, but in studying the 'stars' the telescope may be used, though they appear inverted."

Long live the CLARION.

### Class of 1906.

Class-mates, attention! Will someone be kind enough to do or say something funny? This portion of the locals is beginning to become sadly deficient. Anything will do—except drawing pictures.

We hear that one of the Honorable Seniors thinks that possibly James Wolfe was the original Sunny Jim. We believe the resemblance is her only authority. Can't some enterprising Junior find the original Jim Dumps?

Latia teacher (criticising metrical reading)—"Let me see. How many feet have you?" One, two, three, four, five, six. Well, that's the right number."

According to the Darwinian theory, men

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have sprung from monkeys (and some do not seem to have sprung very far.) According to the——theory, men seem to be degenerating towards the centipede stage.

Teacher (in German) — “When were you born?”

Pupil (slowly) — “Eighteen hundred — and — eight!”

“Miss ——, how many days in a year,” asks the German teacher.

“Seven!” promptly answers Miss——.

“Don’t forget to turn out the gas.”

If the coat fits, wear it.

### Class of 1907.

Let us remember we are studying Ovid and not Physiology. We must get used to being poetic.

In France one of us would not be considered as making himself very clear if, when he says, “J’ai compassion,” he means, “I have company.”

One of us seems musically inclined — “Five parasongs.”

“Happy are the people who are uninteresting.”

Notice — The Physic’s Class will give free instruction as to how to cause the

sound waves with the voice in order to make one’s self heard.

One of us thinks that the woman in our French story wanted an umpire.

Puzzle — Since the sun rises in the west, according to one of us, where in the United States is Massachusetts?

If any Sophomore is seen vigorously shaking a hose, do not be surprised. It is only a member of the Physics Class experimenting with waves in matter.

### Class of 1908.

Minerva is the goddess of defenceless war. The hall is near the top of the school house and contains a piano, with plenty of seats. How long since Ephesus was a man? Coming up the stairways are statutes and beautiful works of art.

We were told in English I. that a pygmy was a bird.

From (The fishes swam the sea, and birds flew in the air) we have (The fishes swam, the sea and birds flew in the air.)

—  $ac = -xz$  by hypotenuse.

Two triangles are equal if two angles and the included side of one are equal, respectively, to two angles and the included side of the other.

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## EXCHANGES

There is only one thing lacking in "Out of the Mouths of Babes," in the *Oracle* and that is the author's name. One who can write a story as well as that is written should certainly receive the credit for it.

More criticisms and fewer acknowledgements — *Argus*. That page used in naming your exchanges seems too much like a directory.

Sidelights from a foolish dictionary.

*Echo* — The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

*Miracle* — A woman who can't talk.

*Rhetoric* — Language in a dress-suit.

*Sinner* — A stupid person who gets found out.

*Afterthought* — A tardy sense of prudence that prompts one to try to shut his mouth about the time he has put his foot in it.

Teacher (severely) — "Is that chewing gum in your mouth?"

Boy — "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher — "Well, give it to me."

Boy — "Wait and I'll give you a piece what ain't chewed."

Mary had a little lamp,  
A jealous lamp, no doubt,  
For as soon as Mary's beau went in,  
The lamp, you see, went out.

In ancient times Italian youths,  
On hillsides verdant piped their lays,  
But now they're doomed in city streets  
To laying pipe the live long day.

"The Study in Flats" in the E. H. S.

Record is well worth reading. The advice in the exchange column is what we all need.

The owl took his hat and gloves one night  
His sweetheart for to see.

When his daddy asked him where he went,  
"On a definite object I'm intent,  
To wit, to woo," said he,  
"To wit, to woo, to woo."

But he scarce had stepped outside the door  
When he could not fail to see

That the sky with clouds was all o'ercast,  
Rain was falling hard and fast.  
"To wet, to woo," said he,  
"To wet, to woo, to woo."

—*Cambridge Review*.

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she,  
As they stood on the ball room floor.  
He looked around the room to see —  
And she spoke to him no more.

—*Salem Advance*

Sunday School Teacher — "What was Sampson's last act?"

Jimmie — "I don't know, but it brought down the house."

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Briggs?"

"O n-no; everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine; what is y-y-yours?"

"Well, really, I am not aware that I have any."

"Do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is your p-peculiarity; most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."

That's a good piece of advice about exchange columns.—*Dean Megaphone*.

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# » ARLINGTON » HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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## THE CLARION

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## EDITORIAL

Classes come and classes go but the CLARION will remain for years to come, to greet all on their return from vacations. There is always a change when the school commences in September. Instead of the class which sat in the rear seats and gave dignity to the school the previous year, there comes another class to take its place and uphold the honors of the school. But it is to the Freshman class that the CLARION especially sends its greetings and may it not be long before its members will be regular subscribers and contributors. This year there is not only a change in classes but in teachers also. Because of the resignation of Miss Peed it was necessary to obtain a new French teacher and Miss Magay, for two years our history teacher, was selected. Miss Davis, of Newton, was chosen to fill the position of history teacher

and Miss Cheney, of Brattleboro, Vt., is at the head of the commercial course. To these new teachers also the CLARION sends out its greetings and wishes them a pleasant and successful year here.

This year a new course has been instituted in the school and it already bids fair to be a success. This is the Commercial course. The object of this course is to fit the pupils so they will be able, on leaving school to enter a place of business and make a good showing from the start.

Among the subjects taken up, are Shorthand, Typewriting, Commercial Correspondence, Penmanship, Commercial Law and Commercial Arithmetic. In addition to this strictly Commercial studies, English History, Language and Mathematics are also required. Commercial courses have been tried in several of the surrounding

towns and cities and found to be very successful.

In speaking of the Commercial course, it brings to notice the quality of many pupils' handwriting. With how many pupils' handwriting has been neglected. In the grammar schools, penmanship is one of the principal studies and is classed in importance with the two other R's, reading and 'rithmetic. However when the pupil reaches the upper grades and reading and writing give place to Latin and other studies he neglects his writing and often from that time regrets that he did not pay more attention to it when the harvest was ripe.

It is very often true that the most prominent men of the day are poor writers and require the aid of typewriters and private secretaries to carry on their correspondence.

We are glad to recognize Misses Norton, Churchill and Bridgham of class '02 A. H. S., who have been elected president, secretary and treasurer respectively of the Senior class at Radcliffe. Miss Ruth Hornblower, '04 A. H. S., has been elected captain of the Sophomore hockey team at Vassar.

Last June it was again demonstrated that the town was poorly situated in the way of halls and that the audience which should be present at graduations was much smaller than if more room could be obtained. Certainly those who were unable to be present at the graduation exercises missed a treat which all present agreed was equal to any of the previous graduations. The program was different from that of years before and included recitations in French and German, besides essays showing the history of lyric literature. The music was given by choruses chosen from the school, and by the whole school also. The music included Irish, English and Scottish folk-songs, together with two songs sung in

German. The whole graduation was a grand success and a credit to all that took a part. The decorations were also very effective and showed that the school flags could be shown to advantage at other places as well as on the ball field.

It has been felt among the editors that there are some pupils of the school who would like to contribute articles to the CLARION but owing to bashfulness or fear lest the article might not receive fair trial, refrain from writing. Let us say that this should not be the case. The CLARION is the school's paper and every member should feel he has a part in it and that any part he does take is gratefully accepted by the editors.

The question arises when is the Junior gift of the class of '06 going to be presented to the school? If any one wishes to know he is requested not to ask the Senior class, as at present they are not positive themselves and have not definitely set the date.

Last year we closed the hockey season with the championship and also the baseball season with a large majority of victories. Let us hope that the coming year may be as successful and full of honors for our teams.

To pass examination is necessary before a candidate can enter college, but there are several ways of accomplishing this. One way is barely to overstep the mark. The other is to do so well that an honor is gained. With many of our students the latter way was most popular last June, and of the sixteen taking examinations at Harvard and Radcliffe eight had honors. This is a fine showing. Let us hope the following classes may do as well.



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### THE COLONEL'S ALARM-CLOCK.

The day was just unfolding in the eastern sky. The great world of shadow had barely begun to steal away from its nocturnal realm. Slowly and sullenly the sable king called on his dark troop of shadows, and faster and faster his outposts faded into the realm of day.

The Colonel's sleeping chamber was, by rights, still in the kingdom of night. But one little beam of light, more adventurous than the rest, had stolen into this realm and had entered the Colonel's room through a small aperture in the shutter. First its bright little finger fell upon a pair of old army sabres, which hung crossed on the wall, where with all its housewifely instincts offended by the dullness of these utensils of carnage, it busily began to burnish them to a pristine brightness.

Having set these to rights it played down the wall, took a sudden leap across the room and fixed its shiny finger on a round object, where it again applied its celestial polish to such a dazzling effect that the eye could not gaze upon it, and one would have not been able to recognize the object, did it not itself, by a loud ticking, proclaim its identity as a modern eight-day clock.

Only a moment and the little finger, with another caprice, jumped back again to the wall, played a little while with the faded roses on the paper, and then, audaciously enough, gently touched the Colonel's face.

It was an old face, which this little finger of light was caressing. The hair, already, as it were, under the shadow of the grave, had assumed the somber hue of gray, and the wrinkled and lined forehead told that already fate had nearly finished writing the page of life, and that soon would be affixed the fatal signature of death.

But was this little housewife going to polish the Colonel too? It certainly seemed so, for as it played over his old cheeks it seemed to impart a little of its color to them. The old Colonel stirred a little under this genial kiss for they were bachelor cheeks and the first blush of returning consciousness seemed to deepen.

A smile followed in the path of the little finger and the Colonel stirred once more. A gentle snore now began to make itself evident, and it, too, heralded the awakening of the Colonel.

But soon the little smile began to change, slowly it assumed the expression of perplexity, finally to change into a look of

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positive uneasiness, while the snore also increased its volume. It seemed, indeed, as if the Colonel's faculties, half benumbed by sleep, were struggling hard to comprehend something which the outside world was thrusting upon their consciousness.

The Colonel's face appeared more perplexed than ever, he stirred uneasily, and his snoring—a natural prerogative in old men—now went fortissimo. The heart of the valiant alarm-clock would, doubtless, have turned green with envy at having its own immortal tick-tock thus eclipsed by a mere man, were it not for the fact that this same clock was, at that same time, using another faculty, which was, in fact, the very noise which the Colonel's benumbed faculties were struggling to comprehend.

Could we have entered the Colonel's mind during this process of evolution from sleep to wakefulness, we should doubtless first have heard a sort of celestial music, which, as the Colonel's mind gained a firmer grasp upon consciousness, and the painful reality of this earthly existence asserted itself more and more, gradually lost its heavenly character, became more and more distant from its angelic origin, and soon degenerated into that most unspeakable of sounds, that most earthly of noises, the voice of the omnipotent alarm-clock.

The Colonel's warlike snore broke off at a crescendo pitch and he completed the

process of awakening by sitting bolt upright in bed. The Colonel's mind was still hazy. That some one was at the front door was his first thought. But then, the insolence of the voice, the vulgarity of the tone bespoke a lower origin. The Colonel turned his eyes slowly towards the opposite side of the room and as his vision comprehended the origin of the clamor, he gasped.

Standing firmly upon an old trunk, with its face turned squarely towards the Colonel, the alarm clock was delivering to the occupant of the bed a metallic lecture on the virtues of early rising and, from the freshness of the tone, the virility of the declamatory powers displayed by the little round orator, the hearer could not but believe that the exordium of the speech had been scarcely ended, and that the main body of the address had yet to flow from its brassy tongue. That the little speech-maker was in earnest, could not be doubted. For as he warmed up to the subject, and delivered argument after argument with increasing fervor, he became so enthused and wrought up that his whole body swayed back and forth on his four iron legs, so that there was indeed danger that the oration would be brought to an untimely ending by the precipitation of the speaker upon the floor; though whether the Colonel would entertain feelings of sympathy at such an occurrence, is doubtful.

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However, the arguments advanced by the alarm-clock did not seem to appeal to the audience. Indeed the first feelings aroused by the metallic periods of the little speaker were even revengeful. The Colonel's old military instinct was the first to take command of him.

Reaching above his head he grasped one of the sabres and, ringing it with a characterization of the orator, he hurled it right at its face. It was not destined, however, that such a refutation should end the career of our modern lark. The hurtling sabre did, 'tis true, strike the glassy face of the declaimer, but it was only a glancing shot, which only established the speaker in a position of still greater impudence, for now it had majestically turned its back on the Colonel, but its voice had abated not.

But the Colonel's engines of war were not limited to one. There still hung another sabre on the wall. The Colonel hastily availed himself of this second instrument and flung it in the track of its predecessor. But the clock bore a charmed life. The second missile traversed an orbit far distant from this centre of the Colonel's universe, and doubtless would be going still, were its onward progress not retarded by its passage through a shelf of old china-ware — which some spinster admirer had presented to him — where it eliminated

much, calling down a veritable shower of broken china upon the unsuspecting head of the timepiece.

All of which, naturally did not increase the peace of mind of the Colonel. Yet through all this wrathful episode the alarm-clock maintained a composure which was remarkable. Neither did it raise its voice higher at this unwelcome reception of its plea, nor did it indulge in any stream of invective at the Colonel; moreover, its sturdy heart beat no more than the sixty times usual to alarm-clock nature. Truly a remarkable clock.

The Colonel was now beside himself. He lunged an arm under the bed and drew forth a boot. Grasping it in his right hand he eyed the silver-tongued orator in a hostile manner. The orator's supply of arguments for early rising seemed inexhaustible.

"You demon," he cried, and would fain have said more, but finding that his vocabulary offered no term suitable to rightly name the demon, he decided to express himself in shoe-leather instead, and hurled the boot. The boot, however, seemed not to possess any affinity for the target, for it described an orbit nearly as wide of the mark as that traversed by the previous missile. And still remarkable composure on the part of the timepiece.

Something must be done, and that right

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quickly. It was evident that the Colonel's "little state of man" could not contain such a rebellion much longer. Already he was becoming a dangerous rival.

The Colonel paused a moment and thought. Clearly, now, a sabre or a boot was not an instrument best calculated to quiet such a noise, inasmuch as they did not possess sufficient muffling qualities. Clearly, then, he must use something that did. A happy smile passed over his face, which then hardened into grim resolution. Once more he would try an aerial means, but this time with a more practical instrument. Turning around he seized his pillow and hurled it in the direction which the three other objects had taken, but with better aim. The pillow rose aloft in the air, described a beautiful arc and descended, like the hand of fate, upon the indefatigable and versatile alarm-clock. There was a bang, a crash of breaking glass, a cry of exultation from the Colonel, and then, then the monotonous summons continued as before.

"Why don't you wake up," it seemed to say (and seemed never to finish saying).

Our little orator had, it is true, been hurled from his rostrum, but only to change his former position for one of still greater advantage and ease. There he lay, his body reclining gracefully upon the pillow,

with which the Colonel had so generously furnished him, the four iron feet defiantly pointing to his abuser, with face awry but tongue unharmed, the little irrepressible one delivered his infinite advice with never-disturbed equanimity.

The Colonel was human and therefore not perfect. He opened his mouth and shut it again. No, he would waste no more words, his deeds would speak.

He grasped all the blankets on his bed, with one mighty effort he lifted them up over his head, and like the storm god with forehead wreathed in clouds, he rushed upon his little educator.

Two long, military strides sufficient to bring him up to his adversary, and there he braced himself for the final effort. Higher, still higher, he lifted the huge mass of bedclothes above his head, determined to blot the thing out of existence with one mighty blow. The great mass of blankets descended downward.

The nickel-plated orator seemed to show signs of fatigue, his voice was dry and husky from long use, and as the mass came down towards him with such terrible sureness his voice stopped, a long-drawn metallic sigh escaped through his dented face, and after a little happy chuckle his four iron legs wiggled a little wiggle of defiance, and he was still. The oration

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was ended. The Colonel and his bed-clothes, 'tis true, continued their journey downward, but of no avail. What did our little orator care?

One moment later the little alarm-clock went speeding out of the window and found its last resting place in a field of violets, where, perhaps, every morning when the first rosy finger of the dawn caresses his poor dented face, he makes the violets with a deep metallic sigh and a timeful chuckle.

EDWARD L. VIETS, '05.

### DEBATE.

RESOLVED:—The English system of a responsible ministry is better than the American plan of electing a president once in four years.

Trying to lay aside all prejudice which such a subject would naturally give rise to in an American, and dealing with actual facts after considering each system carefully, it seems to me that the American plan of electing a president once in four years is by far a better system than the English system. For the benefit of those who may not have a clear idea of the two systems I will give you a brief outline of them first of all.

In England the ministry is composed of men appointed to their positions by the Prime Minister, who is the leader of his party, liberal or conservative as the case may be. Whenever one party goes out of favor, the ministry necessarily goes out of favor as well and must resign. The ruling monarch then calls to him the leader of the opposition who, it is well understood, will

become the new Prime Minister. Hence it will appear that the duration of a ministry is very uncertain, being under the influence of the party's popularity. In America, once in four years a President is elected by electors as many in number from each state as that state has representatives and senators, who vote according to the ballot which they have been elected by the people to represent.

It seems to me that the government of a people should be through the voice of the people. Let us see how much voice the English people have in their government. England is divided into districts containing anywhere from fifteen to eighty thousand inhabitants, each district having one representative. This representative need not reside in his district, and may never have been there. If a man fails to get elected for one district he can try for others until he gains his end, with the result that an Englishman living in England may represent some district in Ireland. What kind of representation is this? What do these representatives know about the people whom they represent or their wishes? On the other hand in America one representative is provided for every thirty thousand inhabitants and he must also reside in his district, thus really representing his people and being their actual voice in government.

When we consider the government of a country we naturally think of that government as being carried on legally and by legal officers, but such is not the case in England. The Prime Minister does not hold a legal office except by precedent, but assumes the duties supposed constitution-

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ally to belong to the king. Our presidents, however, hold a legal office constitutionally, since it is so arranged in our written constitution.

Again, in our system we find time for a more thorough trial of a policy and it is, therefore, fairer. In England a ministry comes into office and if its policy meets with opposition it must resign and let the other party take its place even before its policy has been proved a poor one or a good one. This liability to frequent change is also likely to cause confusion. In America, however, a president is elected for four years and that space of time is sufficient for a thorough trial of almost any policy. Perhaps you might question the President's inability to serve, not discovered until after election, but all provisions are made in the constitution for removing from office any President found unable or incapable of performing his duties to his country.

Last of all I would say that it is a government's duty to better the development of a country, and it seems to me that America is doing this to the best of her ability under her present system of government. When you consider the short existence of America as a separate country in contrast with England's long existence as such, it is almost beyond one's comprehension to realize the rapid growth and development of America. And what is this due to if not largely to its system of government? Certainly it took no such rapid strides of progress under colonial rule. America has been criticised for paying so little attention to politics, whereas England gave so much time to them, but under her

present condition of prosperity she does not need to.

Therefore, for these reasons stated, namely because a government of a people should be through the voice of the people; because a government should be carried on by legal officers; because our system gives chance for a more thorough trial of a policy; and because it is a government's duty to further the development of a country as America is doing, it seems to me that the American system of electing a President once in four years is better than the English system of a responsible ministry. In closing I would acknowledge the historians Macy, Dale, Woodrow, Wilson, and the Constitution of the United States, to whom I am indebted for much of my information on this subject.

MABEL B. COOLIDGE, '05.

#### A DOUBLE SUCCESS.

"Hello, there, Swingleton! Come on to lunch with me," called Guy Kirk as he came out of his office and met his friend at the street door.

"Sorry, Kirk, but it's impossible to-day. I'll see you later, though," he answered, hastening along.

"Well, he is in a hurry as usual," thought Guy to himself. "My, but he's got the right kind of stuff in him, and I don't blame the governor for holding him up to me as a model business man. But that's not the question now. I'm hungry as a bear and have to go to lunch alone. No, here comes Mabel and her cousin. I'll take them."

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"Good-morning, ladies," said Guy, as he stepped out of the doorway to meet the girls.

"Good-morning," answered both girls brightly, and before they had a chance to continue their friend went on with,

"Won't you come to lunch with me? I believe it's about lunch time, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, we'd love to, wouldn't we, Alice?" said Mabel, answering for both of them. "We've been shopping all the morning and were just going to Hollander's ourselves."

"Well, suppose we go right on then, for I guess we are all hungry."

Chatting gaily, the trio jostled along with the crowd on the busy street and it did not take them long to walk the few blocks to Hollander's. Finding the main hall filled, the waiter led them to a table in the small dining-room. As they were passing to their table, Guy, man-fashion, put his hand into his pocket, to discover that he had only fifteen cents in change. A little surprised to find his change so low, he reached for his bill pocket, but found nothing in it. "Jove," he exclaimed, almost aloud, "I'm in it. What am I to do? I can't back out now."

By this time they were seated and chatting merrily; at least the girls were, and Guy joined in as best he could. For he was considering how he was ever going to get out of it. He had forgotten that he had spent twenty dollars that he had in his pocket early in the morning in paying a florist's bill and buying a necktie. And as he had no credit at Hollander's and did not dare run the bill in his father's name, what was he to do? This was the most embarrassing financial difficulty Guy had ever been in, so it seemed to him. To take two girls to lunch and then not have money enough to pay the bills was certainly enough to make any man feel decidedly uneasy. Being an easy-going fellow, however,

he decided to trust Dame Fortune once more, and if she favored him as usual, he would get out of it somehow. But how?

Meanwhile he had managed to keep up a passably lively chat with Mabel and her friend, however on the alert to find some way out of his difficulty. But none offered itself till lunch was nearly over, and even then Guy could not think how to use it and not have it seem obvious to the girls. Mabel had laid her link purse on the table, and through the links Guy could see crisp bills. 'There's my chance! If I can only get hold of the pocket book I'll run the risk of there being enough to pay the bill. But how am I going to get it?

As the three were leaving the table, the opportunity came. For, Mabel, rising from her chair, began drawing on her gloves and preparing to go without picking up her purse.

"See here, Mabel, you are like all other women, carrying your pocket book in your hand and then leaving it to tip the waiter or any other person desiring such a generous gift. I might as well take it myself, and I'll bet you a box of De Klyn's that you'll forget to ask me for it before you get home."

"Much obliged for your opinion of me, but just the same to disprove it, I'll take up with you," replied Mabel good naturedly, and started with her cousin to leave the room.

Guy, following them, quickly took the bills, which proved to amount to ten dollars, from Mabel's purse. The money he put in his bill pocket, and the purse in the outside pocket of his coat. "By George, though, if that wasn't a narrow escape!" he thought to himself as he stepped up to the desk, paid the bill, and then went to join the girls in the reception room. "But if she asks me for the pocket book before I pay the ten dollars back, I'm in it as much

as ever. I don't believe she'll think of it at all, and certainly not till after we pass the office. I can run up there a minute, get the money, put it in her purse, and she will be none the wiser, and I'll be out of it all as slick as you please."

As the two approached the office, Guy said in an off hand way, "Would you girls mind waiting a minute while I run up here and then I will walk down to the station with you?"

"No, I guess we had better go right on. We've scarcely time to make the two o'clock express as it is."

And Guy did not urge his company, but rather hurriedly bade the girls good-bye. "I'm glad she didn't think of her pocket book," he said to himself springing lightly up the office steps two at a time. "I talked as fast as I could on anything just to keep those girls' minds off the bet, and evidently I succeeded. I'll put the money back now, and then I'm safe."

Meanwhile Mabel and her cousin, seated in their train were talking over their shopping and lunch.

"Well, we've had a jolly time to-day, haven't we, Mabel?" said her cousin. "It was terribly nice of Guy to take us to lunch, don't you —"

"Alice Read, I forgot to ask Guy Kirk for my purse," broke in Mabel vehemently. "I've lost the box of De Klyn's and he'll never cease to tease me about it, either."

LOUISE REBECCA ANDERSON, '05.

### THE DEATH DROP.

A TRUE STORY AS TOLD BY A  
FISHERMAN.

The first time I ever heard the death drop, I was aboard a fishing boat with an old sea captain, on the Bay of Fundy. I was on anchor watch. We were laying toward drift net. About two o'clock in the

morning, I heard the death drop. To explain it as I heard it, it sounded like a drop of water, falling from about ten feet into a half filled hogshead, causing a clear ringing sound.

It was a calm, still morning, not a ripple on the surface of the water. Everything was as peaceful as on the bosom of a lake. I sat there and listened to it for about an hour, thinking that it was made by some fish. I could not locate it, for when I listened for it on one side, it seemed to be on the other, and if I turned, it seemed to turn away from me. I woke the captain and said to him, "Captain, don't you hear that noise? Listen! What kind of a fish is that?"

He didn't answer me, but got up, put on his oil clothes and looked anxiously down the bay. From dawn to daylight, he stood there with his back to me. He must have seen something which attracted his attention, for he told me to get ready to take in the net. I asked, "Captain, aren't we going to drift up?" for it was our usual custom to drift up before taking in our net.

He answered sharply, "No! It would be better if it were in now."

We hauled in our net, without even taking the fish out of it, and I never saw him do that before. Almost before we had our net hauled, the squall was upon us. The wind was blowing so hard that the boat stood nearly on end. He shouted to me, "Step the mast, man, hold on, and be very careful! Reef down the mainsail close and put it on her." Finding that she couldn't stand this, I let it go and hauled it in. In the fore-castle, we had a jib which had never been bent. I asked to put it on. "Try it, but do be careful," was the unusual answer.

I bent on the new jib and hauled it taut, I took hold of the sheet and hauled it aft, and belayed it, and in less than five minutes the sail was torn in pieces. We pointed her for home and let her go straight ahead of the wind, with the poles stripped bare.

By this time there was a good stiff sea

and we came home like a race-horse. When we hauled up on the sod (for there was no wharf), the captain said, "Now I'll tell you what that noise was we heard this morning. That was the death drop. Someone will lose his life there to-day, and I was afraid it was you or I."

He was so anxious that he wouldn't work nor let me. We went aboard a ship which lay at the sod, from which we could see far down the bay, where many fishermen were trying to make port. I was on the bow and could see a boat near the same fishing ground where we had been. I knew the boat by a white patch on the sail. I saw the man letting his boat come up in the wind and then easing her off again. Calling the old captain, I asked him "What is the matter with Tippen?" and pointed the boat out. "Tippen has lost his boy."

Then we noticed Tippen haul his sheet aft and let the boat come; and she did come. Seeing that she was headed right for shore, a number of us waded out and eased her in. Tippen's hat was gone and his red hair was waving in the wind. All he could say was, "I have lost my boy, I have lost my boy. He was thrown overboard while putting the sprit in the sail. I threw him an oar which he caught and held him up for a time, but the boat was making so much headway that, in spite of tacking, the distance between us increased. The exhausted boy sank and after losing sight of him I headed for shore."

All that night, all the next day and night, every fisherman in the place — and there were nearly a hundred of us — went up and down the coast for miles, looking for that body. About nine days after, the body came up the river, and it was a very crooked river, for nearly two miles to the graveyard. It was found by old Malcolm, who dreamed the night before that he had found the body on the bank just below the graveyard. In the morning he went there and found his dream to be true.

NETTIE G. FISHER, '05.

#### AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE.

Last summer my sister and I spent a few weeks in a little village of a hundred in-

habitants which nestles down among the high hills of western New York. The country suggests a big patchwork quilt done in different shades of green, for the fields are of various shapes and are planted with grain of various colors.

Arriving at the village, the first thing we see is a cemetery, which is so large that one is forced to the conclusion that the dead occupy more room than the living. Further investigation of this graveyard shows some queer epitaphs. The worst, or best, is this: "Dear Johnny. Precipitated into eternity in an instant by the shutting of a barn door."

In this place everybody knows everybody's else business. There is a "village gossip" who makes her rounds every morning, collecting and giving out news. Two or three automobiles pass through in a year. We had the inestimable privilege of seeing one "red devil" fly through while we were there. A woman living a mile up the road, telephoned — don't be surprised; it is a new thing and everybody handles the receiver gingerly even now — telephoned, I say, that an automobile had passed her house, and if we wished to see it we better hurry up. Everybody ran out to the road, my sister and I included, and pretty soon, with a horrible noise and a cloud of dust and an awful smell, a big machine rushed past. Then we went home, but the automobile furnished talk for a week.

The natives are farmers, dairymen, or traders of "caows" and horses. Once in a while there is a "stock-day," when every sellable animal is dragged, or drags his master, down to "th' store," where anything can be bought, from shoes to canned soup. Every protesting "critter" is shoved on to the scales and weighed. Then they are put with great difficulty into wagons and are driven away. Sometimes a frisky little "caff" doesn't care for a ride, and goes bolting down the road, dragging some unfortunate man with him. Stock-day is great fun.

We learned all about sugaring-off, and what a silo was, and how a dairy was conducted. Massachusetts ignorance was corrected and when we went home we knew almost as much as our country cousins.

ESTHER WYMAN, '06.



At the annual meeting of the Athletic Association, held September 14, 1905, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Warren E. Robinson; Vice-President, Wellington Hodgson; Secretary, Roger W. Conant; Treasurer, William G. Bott; Athletic Committee, Hicks, Gott and Hendrick. Freshmen! Now is your chance to patronize the new treasurer.

The closing of the base ball season last June, I am sure was regretted by all. The season was indeed quite a successful one, the A. H. S. winning thirteen games out of nineteen. Capt. Hicks is confident that next spring a winning team will be "turned out," and that we shall again have the privilege of saying "The game is ours." The players of the team who are, at present, in the school are: Hicks, Hendrick, P. Taylor M. Taylor, Clifford, Wood and Cashman. Although we have lost two good players in Banks and Mansell, we hope that others will come forward to fill out the ranks. Owing to our former catcher, Kelley, not returning to school last fall, a new catcher had to be substituted in his place. Hendrick, who has played left field remarkably well, seemed to fit the position exactly. He played very successfully behind the bat; in fact the whole team played well, showing the effects of good training under Captain Hicks who has worked so earnestly for the

welfare of the team. With the hearty support of all the school members, there is not a shadow of a doubt but what a winning team would be the result.

Since the school will not be represented by a football team, with the approach of the winter months the next sport that is looked forward to is that of hockey. The prospects of a successful hockey team this year seem to be very good, for we are quite fortunate in having with us nearly all of the players of last year's successful team, with the exception of Viets, whom we lost on account of graduation. Last year's team winning the series, the same thing should certainly be accomplished this year. Captain Hicks will probably before long issue his "call for volunteers."

The heavy expenses which are necessary to maintain athletics have seriously impaired the treasury, consequently if we are to continue the athletics, some means of raising money has got to be devised.

For support of the hockey team financially, a considerable sum of money has got to be raised. Outside of the regular dues paid by the members, which if paid as soon as possible would be deemed a favor by the association, the custom has been to give a certain number of entertainments during the year. As yet nothing has been proposed but it is evident that something of the kind has got to be done. The addition of new members would not only be a great benefit financially, but in every way. The association would be pleased at any time to have any body assert his intentions of becoming a member.



## CLUB NOTES

### MEHR LICHT VEREIN.

Three meetings of the club have been held since the one last reported in the CLARION. The first took place on May 3, at the home of Mr. Edward Viets. The evening was very pleasantly spent in German games and songs, followed by refreshments.

On May 31, occurred the last and in some respects the most important meeting of the year. It was held at the home of Miss Weeks, with a committee of Seniors in charge. The important business was the reception and initiation of new members and the election of officers. Nine Juniors received their first glimpse of the mysteries and pleasures of the club. Each new member was presented with a stein filled with "beer" as a sign of welcome. The election of officers for the ensuing six months resulted in the choice of the following:

President, MISS WEEKS.

Treasurer, WILLIAM G. BOTT.

Secretary, HOWARD S. RUSSELL.

The evening was concluded with refreshments served by the committee in charge.

The first meeting of the new school year took place on September 20, at the home of Miss Helen Pettingill, under the direction of a large committee of Seniors. Three new members were admitted and a definite plan of work for the year was decided upon. At least a portion of each meeting will be devoted to the famous German epic, the Nibelungenlied, and this plan promises some very instructive as well as well as highly interesting meetings. The evening quickly passed in the enjoyment of games, German songs, and the bountiful refreshments which the hospitable committee provided.

A committee consisting of the officers of the club is at work mapping out definitely the meetings, and the committees in charge of them, for the ensuing year. If every one does his part, we can make the most pleasant and useful year which the club has ever experienced, but the enthusiastic help of every member will be required to attain this end.

We would be very glad to receive into our membership those of the Senior German class who have not already joined us.

Apart from the good times, we are sure that the meetings will be of help to them in the study of the language.

HOWARD S. RUSSELL, '05, Sec.

### BEMA DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Bema Debating Society begins its new year under the most promising conditions and if the success of the past two years are prophetic, with every indication of continued prosperity. At the business meeting held for the election of officers, Mr. Gott was elected President and Mr. Reed, Secretary. The executive committee, is composed of Mr. Philip Taylor and Mr. Hendrick. A most cordial invitation is extended to all boys who wish to join the society and it is hoped that the interest which has been shown up to this time will not diminish. All members of the school are invited to be present at the meetings and the general debate, which follows the main debate, is open to all who care to take part. The questions discussed by the society have invariably been of general interest and it is hoped that all will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear them discussed.

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## SCHOOL LOCALS

### Class of 1906.

School again! And now the class of 1906 is at the head. Let us hope that the members of the class will do credit to the name of "Seniors," and try to fill up the place vacated by the class of 1905.

The post-graduate course is certainly becoming popular.

"All boys are lazy.  
H——k is a boy.  
Therefore, H——k is lazy."  
True, without a doubt.

Derivation of "restaurant"—From the Latin "res", which means "things", and "taurus", which means "bull"—Therefore, "a place where you get bully things."

Is there no remedy for the epidemic in room A? I am not sure of the scientific name of the disease, but the most alarming symptom is "*une voix de baby*."

Perhaps others may profit by the hint given to the Botany Class. The teacher told them that a certain college professor once said, "Allow me to suggest, that the students would find the laboratory work much easier if they sat *on* their chairs instead of *at* them.

A Member of the German club suggests that it would be better for the club to go by *Weeks* than months.

"A corpulent pike, with moss growing on his head." The Dime Museum would undoubtedly give this creature a place next to the Bearded Lady.

Macbeth's "dagger speech", à la brilliant Senior. "I see thee still"—long pause—"I see thee still"—another long pause in which the above-mentioned Senior continues to "see things"—I see thee still, and blood stains—"another pause, and the vision becomes more horrible. (With marked effort.) "*I see thee still*—" Bell rings. "Teacher—well, I guess we won't hear the rest of that."

We wonder if it was the ghost of the horrified immortal Shakespeare himself which was haunting that Senior.

Miss——thinks that "a place where they put wine to cool" is a place where they put drunkards "to cool off."

French teacher — Comprenez-vous, Monsieur?"

Monsieur — Nein! (Subdued applause from all sides.)

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### Class of 1907.

Marner's weaving must have been indeed durable — "Silas tied the child with a linen thread."

Puzzle — Why ought the astronomy class to know its lessons?

You had two *nights* to kill me in my bed.

If  $x$  equals the boys and  $y$  the girls in room 2, give by inspection the greater quantity.

Beware of some of the inhabitants of room 2. Some are cannibals, others omnivorous — "I ate my father in the garden." "I have eaten my ball"

The unfortunate chemistry class who appear more battered after each lesson, seem to be learning that "experience is a hard teacher."

The Squire then said that if Godfrey wouldn't marry Nancy, he would do it for him.

Translations —

The peonies had swelled heads.

The Greeks said they were not horses, but beasts of burden grazing.

"Be thou gone"!!!

Some algebra problems dealing in half eggs are rather perplexing.

### Class of 1908.

The candle lasted till it went out, didn't it?

If you can pull yourself, please notify us.

If one leg of a chair was mended, which leg would be likely to break first? The longest one, of course.

Too old to be alive.

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## EXCHANGES

Just what should an exchange column be? This question is a common one and one on which there is such a difference of opinion. So often we see in the different exchanges — "Do not print jokes in your exchange column — it is a place for friendly criticisms and suggestions only." Such an exchange column is certainly a joy to the heart of the editor; it is good to hear what other people think of a paper which we see every month. We like to hear other's estimates on infant poetry and impossible love-stories, and hideous illustrations that we almost fear to mention; all well and good for the exchange editor. This is a plea for the subscribers — the members of the school. It is no uncommon thing to hear in the corridors, "Oh, the exchange columns — I never read those — so uninteresting." And it must be so, to the majority of readers, for how many of them ever look at an exchange and compare its worth with the preceding issue, or look greedily for mistakes? What does a page of criticisms and suggestions on subjects they never heard of mean to them? Let us forget, in part, the real office of this column and strive to please one and all by giving a few bright things for the subscribers and some suggestions for the exacting editors.

### THE MOSQUITO IN A NEW LIGHT.

It was the first night Pat and Mike spent in America. They secured a small room at a boarding house. There were no screens at the windows. Being afraid of robbers, Pat and Mike decided to let the light burn all night. Soon the mosquitoes became intolerable. "Let's turn out the light, so they can't find us," said Pat. In a short while some fireflies flitting about, entered the room. Having never seen any before,

Mike exclaimed, "Hully Gee, Pat, they're comin' after us with their lanterns!"

The High School Journal is a blessing. No matter whether you turn to it first or last, the material you wish seldom fails to be there.

### SILENCED THE RINGLEADER.

The head teacher in a Sunday school was much worried by the noise of the pupils in the next room. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he mounted a chair and looked over the partition. Seeing a boy a little taller than the others talking a great deal, he leaned over, hoisted him over the partition, and banged him into a chair in his room, saying: —

"Now be quiet."

A quarter of an hour later a smaller head appeared around the door and a meek little voice said: —

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

A jolly young Chemistry tough,

While mixing some compounded stuff,

Dropped a match in the vial, and after a while

They found his front teeth and a cuff.

H. S. J.

Some of our exchanges think that an alumni column would be a pleasant addition to our paper. Is it not a suggestion worth profiting by?

### A "BILLET-DOUX."

She was a winsome country lass,

So William on a brief vacation,

The time more pleasantly to pass,

Essayed flirtation.

And while they strolled in twilight dim,

As near the time of parting drew,

Asked if she would have from him

A "billet-doux."

Now this simple maid of French knew naught,

But doubting not 'twas something nice

Slyly she lifted her pretty head,

Her rosy lips together drew, and coyly said,

"Yes, Billy — do,"

And William did.

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## EDITORIAL

Why is it that Christmas is welcomed so eagerly by us all? The little child too small to attend school will say he likes Christmas because Santa Claus brings him presents then. Those that go to school say they like Christmas because they have a vacation for a week. But there are nobler reasons than either of them that prompt the majority to look forward to Christmas. It is a time of thankfulness and rejoicing, of regrets and good resolutions. Then we think of the many good things that have come to us during the past year and also we regret that we have not done more to make others happy.

But does it ever occur to you that there are some to whom Christmas is no different from other days, who cannot look forward to it with feelings of joy or hope?

These are the people whom we may help

if only by a kind word or cheery smile. Such action on our part will serve the double purpose of making their Xmas day pleasanter, while at the same time adding to the enjoyment of our own.

Finally the class of '06 has been able to present their gift to the school. Although it has been the custom for years to present this token of loyalty in the Junior year, many hindrances came to the front which obliged the class to wait until a later day. Nevertheless it is not the time it is given, it is not the expense incurred, but it is the spirit in which it is given that makes the gift valuable. Years hence when the members of this class are separated one from another and for various causes have left Arlington to live in some other location, it will be pleasant to think that graduation

## ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION.

did not separate them entirely from the school, and that having left some token of their loving regard before going away they may still claim an interest in the Arlington High School. The pictures and statuary presented by the classes which have gone before have so filled the spaces in the building that the assembly hall seemed the most fitting for this year's class. As the gift of '06 to the school, six busts of American statesmen were selected. It was unnecessary that any body of noted men should select the individuals whose busts should adorn the hall, for by the unanimous consent of the class, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln, Grant and John Adams were chosen. To these men who did so much to make the United States the nation that it is to-day, America owes a debt that can never be exactly estimated.

By the action of the school committee our building has always had in its possession a flag which may be seen waving from the mast in front of the building on all flag days especially designated by State law. As it has been planned to have the assembly hall decorated by things American, it seemed fitting that the American flag should be in evidence there. Accordingly a suggestion was made to Post 36, G. A. R., that it would be very gratifying to have them identified with the gift, a suggestion which met with a ready response. Two silk flags were given to the school by the Post and beautifully draped over the picture of the Capitol by Vice-Commander Berthrong. The presentation exercises were simple but impressive. Mr. White unveiled the flags and they were saluted by the "squad" of Grand Army veterans that were present. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Parker, who spoke of the patriotism that stirred the men of '61-'65 and caused them to respond when the call to arms came. The comparison was brought out between

the sacrifices to save the country and the laws at that time, and the ease and apparent carelessness that prompts men to take part in corruption and graft at the present time. Mr. Holt accepted the gift, and in a few well chosen words thanked the Grand Army. Mr. White and Mr. Scully gave short addresses after this, and then the exercises were closed with the singing of America by the whole school.

Who is captain of the girl's basket-ball team? So many letters come to this unknown person that she is requested to leave her name with the secretary of the Athletic Association so that she may be enrolled on the same list with the foot ball captain and manager, and also the manager of the boys basket-ball team.

So far during the year two socials have been given. The first was in the form of a Hallowe'en party given by the Senior class with the teachers as guests.

The other social was in the form of a reception given by the Junior class to the Seniors. The teachers were invited, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Scully. Such socials should be encouraged as they promote good feeling and pleasant relations between the classes as well as a better understanding between pupils and teachers.

Four years ago the New England Skating Association put up a cup to become the property of the school in the Interpretatory League whose team should win it the greatest number of times in five years. The first year we were defeated by Mechanics Art High School by the close score of 1-0. The two following years the cup has remained in our possession, owing to the high quality of the hockey which our teams have exhibited. To make it our property permanently, it is necessary that we win the series again this year. We cannot all be members of the team and help it in that way, but we can all support the team financially and by attending the games.

**LITERARY DEPARTMENT****A BOY'S DREAMS.**

Harold was not quite sure when he woke up, whether that little noise was the scraping of a file on the lock of the front door just below his window, or whether it was his little brother gritting his teeth in his sleep. But coming to the conclusion that it was the latter, he gave the offender a little pinch on the arm by way of reminding him that he was disturbing his brother's rest. As he was just about to turn over and go to sleep again, his eyes wandered involuntarily to the moon, smiling at him through the window pane. He gazed at it dreamily for awhile, until his drowsy eyes closed in spite of himself, and he dropped off to sleep again.

The little incident had been enough, however, to completely change his wild and exciting dream into one far different. He had been one of King Arthur's gallant knights, riding boldly over the country on a splendid black charger, clad in a shining suit of armour, with a tall plume waving from the helmet. He had been in dark caves where there were dragons, three-headed giants, tigers and hungry ogres, all of which he had promptly killed with the enchanted sword worn so proudly at his side. He had rescued a beautiful princess from a most terrible fate and was going to marry her; there was to be a great feast at the wedding.

Now all was changed. His mind left the scenes in "The Knights of the Round Table," and dwelt instead on the scenes in "The Alhambra," another of his favorite books. He was in Granada standing in the moonlight before that grand old Moorish palace, of which Irving's impressive description had so attracted his boyish fancy.

He stood there, motionless, with his

hands in his pockets, gazing with wide eyes at the splendor around him—the "rude congregation of towers and battlements" before him; dark masses of mountains looming up all around him, showing clearly against the bright, moonlit sky; below him (for the Alhambra is on a lofty hill), the city of Granada, lying in all its glory at his feet; above him his friend the moon, which seemed brimming over with information of this wonderful place which he had looked down upon for centuries.

Suddenly he felt some one touch him gently on the arm, and looking around he saw beside him a little Moorish maiden looking at him shyly with her large, dark eyes. Overcome with astonishment and admiration at the apparition before him, he stared at her in awed silence, taking in eagerly all the details of her appearance—her long, black hair, crowned by a little yellow turban; her pale, delicate face which would have impressed him as being very sad had she not just then given him a friendly smile revealing her small white teeth; her quaint Moorish costume and the string of glittering beads around her neck; and finally, her small brown hand, which was beckoning to him and pointing to the palace. He followed her without hesitation and without question—he seemed to be under a spell. Quickly, and regardless of all bolts, she led him through the luxurious halls and courts of the ancient palace, pointing out to him the Arabic figures on the walls, the graceful arches, and the clear fountains with their "diamond drops" and "crystal streams;" and telling him in a soft voice all about the Moorish kings who once lived there and struggled in vain against their Christian oppressors. How beautiful everything was!

But all good things must end, and so it was with Harold. For right in the midst of this interesting dream he became conscious of a hard pounding on his back, and a shrill voice saying, "How do you-s'pose I can breave wiv you right on top o' me?"

MARJORIE WOOD, '06.

### THOSE UNFORTUNATE SHOES.

Eight-year-old Bobby was cross. Now there wasn't the slightest reason for Bobby to be cross, at least so mother argued, but the fact remained, and grew more and more evident in each succeeding moment. A half an hour before, he had come in, the happiest boy under the sun, but now — what occasioned this sudden change you ask? Two words will explain—dancing school.

He had come home from school rosy and radiant at the prospect of no more school till Monday, and such fine coasting on Wilson's Hill. But the wicked fates advanced in the form of mother's voice: "But, Bobby dear, this is dancing school day."

"Oh, hang dancing school! I hate to go there and dance with those silly girls. None of the other fellers go," answered Bobby emphatically although rather inelegantly.

"Why, Lloyd goes."

"Hoh! he isn't one of the fellers."

"Well, we won't say anything more about it, Bobby. You are going to dancing school."

And so, loudly protesting throughout all the getting-ready process, Bobby was finally urged into his best suit and, plastering his hair hastily down, he began a noisy search for his "pumps." In the shoe bag, in the closet, under the bed, and even in the waste basket, a last resort and usually a successful one, no shoes were to be found. "Then I can't go to dancing school, can I?" with a little hope in the tone. But mother was relentless and the search went on, until finally, in a far corner of the play room, under a wreck of the "Flyer" and the "through freight," were found the missing shoes, the only baggage of the ill-starred "freight."

Mother breathed a thankful sigh, but

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there was more trouble ahead. Bobby very unexpectedly refused to carry his shoes in the pretty bag of which he had formerly been so proud. "But you will lose the shoes or drop them in the snow," mother objected.

"Lloyd doesn't carry his in a bag." Ah! here was an argument too strong for mother to answer.

"Well" — mother was considering — "if you will be very careful not to drop them, you need not take the bag. But it is four o'clock now and you must hurry." At last Bobby was started.

The way to dancing school, unfortunately for Bobby, led directly by Wilson's Hill, and as he approached he could see the other fortunate "fellers" who had no hateful dancing school to spoil the whole Friday afternoon, whizzing down the hill. At the foot of the hill Bobby could not resist the temptation to stand and watch them in defiance of his mother's recent warning to hurry. Nor could he resist the further temptation to trying just one coast with his own particular chum. As he was coming back up the hill he met several boys about his own age who jeeringly inquired the reason for the good clothes and the fancy shoes,—the shoes especially were an object of great derision. Finally Bobby, angered beyond endurance, seized the shoes, the objects of so much trouble, and cramming them full of snow, to show that he wasn't under petticoat rule even if they thought he was, whirled them about his head, and let them fly at a nearby snow drift with a defiant whoop.

The disappearance of the shoes in the snow served effectually to sober Bobby and he hurriedly dug them out and ran off to dancing school, regardless of the laughter of his comrades and of the shower of snowballs that followed him. When he reached the hall where the class was held it was quarter of five, but the teacher, who had a

soft spot in her heart for Bobby in spite of his mischief, asked no questions, and kindly sent his shoes to the janitor to be dried.

In the meantime Master Bobby sat with great dignity in the hall, and watched the other children hopping laboriously through the two-step. And when, at half-past five the janitor sent back the shoes, hopelessly ruined, it was a very meek, obedient little Bobby, that the teacher reluctantly sent home. And Bobby, walking slowly homeward, with many visions of the awful wrath to come, whispered defiantly to himself, "I didn't have to dance with those silly doll-girls, anyway!"

ALICE S. HOWE, '06.

### ELECTRICITY.

In considering the subject of electricity, the methods of generating it should be spoken of first. There are many methods of generating electricity for limited needs, but steam and water power are the only agents by which electricity may be generated successfully to any great extent. Steam is used a great deal more than water power, but this is only because nature has not seen fit to supply all of our large cities with Niagaras. The low price at which current is supplied to the consumer and the amount of current used, in the city of Buffalo, shows excellently the advantage of generating electricity by water power. Water power generates electricity at a much lower cost than steam because there is no coal necessary and naturally no ashes to dispose of, and it requires fewer men to run a water power plant than it does to run a steam plant. Although the use of water power is limited on account of the isolated locations of sources of power, the Stanley system of long distance transmission of electricity which is already in use in California will make it possible to use water power to a much greater extent. The second method

of generating electricity extensively is by the use of steam as mentioned above. There is no special design of engine or plant absolutely necessary for generating electricity, although, of course, certain designs of engines are much better adapted to this line of work than others. The single cylinder engine, the tandem compound engine and the turbine have all been used successfully to generate electricity to a certain extent. The use of the turbine is increasing very rapidly. There are two of this type of engine in use at the "L" station in Boston. After a plant has been completed, the work of supplying electricity to the consumer is little more than half done as there is a vast amount of intricate wiring necessary for the transmission of the current. There are two kinds of current, direct and alternating, but the latter is generally changed to direct by means of a transformer, as the direct current is used more than the alternating.

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The most interesting topic in connection with electricity is the consideration of the uses to which it may be applied. The home is lighted by electricity, thousands of cars are operated by it, many elevators are operated by it, the washing may be ironed by an electric flat-iron, the meals may be cooked by electricity, the automobile may be run by current derived from storage batteries, a small refrigerating plant run by an electric motor may be used in place of ice in the private house, and the familiar electric fan may be operated by electricity.

Electricity is also very useful in cases of illness. In speaking of the uses of electricity, wireless telegraphy, the telegraph and the telephone should not be forgotten, in short, the attempt to enumerate even a small part of the uses to which electricity may be put gives rise to the question, "What may we not do with electricity?"

ROLAND P. ACKERMAN, '05.

Said Eve unto Adam,  
"Address me as 'Madam,'  
And treasure me higher than thrones;  
For to you I've been worth  
A whole dollar since birth,  
And you know I am one of your bones."

Said Adam to Eve,  
"For that I don't grieve,  
Since you're worth a new rib, I suppose;  
But, then, don't you see  
How much wiser you'd be  
If you only were made of my knows?"

R. O. GROVER.

### "THE TIME-WORN PROVERB."

The wise old moon had long been high above the city. The sable shadows cast by the big college buildings contrasted strikingly with the whiteness around them. It was November, and Thanksgiving was but a few days distant. What preparations were being made for that very satisfactory day at the old homestead in Redfield! Jack Hazelton could picture it all as he sat

in his room that night. "But what's the use of a fellow going way back to a little country village just to spend a slow day with a"—here he was interrupted with the special whistle of his chum, Fred Milton, beneath his window,—and taking one-half the number of steps that it required others to ascend the stairs, he was soon being welcomed by a—"Hello, old pal! Was just going in search of you."

"Well, fate is against me as usual. Here is this foot ball game, Thanksgiving day, and I have just received a letter from my folks, saying that I must plan to go to my grandmother's, in Redfield, Thanksgiving day, as there is going to be a regular family reunion, etc. It will be all up with me if I don't go and how can I do it?" Fred whistled. (It was a favorite occupation of his.)

"Well you are in a fix! Just came to tell you that there will be a Victory dance if we win. Some Glenn Hall girls coming over, and an Alumni 'spread' at the Larchmont."

"Crackerjacks! Isn't that just my luck! Takes a day to go to Redfield—I would carry you off with me if it weren't for the more important things here at Clinton, that we will not miss for anything. What would you do in my place?"

Fred thought a moment, then, as if he had the situation defined, replied, "Well, you know my favorite expression—"It'll all come out in the wash." Here's a chance for you to prove what a lot those words mean. Do what your folks wish and deprive yourself; while if you remain in Clinton you'll disappoint more than one person in Redfield, I know. Why, see here, you can attend ball games just as important every week, and you don't escape such confusion once in a school year."

There was a sigh which was followed by all of his expectations, it seemed. Then he asked doubtfully, "Will you go with me,

or is missing the game as much of a sacrifice to you as to me?"

"Surely, if I'm invited."

"And you are! Good for you!" Jack burst in.

And the next day two students might have been seen boarding a west bound limited for Redfield with the usual joyous countenances and laughter provoking actions that always accompany them.

It was a typical Thanksgiving day in the country, for early the previous evening a heavy snow had begun to fall and now there were drifts on all sides. When Jack Hazelton awoke that morning the second thought that came to him was that there would be no foot ball game that day if it were snowing in Clinton. And poor Fred, a few moments later, was so suddenly awakened from pleasant dreams by a rough shaking and an Indian war-whoop, that it was several moments before his hair, which stood on end, descended. "Say you're a brick, old pal! If it had not been for you I should be down to the 'varsity today, and no foot ball game, after all! I want to congratulate you upon your fine old proverb! I'll never tell you to learn a new one again, for that one is insuperable!" Immediately the tinkle of sleigh bells was heard, and as the old sleigh stopped, out sprang a dozen or more cousins undaunted by the storm.

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"Oh, this is nearly as good as one of Marshall's touchdowns, isn't it!" And the statement was fully realized when, several minutes later, they reached the old fashioned hall, heard strains of a familiar college song and beheld no other than their foot ball captain, Marshall.

Of course they were dazed for an instant and imagined they were reading a book, until they were greeted by Jack's sister Grace with a "Really, Jack, I could not bring his sister and leave him there—it was snowing too hard for any foot ball game to-day—their mother and father are abroad, —so I just made him come along with us on the midnight train. If you do not want him, though—" She was very politely interrupted at this point.

"JACK," 'og.

Little Willie got aboard a car at Boylston Street, But only for a little while did Willie keep his seat;  
For gallantly he rose, and his lid he proudly lowered,  
As a girl divinely pretty, cute, etc., got aboard.

Now Willie's all-too-furtive glance had soon become a stare.  
And thus did Willie gladly stand clear out to Harvard Square;  
But when about to leave the car, he saw with great chagrin,  
That just two fares from Park Street to the Square had been rung in.

R. O. GROVER.

### DEACON PERKINS' OLD HORSE.

"Now, John," said Mrs. Perkins, "you will be careful at the fair, won't you? I read once about a man who was robbed of ten dollars by one of those city sharps."

"Course I'll be careful, Maria, and you just go and don't worry at all. Them women folks are so afraid a man will get into trouble," chuckled the deacon to himself. "As if they couldn't look out for themselves."

It was a hot day and, as the deacon was by no means as young as he used to be, he was compelled to rest often. Fortunately the journey was not long, and, in about twenty minutes, he arrived at the village of Sheffield where the fair took place.

On both sides of the road, booths were placed, and the cries of the tradesmen were incessant. "Here you have your real diamond pins, ladies. Fine diamonds in solid gold settings, only a dollar and half."

"Step this way and have your picture taken for five cents."

"Shoe strings, collar buttons, two for five."

The deacon was completely bewildered. He had come to the fair to buy a horse, but where was the sale to take place? Away off in a corner he espied what seemed to be the place, and hurrying thither he reached the auction just as it commenced. The first three horses were disposed of; before the deacon recovered his breath, the auctioneer was announcing the next. "Here is a very remarkable bargain. This fine specimen of a horse formerly belonged to a milkman, who, on going out of business, was forced to sell him. Now, what am I bid?" No one seemed to care for the horse, or else was too modest to speak. "Come, gentlemen, you're not going to let this fine chance pass."

"Fifty dollars," ventured the deacon. No one increased the bid.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, surely you don't mean to let this fine animal go for only fifty dollars! Come, come, speak up. Going at fifty dollars, fifty, going at fifty, going, —" and then Deacon Perkins became the owner of the former milk horse.

"Well, John, so this is the horse you've bought, is it?" questioned Mrs. Perkins, as the deacon entered the yard leading the horse by a halter.

"Yes, Maria, it's Bill Simons' old horse, and Bill said he would come around in the

morning and show a few points about driving her." Soon the horse, whom the deacon had determined to call Dobbin, was safely lodged in the little barn, while the deacon recounted the adventures of the day to his wife.

Early the next morning, true to his promise, Bill arrived and went at once with the deacon to the barn. "I brought over the old harness, deacon, cause I feared that some of yours might be broken. Now I'll let you harness up so that you'll know how." After a long time, the deacon, with frequent assistance from his friend, succeeded in fixing the harness on the old horse and climbing carefully into the buggy, took his place beside his friend. "I'll drive him through the village, and as soon as we reach the country you take a turn."

Every thing went smoothly, not a thing annoyed them. The deacon, delighted with the horse, was eager to take the reins, and soon they changed places. On they went, over the country roads and through small villages, at one of which they stopped for lunch. After dinner they continued their ride, the deacon still driving and as happy as a boy of ten. Suddenly, as they were passing a farm house, a large dog rushed from the yard and leaped at Dobbin's throat. Dobbin, taken by surprise, reared, throwing both men against the back of the seat. The deacon, who was holding the whip, made a vicious cut at the dog, but, unfortunately, it fell squarely on poor Dobbin's back. The horse leaped forward as if struck with a knife and fairly flew down the road. The deacon seemed paralyzed and made no effort to check his steed, but Bill snatched the reins and

succeeded in stopping the horse in a few minutes. No one spoke until they reached home, when the deacon remarked, "Well I guess that it was my fault he ran; anyway I gave him a mighty good clip."

The next day was Sunday, and it had been decided to go to church in the new carriage; so early in the morning, the deacon descended to the stable and began to harness the horse. Although he was not quite sure that everything was in the right place, nevertheless in about an hour he had managed to fasten all the harness on Dobbin's back. As the clock struck ten, the ladies climbed into the carriage and the deacon chirruped to the horse. Mrs. Smith, the deacon's mother, and Miss Perkins sat on the back seat, while the deacon and his wife were on the front. Dobbin, as if proud of his load, trotted so tamely down the street that Mrs. Perkins was delighted and said, "Why John, isn't Dobbin a fine horse."

"Yes," assented the deacon, "I always did reckon I'd know a good horse when I'd see him." They had now reached the main street and, to tell the truth, the deacon was a bit anxious as to how Dobbin would behave. Suddenly the sound of the fire alarm broke upon his ears and he twitched the reins nervously. Dobbin, too, seeming to recognize the sound, lifted his head and sniffed the air. A second time the alarm rang, and Dobbin tugged at the reins. Harder and harder he pulled, but still the deacon was able to hold him in. As chance would have it, the fire was directly in front of the church and as the deacon turned the carriage into the side street he met the fire engines coming from the opposite direction.

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How Dobbin ran; the deacon had lost all control and was holding to the side of the carriage for support, but Dobbin was far from inactive. Already he had closed with the fire horses and before they reached the fire he was several yards ahead. At once, without any cause, he stopped and seemed waiting for something, then slowly he tottered and fell dead in his tracks. A few days afterward, the deacon found out that he had purchased a horse who had formerly been the property of the fire department.

### THE WONDERS OF THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello, Central! — Hello! Hello! Hello! 4601-2, please. Hello! Mrs. Brown? Well, how are you, dearie? Are you going to Mrs. Winthrop's Pink Tea? — O, yes! Flavored with vanilla and chocolate frosting, Uh-uh! The children made it themselves, bless their little hearts. Yes? Don't let my children bother you, dear! What? O! Just put them in vinegar, then when you take them out, soak them in water for half an hour! I always have splendid results. Mrs. Lane's dress? O, it looks like a school-house, red with dark trimmings. It stands a little back from the street, on the corner of Ellery and Temple streets. Grasshoppers, did you say? Speak just a little louder, dear. O, corn-poppers? Ha-ha! Pretty good idea. O, by the way, did you hear about Mr. Garrison's new coat? No? Well, my husband says — are you listening? O, I guess it isn't safe to tell you over the phone. *Red ants?* O, excuse

me, dear! Just give them paregoric, wrap them in hot blankets, and they'll not give you any more trouble. I — what? Groceries? O, it is so hard to hear plainly. Company? O, I am so sorry for you! — Take my advice, keep the doors locked and the curtains down. There's really nothing to be afraid of. Yes? I always cut mine up and serve them with ketchup. Mm! Fine! — Pickels, did you say? O! Ha-ha! Cook them in milk and let them stand over night. Say, what do you give your children for croup? *What!!!* give my children Paris green! Madam, you — What? — No matter what you thought! I'll never, never forget such an insult! No, you needn't bother to call for me. I'm quite capable of going alone. Good-bye!"  
B-r-r-r-r.

RUTH WHITTEN, '06.

### A CASCO BAY TRIP.

The sun was just setting behind the far, far away mountains, bathing every thing in a flood of golden light, when a party, including myself, started on a pleasure trip down the bay.

It was an ideal evening for such a trip. The gentle breeze was fanning our cheeks, the water was calm and the ripple of the waves as our little launch plowed them up, produced a drowsy sensation somewhat difficult to overcome.

The sun had now entirely hidden his face and the water had taken on a beautiful pinkish tinge as we passed Peaks. The three sunset guns had performed their duty and in the distance could be heard a grum

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whistle and shortly the large, white Boston boat appears, just starting out on its customary trip. Bug and Spring Ledge light-houses show forth their signals alternately, and the many lights of the city begin to appear one by one, as well as those on the islands. Every now and then we passed sail boats and launches laden with merry companies, and fishermen returning from their day's work at sea, with well filled boats. Here and there over the bay, many "tramp vessels," as those having no regular route are called, were lying at anchor in the moonlight.

The moon had now risen, and as it cast its rays over the ever changing water, I thought I never had seen anything quite so beautiful. As we wound in and out among the many islands, we often heard a song echoed over the quiet water, or a dog on shore making his presence known. We kept gliding on in the stillness of the evening and after about two hours' sailing we perceived, in the bright moonlight, a low, old-fashioned white house, which we were told was the birthplace of the "Pearl of Orr's Island," whom Harriet Beecher Stowe has written about so pleasingly, on the island before us. After lingering here for short time we started for home, enjoying the ride back fully as much as the one down. Now very few lights were to be seen on the islands, as it was near the midnight hour, but Bug and Spring Ledge lights were still winking to welcome us again.

G. M. MERRILL, '06.

#### DEFEAT OF A FOUNTAIN PEN.

A fountain pen is one of the most exasperating little pieces of mechanism in existence. Its varieties are many and differ widely in value. This certain pen about which I propose to tell you, is of the kind which comes with ten cent boxes of cigars, if you get the right ticket. It was filled—

only it wasn't—by one of those little glass tubes, with a rubber bulb on it. Upon this particular evening I had dressed myself for an evening party and I thought I would carry my fountain pen with me. Now, if I had known what was coming, I would have put on oil skins, rubber boots and gloves. I got my ink bottle and started to open the little tank at the top, spending some time before this was accomplished. Meanwhile I travelled the distance between my desk and the tool bench upwards of twenty-five times, carrying each time a collection of such sundry articles as I thought would help me open the tank, but it still resisted the attacks of my putty knife, screw driver, hammer, axe, saws, chisels, can-opener and the like. At last, with the aid of a tea kettle and a pair of tongs, I conquered the cover. This, however, was only a fraction of the whole task. The next part was to fill the filler. You may think it is easy, but if you are inexperienced, you will sympathize with me. Innumerable times did I try to fill the tube and at last conquered, with a change in the color of my hands and cuffs, which were originally white, but were now—well, you can guess what color. The last part was to fill the barrel, but this proved the hardest task of all. I tried many times, until at last the whole thing, glass, pen and all, spilt and ran over my white clothes. Then I gave myself over to rage, and with my terrible weapon—the axe—I assaulted the little thing with a zeal befitting an elephant. Now on top of my desk, in a glass case, reposes peacefully the remains of that little demon, the fountain pen, as a trophy of war.

JULIAN C. HOWARD, '08.

The business managers of the CLARION appeal to its readers to patronize the advertisers, whose use of its pages in this way is an important factor in its financial success.



At the last meeting of the Athletic Association a committee of three, Mr. Hendrick, Mr. Russell and Mr. Rolfe, were appointed to look up the matter of an entertainment. The report of this committee up to the last writing has not been made, but the report is expected within a short time.

Nothing as yet has been done by the association about the baseball field, but we hope that in the coming entertainment we may realize a goodly sum to help the cause along at least. The only question is to sell the tickets, the same old story, but nevertheless it has got to be done. Do you realize the importance involved?

Captain Hicks of the hockey team issued his "call for volunteers" just previous to this writing, and the result has not been received yet, but we feel sure that the "call" will be answered with enthusiasm. We have noticed quite an interest taken in the bulletin board. Notwithstanding the inconvenience caused by the weather being unfavorable to skating, and the usual practice in the basement being abandoned on account of new changes made in the basement, the hockey team, we feel sure, will take advantage of the first skating and make rapid strides towards perfection.

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## CLUB NOTES

### HEMA DEBATING CLUB.

The first debate of the season was held on November tenth, the subject under discussion being — Resolved, that universal suffrage is a failure. Mr. Rolfe and Mr. Reed argued in the affirmative, while Mr. Conant and Mr. Robinson chose the negative. The judges, Miss Coolidge, Mr. Hendrick, Mr. Russell, decided in favor of the affirmative. On November twenty-fourth the debate was: Resolved, that the present system of college athletics is injurious to the college. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Dunbar debating in the affirmative, Mr. Gray and Mr. Rowse in the negative. The decision was given to the affirmative, the judges being Miss Blake, Mr. Russell and Mr. Taylor. The attendance at this debate was unexpectedly large, and we hope that we shall continue to be favored in this respect.

HENRY B. REED, Sec.

### MEHR LICHT VEREIN.

The first meeting of the "Verein" following those already reported in this column, occurred on October 3, at the home of Mr. Ralph Wood, who with Miss Weeks formed the committee in charge of the meeting. Mr. Wood read a brief paraphrase of the first song of "Niebelungen lied," after Miss Weeks had explained the outline of the Siegfried myth. The chief business of the evening, however, was the initiation of three new "Mitglieder." After

this thrilling and awe-inspiring ceremony had been duly performed, the members were pleasantly entertained for the remainder of the evening by their hosts.

The next meeting, on October 17, was held at the home of the secretary. Mr. Edward Viets gave us in a very interesting and original way the results of his study on the old Norse religion. Mr. Roland Wells, of the entertaining committee, followed with the story of the second "Niebelungenlied," and the remainder of the evening was passed in playing games.

At our meeting of November 7 the committee in charge, Miss Weeks and Miss Florrie Whilton, after the usual paper from the "Niebelungenlied," gave us the pleasure of hearing Mr. J. Howell Crosby tell of a few of his experiences in Germany. Mr. Crosby occupied the entire evening, speaking in an informal way which proved far more pleasant than a more formal address could have been, and dwelling particularly on the country life of the Germans, of which most travelers are not privileged to see very much. The thanks of the club are due Mr. Crosby for his interesting talk, and to the committee for giving us the opportunity of hearing him.

A committee consisting of Miss Marion Brooks and Mr. Alan Gordon entertained the club, at the former's home, on November 21. A piano solo by Miss Mabel Perry was followed by German conversation and games which made the evening pass quickly. The members also tried a few new songs, which bid fair to be very popular.



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## SCHOOL LOCALS

### Class Notes 1906.

Thanksgiving has gone, Christmas is almost here, and—O, well, it won't be long before we will be celebrating the Fourth of July. Another proof that time flies.

Pleasant memories still linger with us of the evening spent at the home of Marion Hill, of the Class of 1907, and the Class of 1906 will not soon forget the delightful evening's entertainment which the Juniors provided for it.

Humorists are made in Heaven;

Joke-smiths are born, not made.—Ex.

The editor of this column fully believes the above quoted "epigram," and begs that the reader will bear it in mind while perusing this portion of the page.

Botany Teacher—"How many leaves are on an elm tree at the end of winter?"

Pupil (slowly)—"Well—I suppose—there is—er—one!"

The girls of the Botany class are learning to manipulate razors. On the first day, an alarmed stage whisper is heard: "Don't cut towards you!"

Among the many useful (?) things we have learned in Botany is the fact that human beings cannot live by eating coal.

"He concealed his head with his hands." He must have had either remarkably large hands or a remarkably small head.

We have twice been told by History pupils that Matilda was the son of the king of England, so it must be so.

Q. And what is so rare as a day in November?

A. A Thanksgiving dinner.

Our social was such a success it would be folly not to have another later on. We again thank the committee and Mrs. Porter for their part in making it the success that it was.

### Class Notes 1907.

"A bear is an animal très timide!"

What, then, are the dwellers in Room 2?

They might use some of this superfluous courage in debating.

The schedules of A. H. S. evidently do not accord with those of the Romans, as one of us has it that they had six watches of three hours each.

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"When I lifted my nose at random!!"

Teacher: Who was William the Third?  
Pupil quickly: William the Conqueror!

The German class deny that they ever say anything funny. They must have everything correct.

Wanted—A reliable person to make amusing remarks for '07.

One of us confesses that the statement that "Sir Roger fell in love with a window," was "almost" passed in.

It is really worth while to hear the tremendous French discourses in Room 2. The "dindon prochant" has been discussed with great fluency.

Physiology and Latin are sometimes combined. A new creation is skinedoche.

Cain was the first objective illustration of the "marking" system, but then, Cain was only marked in deportment.

An interesting translation by one of the leading students of our class, of the Latin sentence, "incitato equo se hostibus obtulit atque interfectus est," is as follows: "Excited they jumped on the dead horses and threw themselves upon the enemy."

It is thoughtful on the part of the teacher to frequently change the seats of the boys that a more uniform proportion may be had in the seating. Is "proportion" or non-communication the cause?

We are told in History that Hannibal, after taking an oath, pronounced himself a dead enemy to Rome. Rather a convenient enemy to have.

### Class Notes 1908.

Asking a pupil what her velocity is, is a new way of putting the question in Physics.

A pupil of the Greek class who stuck on H—— should understand that that syllable is only a part of the pronunciation of the word "Ellenikos."

We learn that a new text book on Geometry is to be issued by a member of our class. Evidently Professor Wentworth is not in it.

### Class Notes 1909.

We have chosen for our class officers the following: Ethel Ober, president; Annette Sheehan, vice-president; Bertha Bitzer, treasurer; Emma McCoy, secretary.

Just watch the Freshman class if you want to see pretty pins!

The class colors are very inappropriate this year.

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## EXCHANGES

The College Signal contains a good article on college spirit. The paper is neat and attractive and shows that it is supported by a good board of editors.

The Latin School Register is noticeable for its unique cover.

Even now we are beginning to suffer from the usual fall epidemic, the immortal foot ball story. Soon it will be in its glory. The ancient and sadly overworked plot, where the hero turns the tide of battle on the last play and is borne homeward in triumph on his admirers' shoulders, is becoming worn with use. There is a general cry from all the exchanges to have these stories discouraged.

Congratulations, E. H. S. Review! Your paper is good from cover to cover; your locals and exchange columns are good and the alumni column is deserving of much praise. It is unfortunate that the authors of "A Dream" and "Abraham Adam," are both '05 men, but the serial story, "In the Coils of the Serpent," certainly shows that all the talent hasn't left the school.

"Johnny, how is it you stand so much lower in your studies in January than in December?"

"O, everything is marked down after the holidays, you know, mother."

"How I envy the cake of yeast!"

"Why?"

"It never has any trouble to raise the dough."—Crimson.

Engaged—A well-known evangelist is fond of telling how, at the close of one of his most stirring addresses, he approached a big solid-looking German in the congregation who had paid the closest attention to the discourse. Thinking that he had made some impression on the man the evangelist said to him:—

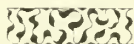
"Are you a Christian?"

"Nein—Sherman," was the reply.

"O, German? Well, would you not like to become a Christian and work for the Master."

The man shook his head and said,

"Nein, I have youst got a shob to drive an ice wagon."



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## EDITORIAL

You'd scarce expect one of my age  
To shine by writing on this page;  
And if I chance to fall below  
The brilliant lights of long ago,  
Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
But pass my imperfections by.

Thus modestly would the new editor, on this tenth year of the CLARION's existence, assume the duties, perils and privileges of his office. Knowing the high standard which this paper has maintained in former years, we shall strive, with your assistance, not to disappoint present high hopes. The CLARION's note should be stronger and clearer with every new year, for our advantages are far greater than those of our predecessors. Therefore, let everyone help, either by furnishing material or, at least, by subscribing.

The pupils of the school were treated to a pleasant surprise, when the German Club

announced that Mr. Scully would give a lecture to which all the scholars of the upper classes were invited. With the aid of his own fine collection of pictures, Mr. Scully showed us very clearly the beauties of the Rhine and told many interesting legends connected with old castles. During the evening the members of the club sang several German songs, which were well received. Let us hope that we shall have more of these interesting and instructive talks.

It has been the custom of the Junior Class from year to year to present the school with some work of art. The present Juniors selected as their gift a life-size statue of Diana and the Stag. It has been placed on the third floor at the east end of the building and although not in a conspicuous place, we hope as many as possible

will examine it. Miss Marion Hill, president of the Junior Class, presented the gift in well chosen words, and Mr. Holt accepted it on behalf of the school. It has become more and more difficult each year to find places for the Junior gifts. Indeed there seems to be little room left for pieces of statuary unless we double up on the landings of the stairs.

Again this year we have had the privilege of listening to Dean Southwick's fine interpretation of English plays and poetry. His first lecture was on the "Orations and Oratory of Shakespeare," and included many of the famous speeches by which Shakespeare's great characters are well known. A week or two later he gave his second recital, this time an interpretation of Sheridan's well-known play, "The Rivals." His third and last lecture was given Feb. 23, when he recited the "Ancient Mariner," and several miscellaneous pieces. We are indeed sorry that his recitals are at an end, but we hope that he will come again next year and, should he do so, we assure him of a hearty welcome. Mr. Holt by permission of the School Committee, sold a limited number of tickets for these lectures, the proceeds from the sale of which go towards meeting the expenses of the Athletic Association.

The girls of '06 and '07 certainly have reason to be proud of their successful effort in raising money to aid the Athletic Association. On the afternoon of Feb. 9th, a cake and candy sale was held in the lower corridor of the school, which proved a great success. In the evening, Cotting Hall was filled to its utmost capacity to witness the performance of two plays, given by the pupils of the school and other young people of the town. "A Psychological Moment" was the first play, which won hearty applause. During the intermission, the Glee Club sang one or two selections,

which were enjoyed by the audience. The second play, "Mr. Bob," was also very well received and ended a delightful evening's programme. Come, boys, it's up to you to show what you can do!

Lincoln's birthday was observed with suitable exercises in the hall. Mr. Holt read the Governor's proclamation and also Lincoln's Gettysburg address, after which Rev. Mr. Fister spoke on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's favorite poem was read by Mr. Scully, and the exercises were concluded by singing Kipling's "Recessional."

It is reported that a glass case is to be secured to hold the school trophies, such as hockey cups, base balls, etc. It's a good idea and we hope that many tokens of victory may be placed there.

The senior social was a perfect success. Scholars and friends of the Seniors completely filled the Hall. After a piano selection by Miss Ester M. Wyman, the president of the class, Samuel Trafford Hicks, gave the greeting. Then a play in three acts, entitled, "The Elopement of Ellen," was presented by members of the Senior Class, which was well rendered. During the intermissions, the Young Men's Orchestra furnished music. After the play, ice cream and cake were served by the members of the Junior Class, and the social closed with a dance.

In the town report Mr. Scully suggests that the land adjoining the High School be used for athletic games. It meets our idea perfectly. The town could not put it to better use while waiting for a new Town Hall. It taxes the High School Athletic Association too heavily to pay for Lawrence Field; and if the town should grant us this land for a field it would relieve us from a burden.



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### REGGIE'S NEW AUTO.

Reggie had just bought an auto. "I'll bet you anything she'll make forty an hour," said he.

"Hear that, will you," this from Freddie De Smythe, who owned an auto himself and was jealous of its merits. "Just hear that boy talk, forty in an hour, Oh Joy!"

"What'll you bet that I can't run from here to Squantumville and back in half an hour," demanded Reggie.

"A hundred," said Freddie De Smythe.

"Easy money," said Reggie, and sprinted to the stable for the auto.

Let it be said here that from Reggie's place to Squantumville is ten miles. Reggie proposed to cover twenty miles in thirty minutes. Personally, I did not think he would, but I did not put up any money on it.

Reggie brought the automobile round. It was a big green machine with yellow wheels. Freddie and I climbed in behind and we started off. Just outside the gate Reggie stopped the auto.

"This is going to be a standing start," said he.

"We'll let the doctor send us off," meaning myself.

I looked at my watch. It was three o'clock.

"Let her go," said I, and she went.

It was all right for a couple of miles, when suddenly something snapped. Freddie grinned a fiendish grin, but Reggie said nothing and on we sped. We neared Squantumville at full speed.

"Holy Smoke! there's the cop," murmured Reggie.

"Slow down or we'll all get pinched," I shouted.

"Can't, the machine is busted some-

where and the levers won't work," yelled Reggie, without turning his head.

We went by that cop like a cyclone, into Squantumville Centre. Reggie looked alarmed.

"Thunder! I can't come about at this speed," growled he.

"Hey," yelled Freddie, "why in blazes don't you come about."

Reggie said something that should not be repeated. By this time we were clear of the centre of the town, when suddenly, around a curve, appeared a couple of farmers driving a herd of cows.

Reggie looked sick, so did Freddie, and if I looked the way I felt, I must have looked ghastly.

It so happened that on our right was a swamp, separated by a rail fence from the road.

"Jump, you fellows," yelled Reggie, "I'm going through that fence."

We didn't have time to jump, though, before we went through that fence as if it wasn't there. Swamps are generally muddy and this one was no exception to the rule. The auto struck the mud and five seconds after, so did we.

"Guess you won that bet," sputtered Reggie, struggling to free his arms and legs from the mud which had a tendency to cling thereto.

Suddenly, Freddie groaned. "Look at that cop, by jiminy, we're dished now, for fair."

Well, after fifteen minutes' hard work all of us but the auto were out of the mud.

Reggie wanted to go straight home but the officer of the law objected. "Say, young feller, you ain't goin' home just yet, you ran over the speed limit awhile ago, I guess the justice o' the peace will want to talk with you."

The justice of the peace did say something and we all went home poorer in spirit and in our pocket-books. The auto came home later.

PHILIP F. SEARS, '07.

### THE LITERARY CLUB HOLDS A SESSION.

I do not know how I came there, but I know I wasn't surprised, and here I was, in Will's coffee house,—Will's, where the black rafters studded the low room, and the atmosphere strongly suggested coffee, savory eatables, and—antiquity. I was in an ancient lounging chair of some sort, which seemed to me very comfortable, for I was so tired that I could not have told Piccadilly from the Strand. I do not know, either, just how long I sat thus, but my thoughts were called to my immediate surroundings by the ascending murmur of a human—(yet rather hollow) voice, and the opening of the door opposite. There entered a short person whose face I did not at once notice, so magnetic an attraction did the gaudiness of his raiment have for my tired eyes. His coat was of bright green, with cuffs turned back, and large pocket flaps on each side. There was more or less of a profusion of bright buttons, and the button holes were a finger length wide. His knee breeches

were of shiny salmon pink material, and somewhat crumpled, and his hose;—but here my mind fails me; for when my mind recalls this much of that bewildering color scheme, I am fain to gasp and cover these mine eyes. He was bright-buckled as to shoes, "lacy" at the neck and wrists, and, I found when I could look, very ugly as to countenance. There was a grave scowl upon his brow, his nose prominent, and in the outward striving of his mouth, his upper lip was slightly in the lead. He was accompanied by a man dressed more—peacefully, rather taller, and of much more pleasing features than the first. His hair was tied with a black ribbon at the neck, and his expression was one of amusement.

"Goldsmith, with Garrick!" I thought, undisturbed, dimly conscious all the while, however, that this was not the usual order of things, yet as powerless to move the smallest muscle as if I had been paralyzed. Goldsmith cast a glance at me without seeing me at all, apparently, while my powers of vision went to such an opposite extreme that not only could I see, but *see through them both*, almost as if they were transparent. They had hardly seated themselves at the end of the table, before another entered, clad in much the same cut of garment as the others. He was rather tall and spare. His dark hair was, like Garrick's, tied behind. He wore spectacles, and as he

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seated himself at the table, drew forth a thick manuscript which he lay, with his hat, on the floor beside his chair.

"Burke, sir," said Garrick, after greetings had been exchanged, thus giving me the new comer's identity, "your air of premeditation calls to my mind the behavior of old Dr. Harding, when worthless young Milton went to advise with him concerning a degree. It was like this:"—and Garrick proceeded to entertain his friends with a droll imitation of the actions and sayings of the learned doctor upon that occasion.

In the midst of my watching this highly amusing spectacle, my attention was drawn by the entrance of two other gentlemen. The one wore a white wig which stuck out perpendicularly at the sides, spectacles, and a rather puzzled expression of the eyes. His mouth was slightly puckered, yet he had a gentle expression withal. The other was of a very large frame, with his well-worn coat lacking several buttons, and his once white lace collar was stained with two or three dark spots. His face was heavy, and his left eye was slightly larger than his right. His lips were

thick and heavy, his chin double. "Dr. Johnson," I thought at once, and it seemed as if he had heard me think it, for he glanced at the chair in which I sat, yet with only the expression of a longing to recline in it, and none to signify that I had been seen. I began to realize that somehow I remained invisible to these transparent people, and felt relieved, with a strange sense of viewing the ordinary, however, which surprised me when I recall it now.

Meanwhile, Johnson's companion had drawn forth an instrument which reminded me at once of the story of the "cow with the crumpled horn," for it did, in a way, resemble that part of the far-famed cow's anatomy. Adjusting it to his ear, he turned it toward Garrick, looking with his querulous expression to one and then the other of the group.

The Doctor, meanwhile, looked rather disapprovingly at Garrick's performance and with one or two guttural grunts, and shakes of the head, seated himself at the table. Another person at this moment hurriedly entered, and seating himself very near Johnson, began to speak of being detained by such a one, who had

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named him —— but no one else paid the least attention to the insignificant Boswell, so why should we? Here my attention was turned to Goldsmith, who was saying—"And has asked his uncle to keep it for him. Now, if I had one hundred guineas—" "What would you do with them?" broke in Boswell, all ears. "As I remarked," continued Goldsmith, without heeding, "if I had one hundred guineas, sir, I should prefer to entertain, to have good clothes, sir, to—" Here, Johnson began to roll in his chair, puffing, and uttering unintelligible murmurs between shakes and rolls of his head. Boswell, at once alert and full of ecstasy, made a sign of silence to the others, and turned, close up to Johnson's face. Johnson now began, with slow and pedantic precision to enlarge upon the variety of human wishes, from that to other subjects, enforcing his arguments with two great fingers spread apart, tapping his palm, amidst continuous rollings of his body.

During this time Garrick now and then might have been seen whispering behind his hand to his neighbors.

At a pause in the conversation, Boswell, as if worried by silence, broke out with,—“What would you do, sir, if this table should of a sudden, soar straight up and out of sight?” Johnson, after regarding him for a moment with a look of disgust, exclaimed, “Undoubtedly, sir, I should remain in this posture, sir, with my feet thus, sir, and wait until it had again descended to its former position, sir.” “But, sir, suppose—” Here, a clock struck, somewhere afar off. Room, guests, furniture, everything faded in

the air, and I was sitting in my chair, looking directly at the keyhole of my door. “Better retire,” I said. And I did.

CHARLES GOTT, '06.

### NATURE'S PEACEFUL HOUR.

Over the frowning shoulder of the towering mountain, that lofty guardian of the ever mysterious wilderness, the sun is slanting his golden rays upon the tiny nestling lake. It is his good-night kiss to the peaceful land on which he has smiled cheerfully through the long, sultry, summer day.

Slowly, one by one, Nature's sounds break forth upon the clear evening air. She is awakening for one glad rejoicing before falling into her blissful repose. Awakening? Yes, but there are no excitements, no confusions, none of the harsh noises of civilization to grate upon the ears.

The thrush is chanting the sweetest of melodies in the neighboring brush, calling all wild wood-folk to come forth and join in the glad tribute to the departing day. What a song this hermit of the woods pours forth. He who is bending over the sizzling fry-pan before the little tent by the shore, pauses an instant in the act of turning one of those speckled kings of the mountain stream, to listen and glory in that happy refrain.

In the deepening twilight the faint flicker of the campfire plays hide and seek midst the grotesque forms of the surrounding trees. A column of blue smoke sifts slowly upward, as if loath to

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leave such peacefulness. A squirrel chitters from the ridge pole of the tent, entirely at his ease in the presence of this great man beast.

At length the meal is finished. The camper rises and strolls toward his frail bark canoe reposing half drawn out on the little beach. He stops an instant, his hand on the gunwale, disdaining to break the joyful harmony by any unseemly noise. Gently he puts his light craft into the water and steps in. He settles himself comfortably on the bottom and smokes his pipe in thoughtful reverie. What cares he where he goes? It seems to him a sin to thwart Nature's slightest will at this glad hour. He allows the canoe to drift idly whither it will, bearing him, a true lover of Nature.

The twilight is now fast fading into darkness. The mountain awakes from its slumber, throws off its day-mantle of the bluest of haze and stands, sharply outlined against the last faint touches of the sunset light, ready to do sentinel duty over land and lake. Its majestic peak towers toward Heaven with the aspect of a mighty king. Far up on that rugged crag a little brook takes its start, bubbling out from under a great overhanging boulder.

Down, down, down, the water tumbles and leaps in one mad frolic over its bed of mossy rocks. Sometimes rushing swiftly in an arrowy path between huge

jagged ledges, sometimes leaping spitefully at a big round rock standing directly in the way, only to be hurled remorselessly to one side or the other. Here its wild flight is checked for an instant in a deep, dark pool all overhung with long sinewy moose-wood shoots, and edged about by banks of the greenest moss and slender ferns. It was to this very pool enveloped and protected, like an exquisite pearl, in the arms of the surrounding forest that the man had come that same afternoon and taken three of its red spotted sovereigns for his evening meal. Only for one brief moment does the onrush pause and then it sweeps onward once more until, with a short final plunge and many contented gurgles and murmurs, it mingles joyfully with the crystal waters of the lake.

Far away, from some distant retreat, the mournful note of the whip-poor-will is borne to the ears of the silent listener in the canoe. At intervals the dismal hoot-hoot of an owl flaunts across the water and is answered by some kindred brother from the depths of the big swamp. The sad cry of a loon sounds forth. The loon always cries as though he was not quite happy, as though mournful perhaps, for the loss of a dearly loved mate whom cruel fate has taken from him. A low booming sound is heard resounding dully from shore to shore, the bittern is also chanting his

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sleep song. Once a terrifying scream comes quavering down from the mountainside, telling of the successful hunt of a prowling lynx.

Splash! the listener is rudely aroused by a diving muskrat whose curiosity had quite gotten the better of his prudence as he lay motionless on the surface, watching the black shape of that huge monster gradually drifting toward him. His two little beady black eyes shine piercingly from behind his short furry nose. Slowly, a suspicion of danger enters his wise little head. His broad rudder-like tail swings quietly to and fro with just the slightest visible motion as his suspicion grows. Suddenly the head sinks, the tail is raised and lowered in the same instant and descends upon the water with a loud slap. He is gone, having delivered the danger warning to all wild folk within hearing. All becomes still again, but the man no longer remains passive. He lays down his pipe and quietly but quickly lights his little bulls-eye lantern and closes the well oiled slide so that no light may escape.

Hush! what was that? Was it fancy, that faint sound? No, there it is again! The man is tense with excitement now and listens eagerly:—plop—plop—plash—plop. The canoe glides noiseless forward, a beam of brilliant light flares out from the seeming nothingness which hangs over the lake. The man looks searchingly toward the shore; there they are! The vague outlines of three beautiful creatures standing close together among the lily pads. Three pairs of soft, glistening eyes flash in the light of the tiny lantern. It is a doe with her two, nearly full grown fawns. They stand there with graceful limbs half submerged, gazing steadfastly at this strange unknown orb. Something tells the mother to flee and save her little ones but they would not obey her, they are forced by an irresistible power to remain and find out about this seemingly harm-

less thing. The canoe draws closer and closer, carried by its own momentum. Twenty,—ten,—nine,—now eight feet separate it from the nearest outstretched nose. Click the paddle accidentally rubs the side. Instantly fear takes the place of curiosity. KAH—Kah! the mother sounds the order "follow me." There is no longer any hesitancy, the fawns follow the bobbing white tail of their parent as they have been taught to do all through the long summer, since the day when they first opened their wondering eyes upon the beautiful woods, and stood upon wobbling legs to take their first lesson in life, obedience.

With incredibly slight commotion they are gone, swallowed up in the darkness, leaving only the waving alders and the ever widening ripples to tell of their late presence.

The man strains his eyes but can see no more and extinguishing his light, turns his prow toward camp with a happy heart at having seen and heard such creatures in their native haunt. Perhaps his happiness is not quite complete, not unmingled with a touch of sadness as he pictures to himself the sight of these glad children of the forest as they too often appear in a cramped wire pen at some zoölogical garden, far from the land where God meant they should live.

A few powerful strokes of the paddle and the canoe grates on the pebbles of the little beach. The campfire, not yet quite out, smoulders feebly between its boundary stones. The moon, just peaking over the top of the forest sky-line, floods all objects with a silvery light. One old spruce still holds its ancient head, sharply silhouetted against the bright disc, between the camp and the moon. The cold night mists are forming over the quiet lake. The frogs among the pads leave off their concert. All sounds have ceased save for the distant weird whoo! whoo! whoo-oo-oo of the owl, that never failing watcher of

the night. The sleeping partridge half wakes at the sound and shivering with fear shrinks closed to the friendly hemlock trunk.

Silently the camper prepares for his rest. He enters the tent and lies down on his sweet scented couch of fir tips. Outside, the mountain has gathered a gray mist cloak about its huge form and has settled down to its lonely vigil over the slumbering man and earth until the glory of the new day shines forth its radiant splendor upon the lofty summit.

TRAFFORD HICKS, '06.

### BILL ON SNOW-SHOES.

Bill had a day off and he was wondering what he could do to amuse himself, when he caught sight of two young Canadians evidently enjoying themselves on snow-shoes. He watched the two for a short time with growing admiration at the skill with which they used them, and then muttered "Begorry, oid loik to thry the plaguy things misilf."

Now he knew he must buy them,  
Before he could try them,

and he patted his great coat in the vicinity of his broad chest, feeling with satisfaction the fat wallet concealed there.

In the store, which was noted for its variety of goods, Bill critically examined a

number of snow-shoes, about which he was perfectly ignorant, and at last bought a pair that suited his taste.

While on his way to a field where he intended to try them, he met Pete, a friend of his who also had a pair. Bill was so muffled in furs that the only way Pete could recognize him was by his length, breadth, thickness, and his pipe, which was practically a part of himself. Pete was at home on snow-shoes and he now offered to give Bill a lesson in the art of using them. Bill accepted the offer and the two friends walked together up the road until they came to the field. Here they both stopped to bind on their shoes, and while Bill was tying his on, his mind was occupied by a picture of himself skimming lightly over the crust.

Finally he straightened up with a grunt. His feet were lashed securely on, but, alas, the long heels of the shoes were where the toes should have been. Pete was behind him shaking with silent laughter, but he said not a word. Bill called out to him, "Coom along; oil race yez across the field," and then he started with a jump, as he had seen the two Canadians do. Immediately the heels stuck through the crust and Bill was precipitated on his face, snapping his friendly pipe off short. With the stem still clinched between his teeth, he called back to Pete, who was laughing so

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that he was unable to move, "Hoory up, Pate, oim beatin ye." At last Pete calmed down enough to help him up and then he began his lesson in snow-shoeing by showing Bill the correct way to put them on.

Bill started more cautiously the next time, but finding that he still kept on his feet after he had taken a few very slow steps, he ventured to quicken his pace. At once the shoes crossed and he again plowed up the snow in front of him which went up his sleeves and down his neck. What Bill said at this, would seem to show that he wasn't fond of coming into too close contact with the snow.

That this accident might not happen again, Pete showed Bill what he could do to prevent his shoes from colliding, and at last it seemed to Bill that he had got the knack of walking. He went along without an accident, carefully watching his feet to see that he did what Pete had told him to. "Indade, it will only take practice to make me a debster," he said, and he even entertained serious thoughts of challenging to a race the two Canadians whom he had but lately been admiring. He imagined himself in the race, and with his body bent forward, went at such a rate that Pete found him a match for himself. Not once did Bill fall, and Pete was hugging himself because of the success he had had with him, and planning to earn his living in the future as a snow-shoe teacher.

They were nearing the edge of the field, beyond which was a forest. Pete began to go more slowly, but Bill, thinking of nothing but the way he walked, rushed on in high spirits. He even went faster than before and, with his body bent still further forward, strode directly toward a small tree. Pete, the mischievous scamp, gave him no warning.

"Hauly saints, phwat was that," howled Bill, as he struck the tree and fell heavily on his back. He soon perceived what it was, and looking back toward Pete, saw him convulsed with laughter. This kindled his ire and he yelled at him, "Coom here and pick me up, y'unfellin' scamp, and oil tache ye bether manners than to laugh at me, whin ye've the same as knocked me down." Pete, however, was not afraid of Bill's threats, and he helped him to his feet. Then Bill called his shoes and the tree all the unkind names he could think of and started madly for home. He fell down and got up and fell down again and swore until at last, tired and disgusted, he reached home.

The next day at the noon hour the men were gathered around Bill. He was standing on a box with his snow-shoes, saying, "How mooch am oi offered?"

"Dollar 'n a half," came a voice from the crowd.

"Take um," said Bill, "They're not wuth it." K. CHURCHILL.

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How often have I heard it said,  
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 And proved and argued through and through  
 With all the arts of diction,  
 That in the poise of intellect  
 And balance of the mind,  
 The girl is in the foreground,  
 While the boy is far behind.

A girl can see through anything  
 From Lutin down to "style,"  
 And skims along through history  
 With easy grace and smile.  
 The boy, he plugs 'and creeps along  
 And crams as best he can ;  
 But is little nearer to the end  
 Than when he first began.

"You're thick," the girl would tell him,  
 "And your wits are dull and slow."  
 The boy, he won't believe her,  
 Yet he thinks perhaps its so.  
 But there comes a time, however,  
 When the true state of affairs  
 Is bound to be uncovered  
 And repay the boy his cares.

It's at examination time  
 That this is sure to be,  
 When the boy and girl rest on  
 Their own responsibility.  
 The girl is in a fluster,  
 And her brain is in a knot ;  
 For alas ! her lessons "learned by heart"  
 Are now quite well forgot.

The boy, however, I will say,  
 Is perfectly at ease ;  
 Let the pages of his text book  
 Be where and how they please.  
 He has the matter in his head,  
 The bare bones stripped of dress ;  
 And when he wants to note a fact,  
 He doesn't have to guess.

It's the facts he has been after  
 In his slow and steady way,  
 While the wording of his text book  
 Very quickly passed away.  
 The meaning and the bare-boned facts  
 Are marshalled in his brain,

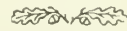
And he laughs at catchy questions.  
 And surveys the girl with pain.  
 So when you hear the statement  
 That "the boy's as thick as glue,"  
 Just bear in mind that possibly  
 The saying is not true.

H. VIETS.

**THEANO'S PRAYER.**

"Athena, honored goddess most divine.  
 Defender and protectress of our homes,  
 We pray thee, break the spear of Diomed,  
 And grant that he himself may headlong fall  
 Before our very Scacar gateways there,  
 While we to thee straightway make sacrifice  
 Of oxen, twelve ungoaded ones and sleek,  
 If you, perchance, have pity on our homes,  
 The helpless children pity, and the wives  
 Of Trojan warriors."—*Iliad VI.*, 305-311.

H. G. ALLEN.



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 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905



The chief sport of winter,—that of hockey,—has, as in previous years, proven very successful. The team has shown remarkable skill on the ice, winning a large majority of the games played, which has won us the cup. In previous years it has been the custom to present to the winning team individual cups, but this year a new idea has been originated, each member will be presented with a watch fob, suitably inscribed. The complimentary letter which we have received from the Stone School should make us feel proud of our team. Following is a list of the games played and their scores, irrespective of order : —

|           |     |                |   |
|-----------|-----|----------------|---|
| Arlington | 4.  | R. M. T. S.    | 1 |
| "         | 2.  | Alumni         | 2 |
| "         | 2.  | C. L. S.       | 0 |
| "         | 9.  | Winchester     | 0 |
| "         | 6.  | Medford        | 0 |
| "         | 2.  | Mechanics Arts | 0 |
| "         | 15. | Winchester     | 0 |
| "         | 1.  | Newton,        | 1 |
| "         | 2.  | "              | 3 |
| "         | 6.  | Stone          | 4 |
| "         | 7.  | Harvard '07    | 2 |

In addition to our hockey team the track team has arrested our attention. Although the most favorable results have not been attained, it shows the prevailing spirit and it is hoped that in the coming years this sport will be earnestly promoted.

The next sport that we turn to consider is base ball. Although too early now for real action, Capt. Hicks predicts that the prospects for a good team are certainly

bright. A schedule has been made out, which is as follows : —

|       |     |                 |                |
|-------|-----|-----------------|----------------|
| April | 4.  | Wakefield High  | at Wakefield.  |
| "     | 10. | Volkman School  | at Arlington.  |
| "     | 13. | Open.           |                |
| "     | 16. | Newton High     | at Newton.     |
| "     | 19. | Medford High    | at Arlington.  |
| "     | 21. | Open.           |                |
| "     | 23. | Brookline High  | at Brookline.  |
| May   | 1.  | Tufts 2d        | at Arlington.  |
| "     | 3.  | Brown & Nichols | at Arlington.  |
| "     | 5.  | Gloucester High | at Arlington.  |
| "     | 8.  | Cambridge Latin | at Arlington.  |
| "     | 10. | Watertown High  | at Arlington   |
| "     | 12. | Concord         | " " "          |
| "     | 15. | Cambridge       | " " "          |
| "     | 17. | Woburn          | " " "          |
| "     | 19. | Open.           |                |
| "     | 23. | Winchester High | at Winchester. |
| "     | 26. | "               | " " Arlington. |
| "     | 30. | Gloucester High | at Gloucester. |
| June  | 2.  | Winchester High | at Winchester. |
| "     | 6.  | R. M. T. S.     | at Arlington.  |
| "     | 8.  | Roxbury High    | at Arlington.  |

At a meeting of the Association held on March 21, it was unanimously voted to thank the Junior and Senior girls of the A. H. S. for their kindness and for the interest that they have taken in the athletics of the school. The girls of the two upper classes should certainly be complimented upon their management of the whole affair, both entertainment and sale.

An entertainment will be given April 17, in Town Hall, consisting of a vaudeville show, which is to be given principally by members of the school, after which there will be dancing. Music will be furnished by the Young Men's Orchestra of Arlington. The evening promises to be very entertaining.



## CLUB NOTES

### MEHR LICHT VEREIN.

The Verein has held some very pleasant and very interesting meetings this winter. We have been fortunate in being permitted to listen to several speakers who have had the opportunity of travelling in Germany. In the December CLARION the report was given of the meeting at which Mr. J. Howell Crosby told us of his experience in the country districts of Germany, and among the homes of the people. For the meeting of January 2, at Mr. Viets' house, the committee in charge,—Miss Coolidge, Mr. Bott and Mr. Viets,—had been fortunate enough to secure Dr. Mather to speak to us, and he told us of another and very different side of German life,—that of the University. On January 12, a large company of club members and their friends came together in the school hall and spent a delightful evening travelling, by the aid of fine stereopticon views, through the beautiful and historic Rhine country, with Mr. Scully as our guide.

The larger proportion of our meetings, however, have been taken up with German songs, conversation and games, and the study of the different songs of the Webelungenlied. We were entertained in this way by Mr. Conant and Mr. Frost, at the former's home on December 5; at the home of Miss Gretchen Wyman, by Miss Wyman and Miss Ruth Whitten, on January 16, and at Miss Myra Wood's, with Miss Wood and Miss Nettie Fisher as our hostesses, on February 6th. Our meeting of February 20, with Miss Helen Pettengill and Miss Alice Howe as the entertaining committee, turned out to be a very pleasant celebration of Washington's Birthday. At our last meeting, March 6th, a committee composed of Miss Florrie Whilton, Miss

Whitten and Mr. Conant entertained the club at Miss Whilton's home. Mrs. Scully sang a group of German songs and Miss Catherine Verrinton played several piano solos.

On December 18 the club met with its president, Miss Weeks, and elected these officers to serve for the remainder of the year: President, Miss Weeks; secretary Howard S. Russell; treasurer, William Bott.

The members really have a great deal of German at these meetings, and particularly how to use the language in ordinary conversation, something which it is difficult to do in the class-room.

HOWARD S. RUSSELL, '05, Sec.

### BEMA DEBATING SOCIETY.

The last meeting of the society was held on January 26, the subject for discussion being: Resolved, that the liberty of the press should be restricted.

Affirmative.

Negative.

Mr. Manley,

Mr. Severy,

Mr. Robertson.

Mr. Knickerbocker.

The decision was in favor of the negative side of the argument, the judges being Miss Coolidge, Mr. Hendrick and Mr. Russell. In the general debate we have noticed a very evident lack of interest, if we may judge by the meagre number of participants in it. This should be remedied for the general debate is open to all and no better time can be selected by our embryo debaters for trying their eloquence. The support of the school is needed if we would make the association a permanent institution and a credit to those who first conceived it. Let us not fail for the lack of a little spirit and energy.

HENRY R. REED, Sec.



## SCHOOL LOCALS

### Class of 1906.

We can easily excuse Miss —— for becoming impatient over the impossible briefs on Burke's debate and the misapplication of suggestions.

"Why," she exclaimed, "you are going to a place soon where explanations are short!"

"Yes," chuckled a delighted senior, "and where answers are *brief*."

"And they brought Ceres in a basket." Probably a repetition of "Moses in the bulrushes," etc.

German Teacher — If "sieg" is the word for victory, what is the word for victor?

Pupil (triumphantly) — Siegal.

The English History class is thinking seriously of applying for the medal for brilliancy.

Question (after examination of genealogy table) — Does "=" mean married?

Teacher (gravely) — Always!

Question — What is the real meaning of "Castile?"

Answer — ???!!? (Low chuckles.)

Macaulay says that Dr. Johnson's wife was a coarse old woman, fond of the use of rouge, etc.

Miss K — g says that other writers paint her in more favorable colors.

Yellow, perhaps? or purple?

Miss —— (translating French) — "The curate killed a man right on the spot after he was dead!" O, no, I don't mean that! I mean "The curate was killed by the man, right on the spot, after he had died."

What did she mean?

Can this be explained? It is English(?).  
"Sprawled on a chair, his voice was heard."

Well, whatever will become of the Arlington High School when the Class of '06 is gone?

### Class of 1907.

We think that when a man was impaled on a sharp rock he might be wholly "fixed."

Teacher — What can you tell about the sloop, Liberty?

Pupil (dreamily) — Did you say something about the capture of Lewisburg?

It is well to have a good memory.

A new scientific discovery has been made in Room 2 — the tongue is needed to speak.

"How in military science was the Macedonian phalanx an advance?"

Witty Pupil — It didn't go very far.

Living rock is defined as being where the nymphs live.

"The undulations of his heart gave him the pleasure of a swing." He must indeed have had violent palpitation.

He doffed his dress!! Remarkable!

One of our class would like to be informed why one cannot play a hornpipe.

We read of a curious individual both of whose hands were left hands, however — we must learn to appreciate French jokes.

Congratulations to the Seniors on their social! They certainly gave us all a splendid time.

Translations:—

"With the crocodile on his feet."

"He revolved on his head."

"The creaking of the huge jaws."

"The venison of old Bacchus."

And the beseeching question: "Oh, how do I see you after so many funerals?"

Although the Junior Greek class may make a few slips in translation, it is sincerely to be hoped that they can distinguish a bag of clothes from a man.

The only Romans eligible to office were those who had had ancestors!

#### Class of 1908.

##### NONSENSE RHYMES.

There lived upon a Weston Hill  
A mighty Smith we all knew Well-s.  
His house was White, its trimmings Grey,  
Beside him lived a King, they say.

One day Rowse, strolling through the fields  
And passing o'er Clif, ford and through Beals,  
Met Rolfe and Dunbar and Edwards;  
They walked together through the woods.

While passing through some well-kept farms,  
With trim and tidy-looking Barnes;  
They heard the Russell of the kine,  
Which Prescott mistook for the wind.

Through the pastures they walked on,  
Wyman and Higgins singing a song,  
While Churchill, Pierce, Waage and Cutter,  
Lingered with Kirlin to have some supper.

McWeeney and Philpott brought up the rear,  
And to relieve you from all fear,  
Though many Weeks till school is o'er  
You need not Hope for any Moore.

We are told in history that Nero was not only the step-son of the Emperor Claudius but also his daughter.

Teacher—What were the boundaries of the Roman Empire when Augustus received it in 27 B. C?

Pupil—Er-he was called Octavian.

Often heard in Physics, "What are you talking about?"

The trial would surely have been a failure.

#### Class of 1909.

Nostrī translated Amen.

A straight angle is an angle whose sides are in opposite directions from the hypothesis and are in the same straight line.

Secunda vigilia magno cum strepitu—quietly in the second great watch.

We dislike to doubt anyone's word, but when we hear that the gods walked upright on their hind legs like human beings, we are inclined to be sceptical.

When Midas combed his hair, it turned to gold.

Who put the hat in the waste basket?

Teacher—"What is a straight line?"

Tied one disgustedly—"Yes."—Laughed from the class—"No."

We are sorry for the ancient Greeks if their mythology was anything like Bulfinch's.

We have learned in the story of Jupiter and Danae that "money talks."

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## EXCHANGES

The CLARION has received the following exchanges with thanks :—

The College Signal, The Advance, Lynn Classical High School Gazette, The High School Recorder, The High School Bulletin, The Cambridge Review, The Concord High School Voice, The Galax Leaf, The Fram, The Mirror, The School Life, The Pioneer, The Packard Budget, The Polytechnic, Latin School Register, Newton High School Review, The High School Journal, The Distaff, The Review from Galveston, The Quill.

"The Pioneer" contains many interesting items. The essay entitled "Cat and Dog" is good.

"The School Life" — Why not have a table of contents?

"Two Real Ghosts," in the Newton High School Review, is interesting.

"The Review" from Galveston, Texas, is a well written little paper and has a very neat and attractive cover.

The Closet Hook — Do you catch on?

The Coat — I'll be hanged if I do.

He laughs best who laughs when the teacher laughs.

Teacher — Compare cold.

Pupil — Positive, cold : comparative, cough ; superlative, coffin.

A naked little darkey boy,  
Sat by the river Nile;  
While sunning on the stream below  
Was a greedy crocodile.  
The crocodile did softly say,  
'Neath the shadows of the trees,  
"I'll take a little dark meat,  
Without dressing, if you please."

A Sunday school teacher recently told her class about the cruelty involved in docking horses. "Can any little girl tell me," she said, "of any appropriate verse of Scripture referring to such treatment?" There was a pause, and then a small girl arose and said solemnly, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

What's in a name? If a Russian one, most of the alphabet.

The exchange editor may use his pen,  
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,  
Yet 'tis repeated again and again,  
"How stale! We've heard that before."

Irate Employer — See here, young Rip Van Winkle, I only hired you yesterday, and I believe you have been asleep ever since.

New Boy (plaintively) — That's what I thought you wished, sir. Your advertisement says: "Wanted, an office boy; must sleep on the premises."

Quill from New Brighton, N. Y. — Why is your magazine printed on two kinds of paper? It is otherwise very good.

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## EDITORIAL

How near the end of the school year we are! In a few weeks more we shall bid good-bye to the Seniors and scatter here and there for a long vacation. During the last few weeks Nature lays her hand upon us to draw us away from our books that we may more fully appreciate her beauties. The green grass, the budding trees, and the many-hued wild flowers appeal to us more than our school books and recitation rooms; but let us resist the temptation to let up on our work and, for the remainder of the year, do our best to keep up the standard of excellence maintained throughout the year.

Soon the class of 1906 will join the ranks of the Alumni and it will fall to the present Junior Class to uphold the honor and dignity of the school as its leading repre-

sentatives. The Seniors will not be forgotten by us, and the memory of the good times they have given us at their social and other gatherings, will remain among our pleasant experiences. It will be with regret that we part with them in June, but we are sure that in the future, in college or in business, or in any capacity, they will never disgrace, but bring honor to the Arlington High School.

The grading of the land next to the High School building has progressed rapidly during the last few days. All the rubbish has been removed and the fences torn down. A great deal of the sod has been used to improve the sidewalk in front of the Universalist church and in other parts of the town. When the grass has grown and walks have been laid out, the lawn will be a

credit to the town and beautiful in contrast with its former appearance.

The vaudeville, given under the direction of the Athletic Association, was a great success. The programme was well gotten up, containing many bright hits. During intermissions candy was sold and selections were given by the Young Men's Orchestra. After the performance the hall was cleared for dancing, which lasted until midnight. The proceeds will go to meet the expenses of the Association.

During the last month, Mr. Scully has given two lectures for the benefit of the Grammar schools. One of these was held in the hall of the Cutter school, and was greatly enjoyed by the scholars and their friends. The other was given a week or two later in Crescent Hall, for the benefit of the Locke school, and was a success in every sense. We are glad that our Superintendent takes such an active interest in the welfare of the scholars of the town.

Who will receive the Blake prizes this year? As the end of the school year draws near, this question naturally arises in the minds of the Seniors. Each one counts up his or her chances for winning. The finest thing about these prizes is that they are not given for rank in school, or the ability of a student, but for the best use of such ability as each one has and the excellence of his character.

By request of the School Committee, Mr. Holt read a letter, May 28th, inviting the scholars in our schools to contribute toward building a memorial school house in San Francisco, as an expression of sympathy and good-will. Paper boxes were placed on the teachers' desks to receive the scholars' gifts. No scholar in the Grammar schools was allowed to give more than five

cents, and in the High school more than ten cents. The boxes were on the teachers' desks for three days, to receive the pennies, nickels and dimes for the benefit of our fellow-students on the Pacific coast. If the size of some of the boxes and their want of artistic finish indicated the faith of the teachers in the generosity of the pupils, we suspect they were surprised and we hope agreeably disappointed.

The dreaded examinations for admission to college are drawing closer and closer. Already we have had a foretaste of what may be expected. But there is no good reason to be afraid, for Arlington High stands away up among the preparatory schools. If we do hard and conscientious work and pass in all our courses with good marks, there is no doubt but we shall acquit ourselves with credit to our school and satisfaction to ourselves.

The debating club seems to have fallen off, somewhat, in interest. There have been no debates held for the last two or three months. There should be a revival of the club, since the practice of debating not only begets confidence in public speaking, but furnishes a healthy rivalry among the debators. The club was organized by the Juniors in 1904, but others were soon admitted and during the rest of that year and the following, it was a great success. Why not renew our interest in the club and make it again a success?

Robert Cifford, '08, has been elected captain of the hockey team for the next season. This makes the second year Clifford has played on the team and both years he has showed himself to be one of the best players in the school. Under his leadership we ought to win the championship of the league and keep our record up to the high standard of former years.



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### ALMOST AN ADVENTURE.

This is the story of a romantic young man and a prosaic town pump. You may not see the connection between the two, but if you have the patience and perseverance to peruse my tale to its end, you will understand.

In the square of a certain village of eastern Massachusetts, a generation or two ago, there stood a town pump, with a long handle extended like an arm. Elm trees were all about it, giving a pleasing shade to the wayfarer who stopped for a drink on a hot summer's day.

The young man of whom we have spoken, whom we will name William, lived in the next town. He was, however, it pains us to say, considerably interested in a young lady dwelling in our village of the pump, about half a mile up the road beyond the village green. Consequently, he was accustomed occasionally to journey across the fields in the evening to see the lady of his choice.

About the time of my story, the towns of the neighborhood had been greatly aroused by a series of bold highway robberies and burglaries. Of course our William, in common with other equally hot-headed and romantic youths of the vicinity, had expressed his ardent desire to get a sight of the desperadoes, and show people how quickly he would make them pay for their misdeeds. To help him in case he should fall in with them, he had invested in a small, shiny pistol.

Now it happened one night about this time, William decided to pay his respects to the lady aforesaid. As usual, he made the journey through the fields, because that was so much shorter than the road. That

William spent a pleasant evening, we venture to assert, although there is no direct evidence to prove our statement. However that may be, it was within an hour of midnight when he started toward home. The night was rather cloudy, although there was just enough light to cause all the trees and rocks to throw deep shadows; just enough to give a person of a susceptible temperament a kind of creepy feeling. This latter must have come to William, as he thought of the journey home through fields and woods, with possible robbers scattered here and there. At any rate, whatever his reason, he decided to go home by the road through the village, instead of his usual route.

He started out blithely enough, although with a little inward feeling of uneasiness, as the thought of robbers came to his mind. But he put his hand on the little steel instrument in his pocket, and the touch of this served to drive away, in part at least, his disquiet. He passed the houses which bordered on the road just above the centre of the village, and entered the square with its great elms arching overhead. The place to all appearances was empty. Every one in the quiet town was abed, save William. No, what was that at the edge of the common among the elms? William stopped just long enough to make out the figure of a man, with a gun pointed toward him; then he took to his heels. How he ran! When at last he considered himself far enough away for safety, he ducked behind a tree and looked back. The man was still there, and the gun still aimed. Just then William remembered the pistol in his pocket, and his courage returned. He drew it out cautiously, aimed at the dim form in the distance, and pulled the trigger.

The man did not move. He emptied the other chamber with like result.

By this time the village was aroused. Lights appeared, windows were opened, and soon men with lanterns came running toward the direction from which the shots had come. When they caught sight of William they were about to fall on him as the marauder, but with a hasty explanation he pointed to the place where the robber still stood. Now they advanced cautiously from tree to tree. The audacious robber stood unmoved; he neither fired nor ran. At last they were near enough to see more clearly. Suddenly one of the men with a lantern burst into a roar of laughter. "You young idiot, you've been firing away at the old town pump. The gun's nothing but the handle."

We know nothing of William's after history, but we venture to assert that his subsequent visits to that township were few and far between.

HOWARD S. RUSSELL, '05.

### DETAILED TO WESTFIELD.

Let the band strike up that good old tune,  
"The Wabash."

Let us sing the chorus as we used to do;  
'Twill remind us of those stirring days of yore,  
boys.

When we all wore the Khaki and the Blue.

I received word Saturday, July the 1st, that I had been detailed to Westfield and was to report on July the 3d to the colonel of our regiment at Camp Bartlett.

This was my first year in camp as a private in L. Co. 6th Reg't of Infantry, U. S. and M. V. M. Sunday was a happy day for me. My thoughts ran wild with excitement over the adventures I expected to encounter; for I had listened with interest to the tales of escapes of the men as they related them up at the armory on drill nights.

I went to my room to retire for the night and at eleven o'clock I had not closed my

eyes. I arose and went to my west window looking out at the starry sky. I could see the little brook that runs not far from the house, heard the rippling music of the water as it flowed over the stones, and see the silvery flashes as the lazy moon shed its beams upon the water. I stood there unconscious of the passing time. The street lights went out and I heard the rumbling of the one o'clock car as it rushed past the house. Wondering, and in deep thought, I stood before the window like a soldier on guard, looking out over the water to the woods beyond, thinking how it would be to be a real sentinel on guard. About half-past one the moon hid itself among the clouds, to be seen no more that night. It grew dark and misty, and the weird sounds of the night, with ghostly figures which I imagined I could see, as my excitement was intense, sent a thrilling sensation creeping through my bones and a cold sweat came over me. I was a little nervous as I sank into a chair, hoping I never would have to go on guard duty at night. I then fell asleep to be awakened by my brother at three o'clock.

The train was to leave the South Station at five o'clock, so I hurried to dress and at quarter of four I left the house dressed in the regulation khaki uniform with leggings; my haversack and canteen, and my rifle swung over my back.

It was a little foggy, but over toward the east one could see the mist rising, giving promise of a good summer day. In the distance I heard the car rushing along, and it soon put in its appearance. I boarded the car for Scollay Square and on arriving there, I saw other soldiers from different companies who had been detailed also, hurrying toward the South Station. Many looked as if they had had a good time that night.

At the station soldiers lay about in places asleep. The Quarter-master Sergeant, the

Corporal and the men of my detail had not arrived. I sank down in a corner, and was nearly asleep, when some one gave me a slap on the back.

I looked up and saw Jim, the big, fat Corporal, looking down at me, with a broad grin.

"Well, youngster, you look tired and worried, but come on, the train leaves in about two minutes, and you can sleep all the way out."

But there was no more sleep for me that day. We entered the car and in a little while the train started, and I was on my first tour of duty as a soldier on the Plains of Westfield.

I read the morning papers and wrote some postal cards, trying to forget the many things the soldiers were saying about the fun they would have with the recruits in camp. Some of the men were reading books and papers, others playing cards.

The sun rose in the east and its beams on the grass and bushes covered with dew, made them sparkle like diamonds. The smoke curling from the chimneys showed that the day was dawning and the people were astir.

The train stopped at Springfield to take on more detailed men. Jim and I went out and got a lunch and looked around for a while, as the train was to stop for half an hour. He took me up to the Arsenal and showed me where the company was mustered out, after they returned home from Cuba.

We reached Westfield Centre about half-past twelve. Alighting from the train, we

started for the camp. It was about five miles out from the centre. There was a car line, but the cars were crowded, so we began to walk. The scene along that sandy road might remind one of the story of the retreat from Bull Run.

The car track was along the road that led to the camp. Men were on both sides of the track and upon it. Some of them were riding in an ox or mule cart, some of them were overcome by the heat and many fainted, while a few sat down and swore they were not going to walk any farther.

As for myself, I wished I was any where but on this sandy road, with the sun pouring its hot rays upon me. I would take one step forward in the sand and slip back a foot, the sand sifted into one's shoes and made his feet sore. It was any thing but a pleasant walk.

We at last arrived at the camp and Jim and I reported to the Colonel of our regiment. We were shown our Company street and began at once to put up the tents. We worked until nearly dark.

The sunset upon the plains of Westfield was worth seeing. In the west was a crimson, gray and gold light, which was beautiful, as if some artist saint had spilled all his paint down the western sky. No bird's song was heard, but the sound of the bugle note as it floated out on the air, and echoed in the distance, filled one's breast with emotion. Occasionally a cricket chirped, or an insect buzzed by, some stopping as if to welcome you to Westfield.

On the way up to the camp a fellow,

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about my own age, from the Ninth Regiment, and I had become friends. His regiment was about a mile from ours. After mess that evening he came over and since it was the night before the Fourth, we obtained leave to go down town. Just think of about a thousand soldiers, Regulars and Volunteers, out for a good time the night before the Fourth. We caught the car to go down, but had to ride on the roof. My thoughts went back to the ride home from Winchester on top of the car after the baseball game, with the sunset glory in the west, but this was at night with the moon and stars as lights, and it sent a thrill through me as the car hurried over the plains.

The people that were in Westfield that night will never forget the scene and the time they had. Nick, my friend from the Ninth Regiment, and I had a great time and we will never forget it. We arrived back at camp about eight o'clock the next morning.

The morning dawned foggy and damp and a mist, that felt like rain, filled the air. But up from below the horizon, despite all the clouds, the sun arose as if he had won the battle, and the east had every flag unfurled to greet him. Then floats on the morning air the notes of the bugle, and soon all about are heard voices, scraps of

songs and loud hallos; every body is awake and astir.

The Quarter-master Sergeant and the rest of the detailed men, arrived early that morning. We worked hard putting up the tents, fitting the officers' quarters and the mess tent. By noon we were all ready to receive the company with a great Fourth of July dinner.

After dinner, and a little rest, the different regiments were marched out to the parade grounds about three miles off, to be reviewed by General Miles.

That evening the camp grounds were crowded with visitors. All the regiment had reported at camp and the regular duty was begun. Our detailed force had reported to the Captain and we were discharged and placed on regular duty with the rest of the men.

The guards had their hands full of trouble, for the first night in camp the men have a rousing good time and this being Fourth of July night aslo. The initiation of the recruits is fun, and they and the visitors enjoyed themselves laughing at the many feats the judges of the courts sentenced the recruits to do.

Many of the boys were painted and their hair soaked with eggs, while some played the hose on you. You had to wash the paint and egg off. Placed on guard duty with-

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out any rifle was called mosquito duty. You walked past, killing a thousand (more or less) mosquitoes, until an officer sees you and after joking about guard duty, would kindly inform you of the trick played on you.

In the tent with me were three other recruits. We turned in to sleep at taps, but it seemed to me that I had just closed my eyes when I was awakened by cries and found myself trying to crawl out of the tent that had been let down upon us. As we crawled out we were soaked with pails of water.

We were then placed on mosquito duty. It was awful. We were wet clear to the skin, but we did our tour of duty good naturedly and were let off easy, but others that showed any evil spirit were always receiving medicine until their spirits were tamed.

Next morning at roll call the Captain asked me if I would like to be a mess tender under Corporal Jim or Corporal Cook as we called him. I said, "Yes." at once as my thoughts went back to the night that I stood before my west window, looking out at the woods beyond.

LUCIUS BANKS. 1907

## THE CONSCIENTIOUS GRINDS.

### I.

"Oh, hang it all, Molly, I wish —"

"If wishes were horses, beggars might ride, Jack. What is the trouble now?" and Molly laid down her own books and went and sat on the arm of Jack's chair.

"Oh, it's this abominable, detestable, absolutely useless, old geometry. I simply can't, never could and never shall be able to see through the subject of loci, and Miss Baker says we're sure to get a locus problem on the exam. And then there is my whole history to read through again, and

those French rules to learn, and those awful irregular German verbs, and exams only a week off. What good does it do to study so, anyway? Here it is a holiday, and I've studied all day long, and don't know anything now. Wish I'd gone to the ball game instead of coming over here, just because you said I ought to study. Girls are such conscientious grinds, and you especially, Molly."

"Well, please remove that frown, and let me see your figure. Why, that is easy, Jack! Got a pencil? Thanks. Look, just connect A and B and that angle C is constant, and then your locus will be an arc through —"

"I see now. Say, Molly, you're a brick, even if you are my own cousin. Been puzzling over that an hour. I wish I had your brains."

"Just be a 'conscientious grind,' and you would have them," said Molly with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Well, I must go home now," and he strapped up his books and disappeared down the path, waving his cap.

### II.

"Hello, Jack! Just got home?" "Y'ep." "You look glum. How was the geometry?" "Flunked! know I did! Beastly hard exam! Say, by the way, what do you think? We had that very same locus one you showed me the other day." "And you remembered it?" "You just bet I did. Only thing I got right on the whole exam." "You tried the others didn't you?" "Y-e-s. Oh, I did them all, but they're wrong, I know, so what is the use of talking about it any more?"

"Come, Jack, cheer up. Go get the rackets and we will have a game of tennis." "Can't. Got to cram for the next exam." "Come, 'conscientious grind,' all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

An hour later they came up the walk. "Molly, that is the worst beat I've had for

a long time. By the way, what did you think of the geometry exam to-day? I'm such a selfish brute, I forgot that any one but myself took it." "Oh, it was pretty stiff, still it might have been worse."

### III.

The following week Jack burst in at the back door. "Molly, I say, where are you?" "Here." "Where is here?" "Why, up in the library, of course." "How was I to know here meant the library?" and Jack went up the stairs three at a time.

"Why, Jack Whiting, look at your hair! What have you been doing? It's all rumpled up, and where is your coat?"

"Oh never mind my hair and coat. I've heard from my exams. Passed my geometry! Got an 'A' in it!" And he grabbed Molly and whirled her around until she was out of breath.

"Oh, Jack, I am so glad. I knew you would pass. Sit down and tell me about the other exams." "Can't. Got to go home and mow the lawn. I passed everything, though," and he flew down the stairs again and was half way down the path, when he turned, hurried back to the foot of the stairs, and called out, "I say, Molly, have you heard from your exams?" "Yes, I heard this morning." "And you passed?" "Yes and I got an 'A' in geometry, too."

"I don't know what you think of me, Molly. Any other girl would have gotten angry if I had treated them so. I started over here intending to ask you how you came out on your exams, and not let on that I had heard, and then surprise you. But I couldn't hold in and I got so excited that I forgot to ask about yours. Don't tell me that I am selfish, for I know it."

"No, Jack, you are just a 'conscientious grind,' who studied his geometry until he got an 'A.'"

MABEL COOLIDGE, '05.

### THE BUBBLE SHE BOUGHT.

"Why, Beth, aren't you going?"

"You're not going, Beth?"

A general murmur of astonishment ran around the room. About half a dozen of the Seniors were making candy in Beth's room, on the afternoon of the Junior reception, and such news that the ever gay Beth

was going to stay at home from the best reception of the year made them all gasp in astonishment.

"But Beth, you had that blue dress made on purpose to wear to-night," came from Alice, smuggled down in the sofa cushions.

"I can't go, girls. I'm in mourning."

The girls burst into a merry laugh. Beth certainly was not mourning, if one could judge from outward appearance. But perhaps Beth was in earnest for once and the girls stirred uneasily at the sight of her grave face.

"Girls," she said very gravely, "It's a terrible confession to make." She sank down into the big arm chair and drew a pillow into her lap. "Last night," she began, smoothing the pillow out very carefully and then crushing it into a lump again, "I came home from the Glee Club meeting in a happy, benevolent mood. Why, I even returned all the sugar that I have borrowed from that long suffering Freshman! When I came in dancing the light fantastic and whirling my wet umbrella, Belle looked up from her studying with a very grave face and said, 'Beth, the matron wishes to see you in her room.'"

"Oh," I wailed, "what have I done! What have I done!" and without even taking off my rain coat, I walked bravely down to Mrs. Down's room to face the music. She was reading and she asked me to sit down in such a pleasant tone that I was frightened. I thought of that awful place where the varnish came off of the floor (a chorus of sympathetic sighs) but she handed me a telegram. "It came in your absence, dear," she said. "I can't read it," I murmured; and like a silly goose my head plumped down on my arms. I knew what was in that telegram and I shook (with laughter). She thought I was crying. The paper crackled, she cleared her throat, and an awful sob escaped me. "Beth, my dear," she began, "there has been a terrible accident at home." I sobbed again. "Dick is happy in heaven, my dear." She patted my head to the accompaniment of sobs and sighs from me. With my head buried in my arms, I thought of Dick, that awful, awful donkey which had nearly broken my neck fifty times, torn up my gardens and ruined countless things, now playing on a golden harp, in heaven with the angels,

How his long ears would wiggle. But she was asking me if little Dick was my brother and in my confusion I murmured something which she thought was lover. "Oh, Beth!" she sympathized, "Oh, Beth." Girls could I tell her then that Dick was a donkey, poor Dick who was in heaven. Could I have all that sympathy wasted? Never! I struggled to my feet. Before I knew it she had kissed me and I was stumbling blindly down the hall. Go to the reception, girls, leave me to mourn for poor Dick, who is playing a golden harp in heaven; leave me to think of that dear sister of mine who sent the telegram — leave me mourning for a lover."

\* \* \* \*

The girls were trooping down the hall, and Beth called after them, "Girls, don't leave me to pay for the bubble I've bought without any maccarons, will you?"

MARION BROOKS, '06.

### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

How gentle a thing is sleep! How refreshing, on a cool summer's night! Was ever man so blessed before? Was ever bed so soft, or breezes so balmy?

Thus thought the Man, as he felt his senses slipping away to the land of poppies. Ah! Could it be music of the angels that he heard just then? Nearer, nearer! The Man's senses came back, with a jerk, from the station just this side of Poppy-land. Quite correct! He had heard those musical tones before!

"I'll lie perfectly still," he thought, "and let that creature get good and tired of his singing and buzzing, and then—" A comfortable sigh finished the sentence.

The creature's powers of endurance far exceeded the Man's expectations, but gradually the tones became fainter and fainter — until a sense of impending catastrophe brought the Man to an upright position in the bed; then a sensation of injury brought his hand in violent contact with the back of his neck. A buzzed "Did you ever get left?" from above his head determined his course of action.

"Where are those matches?" he growled.

"I left them — O, here they are! Now, my young friend, we'll see who gets left."

The lamp once lighted, the Man began the search for the Enemy. There, on the corner of that picture of Paradise! "Oh, this is too easy!" chuckled the Man, cautiously raising a good-sized slipper. Bang! and the slipper descended. No use! On the bed-post, with a wicked smile on his countenance, balanced the Hunted One.

"You needn't laugh," exclaimed the Hunter, savagely. "I'll have that head of yours yet! Aha!" looking at the offender from the corner of his eye, "I'd just like to capture you alive. I'd tie a string around your neck and hang you to the curtain rod."

But the Mosquito was a trifle coquettish. With an airy wave of his wing, he sailed to the top of the dresser, and from his elevated position, seemed to be enjoying hugely the Man's discomfiture.

Yet, nothing daunted, he mustered all his inventive powers, clasped his weapons closely, and began the slow and perilous ascent. Such trifles as a scratch or two when he fell on the pin-cushion, did not affect him in the least. O, no! He had made up his mind to have that boaster's neck, and the boaster's neck he was going to have.

"Why!" indignantly soliloquized the Man, while testing the strength of the upper bureau drawer, "I haven't had my will so crossed since I was a boy at school, and used to try to catch the deacon's hens. And those hens weren't nearly as clever, and," doubtfully surveying the delighted Mosquito, "I verily believe they weren't as large!"

This last was too much for the Mosquito's pride. He waited until the Man had slipped once more into the top drawer, among his clean collars, then, with a last defiant hum, flew out through a hole in the screen. The Man fairly tumbled to the floor and rushed to the window. A ray of light from the silver moon overhead fell on the window sill, and on this abating ray, far out over the lake, the Man saw a Mosquito, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, tilting contentedly back and forth.

RUTH WHITTEN, '06.



After the success of our hockey team the next sport that calls our attention is base ball. It would be well perhaps to say a word or two here in regard to an important event which has taken place since the last "going to press." The A. H. S. entertainment which took place April 17 can be certainly called a success. The boys did not do quite as well as they expected on account of it being late in the season. They made about \$100, but the enthusiasm that was shown evidences appreciation of home talent.

The base ball team has had a remarkably successful season so far this year, winning 13 games out of 16. In short, all the boys have played well. Captain Hicks should certainly be congratulated for his excellent pitching. Banks has also played a good game. Hendrick and M. Taylor have done good work behind the bat. Taylor has also played well at second base. P. Taylor on first base and Clifford on 2nd have shown their abilities as ball players. Tole s. s., Dennett, Rogers, Rolfe, Bullard, Quinn and Sloan have played well also.

On April 13, the first game of the season, Arlington met Mechanic Arts High School team on Lawrence Field and defeated them by a score of 4-1. Hicks struck out 15 men.

|             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Innings—    | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | T |
| A. H. S.    | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| M. A. H. S. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |

The scores of the succeeding games are as follows:—

April 16, Newton 5, Arlington H. S. 4. Newton scored her five runs in the first two innings.

April 19, Arlington H. S. 8, Medford H. S. 4. Arlington clinched the game in the first inning by scoring six runs. Hicks pitched an excellent game, striking out 13 men.

April 21, Newtowne Club 9, Arlington H. S. 4.

April 26, Arlington H. S. 8, Fort Banks 7. Arlington scored all her runs in the first inning.

April 28, Arlington H. S. 4 Winchester H. S. 1. This game was an exhibition game played on Manchester Field, Winchester, in aid of the California earthquake sufferers. About \$27 was realized.

May 1, Arlington H. S. 11, Tufts 2nd 9. In the second inning Hendrick, having his hand split by the ball, was obliged to drop out of the game. M. Taylor, the second baseman, taking his place. For Arlington Taylor, Banks and Clifford excelled and Murray, Chapin and Merrill for Tufts.

May 3, Arlington H. S. 9, Brown & Nichols 3. Hicks and Clifford batted well and Banks pitched a good game.

May 5, Arlington H. S. 6, Gloucester H. S. 0. This game was played as an

exhibition game on Lawrence Field on account of the condition of the field. Hicks struck out 17 men, Clifford, Banks and the two Taylors playing well for Arlington, Karcher, McInnis and Farrington for Gloucester.

May 8, Arlington H. S. 3, Cambridge Latin 1, at Arlington. This game from the first was a struggle between the pitchers, Hicks striking out 13 men and Boyer 10 men.

May 11, at Lawrence Field, Watertown H. S. 5, Arlington H. S. 2.

May 12, at Lawrence Field, Arlington H. S. 11, Concord H. S. 5. Banks pitched a good game. P. Taylor, Banks, M. Taylor and Clifford played a good game for

Arlington, and Loughlin, Fitzpatrick, Goodwin and Stevenson for Concord.

May 15, at Lawrence Field, Arlington H. S. 11, Cambridge H. S. 5. Banks, M. Taylor and Tole played a good game for Arlington; Murray, Monahan and Ereckson for Cambridge.

May 17, at Lawrence Field, Arlington H. S. 10, Woburn H. S. 4. Hicks pitched a good game for Arlington and McMann for Woburn.

May 22, at Lawrence Field, Arlington H. S. 8, Gloucester H. S. 2. Hicks, Hendricks, Dennett, and Banks played a good game for Arlington and J. McInnis, Flaherty, and Karcher for Gloucester.

May 23, at Winchester, Arlington H. S. 7, Winchester H. S. 1.



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## CLUB NOTES

### MEHR LICHT VEREIN.

Four meetings of the Verein have been held since the one last reported in the CLARION. The first took place at Mr. Will Bott's, on March 20, with Mr. Bott and Mr. Tierney in charge. After Mr. Tierney had given the usual extract from the "Niebelungenlied," Mr. Charles Gott was initiated and received into the membership of the club. The rest of the evening was spent in games and songs.

The meeting on April 10, was held with Miss Mabel Coolidge, the entertaining committee being Miss Coolidge and Mr. Edward Viets. By the synopsis of the two cantos, which Mr. Viets read, the story of the "Niebelungenlied" was finished. The study of this, Germany's great epic, has been a most interesting feature of club meetings this year. Games and German conversation followed the reading, making altogether a very pleasant evening.

On April 24, the club met at the home

of the President, Miss Weeks, for the initiation of new members and the semi-annual election of officers. A committee of Seniors composed of Misses Wood, Smith, Howe and Pettengill, and Messrs. Tierney, Wells, Conant and Bott, had charge of the meeting. Eleven members of the Junior class were initiated. The election resulted in the choice of Miss Weeks as President, Mr. Squire as Secretary, and Mr. Sears as Treasurer.

The next meeting, on May 1st, was also held at Miss Weeks' and took the form of a cobweb party, with a May basket attached to the end of each thread. The remainder of the evening the members spent in singing favorite German songs.

As we look back over the year, we have the impression of many good times, of a good deal of work accomplished and much learned about the German language itself, as well as about the people who speak it.

HOWARD S. RUSSELL, '05, Sec.

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## SCHOOL LOCALS

### Class of 1906.

Seniors, don't let a class of "long ago" remain on a pedestal too high for you to climb! Set an example to the lower classes, in these last few days, that they will be proud to follow.

We are proud to say that the people of San Francisco have been materially aided by our pennies, the whole number of which was three hundred and forty-three.

I am sure there are very few who will disagree with me when I say that it is one thing to enjoy a trip to Revere Beach, to pick up sea-weed, and quite another thing to draw the above mentioned sea-weed after it has been bottled up for four days in a warm room.

Teacher — "What happened to Orpheus?"

Pupil (hesitating) — "I-er-didn't think anything-er-in particular happened to him."

Teacher (sarcastically) — "Well, no, nothing in particular. He merely had his head cut off, and was torn to pieces, and a few other such trifles."

We have it on good authority that bakers make their dough go as far as possible, for that is how they make their money.

Mr — (auf Deutsch) — "The donkey looks for a way into heaven."

Moral: — "Don't sit and *look* for a way to heaven. A way discloses itself to the right ones.

History question — "Was he a Whig, or a Tory?"

Answer — "No'm, I don't think he was!"

Overheard on Academy street. "I don't care whether I have tintypes or oil paintings."

What an interesting collection our class pictures promise to be!

Here is a good question. How many of the Seniors knew that molasses was a living body?

N. B. This is probably my last appearance.

### Class of 1907.

Oh, Seniors, why did you choose such a class color? Pity the Juniors at graduation time!!

Meter dactylic, spondaic,

Meter for laugh or to moan:

But the meter to me least prosaic

Is "meet her by moonlight alone."

"With clothes fitted to his back!"

There *are* no representatives of the Know-nothing party in our class.

Greek translation — "Indeed he does not, by Jove."

The poor *Roman* history pupils

Have to think both early and late,

"Oh, whenever was Cæsar murdered?"

"Oh, whatever is that date?"

The *American* history pupils

May very gay appear;

"For us there's some sort of a *tariff*

That comes in every year!"

Act. I. Scene laid at A. H. S.

Dramatics Personnal.

{ Any two pupils }  
{ Gypsy moth }

Enter gypsy moth. Crawls up pupil's shoulder. A suppressed scream. A stamp of a foot. Exit gypsy moth.

Curtain Falls.

Time — Every hour.

**Class of 1908.**

It was a shock to our sensitive feelings to see in the society notes of our local paper that our classmate, Sloan, was down among the guests at an evening party plain "Buster."

The pupil who stated in the *Physics* Class that the earth was made of gases must have had the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius on the brain.

One of the bright members of the class of 1908 has proved by Algebra that it is possible for a train to proceed at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour. Perhaps the pupil in this instance let "x" equal a quantity approaching infinity.

He makes the best score in his studies who simply does his best. Who is it?

**Class of 1909.**

At last we know where the "hook" originated. Caesar tells us in his account of the Gallic war, that the "hook" consisted of a curved piece of iron fixed in a long

pole. This was used to "hook" soldiers off the enemies' ships. Imagine the immortal Cæsar standing on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship and shouting, "Get the hook." What an awe-inspiring spectacle! It brought such terror to the minds of his enemies that, even to the present day, it is apt to prove effective, even without the weapon.

The San Francisco relief fund netted \$1.86 in Room 3. Very good, considering the ten-cent limit.

The treasurer requests all Freshmen who are in arrears for class dues to please remit at once.

What has become of the camps A and B?

It is reported that there will soon be a contest in Latin rules between '09 and '08, so study your Latin, '09, and don't let the "Sophs" beat you.

Try to avoid that far away look when reciting geometry.

Sampson shorn of his locks is no longer a subject of admiration by his envious classmates.

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## EXCHANGES

The editorials of "*The Distaff*" from the Girls' High School, Boston, are interesting and well written.

The stories in the "*Dean Megaphone*" for March are excellent, but they are written by Alumni.

In the Easter number of "*The Buff and Blue*" are two interesting stories entitled "The Truant and the Shark" and "Perseverance Wins Success."

The exchange column in the "*Bulletin*" for April is good.

"*The Retina*," from the Toledo High School, Ohio, was interesting from cover to cover. The cuts were splendid and the stories were good.

The exchange column is missing in the "*Oracle*" from Bangor, Me., for March.

The "*Gazette*," from Lynn Classical High School, is a neat, well written paper and the cover is excellent.

Lecturer — "If I stand on my head, all the blood rushes to it, doesn't it?"

Pupil — "Yes."

Lecturer — "Well, then, why doesn't the blood all rush to my feet when I stand on them?"

Stupid Student — "Because your feet aren't empty." — *Journal*.

We saw a thing of greenish hue,

And thought it was a lawn of grass;

But when to it we closer drew,

We found it was the Freshman class.

— *Retina*.

Fussy Old Gentleman (to chance traveling companion.) — "Have you any children, sir?"

"Yes, sir, a son."

"No, sir. He has never so much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, sir; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?"

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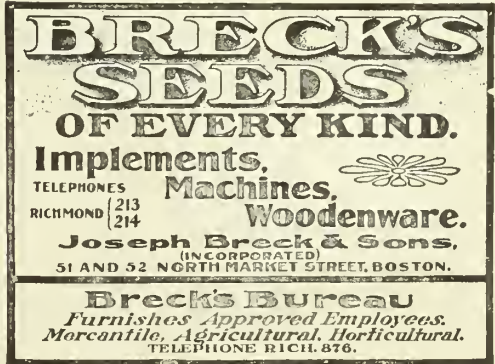
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"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young gentleman, sir, a model young man. How old is he?"

"Just six months."—*Budget*.

Mother—"Johnny, you said you had been to Sunday school."

Johnny (with a far away look)—"Yes'um"

Mother—"How does it happen your hands smell fishy?"

Johnny—I—I—carried home the Sunday school paper an'—an'—the outside paper is all about Jonah and the whale."

—*Dean Megaphone*.

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper down in Louisiana, and last spring he went to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately, and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman, his wife happened to look

at the largest. She uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the scream, rushed to her assistance, and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows:—"Bill inside."—*Distaff*.

"What color are your eyes, auntie?" asked little Flo of her favorite auntie.

"Gray, my dear," was the reply.

"O, no, auntie," was the quick response, "you are too young to have gray eyes."

"O Mr. Smith," said a young lady at a church fair, "I want your help for a moment. I have just sold a tidy for fifteen dollars that cost fifteen cents, and I want you to tell me what percentage that is."

"A transaction of that kind, my dear Miss Brown," blandly replied Mr. Smith, who is a lawyer, "gets out of percentage and into larceny."

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No. 3.

## THE CLARION

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## EDITORIAL

Year by year the wheel of time moves slowly onward and, with each turn, come new classes to take the places of those that have gone forth. At this writing, we are fully launched upon the new school year. After a long vacation it is a pleasure to meet old friends and new ones and to go over with them the experiences of the summer. Some have been to one place and some to another; and each one is equally confident that he has had the best time. As we fall into the routine of school life, it becomes the privilege of the CLARION, although last, yet not least, to welcome old and new alike, whether Senior or Freshman, pupil or teacher, to the Arlington High School.

About two hundred scholars are enrolled in the school this year, over one third of

whom are in the Freshman class: The Seniors, on the other hand, have only eighteen to their credit, but, as every one knows, it is quality, not quantity, that counts. In addition to the above, the ninth grade counts about one hundred and thirty pupils, who find no difficulty in making the lower hall lively.

The growth of the commercial department has made it necessary to secure the services of another teacher. Mr. Alfred L. Morgan, of West Springfield, has been appointed to this position, and teaches Civics as well as the subjects of this department. Miss Mabel Bowker, of Cambridge, who formerly taught in Dednam High School, takes the place held last year by Miss Davis. Miss Foster, of Auburndale, who has taught in the schools in Paris, will

teach French. The other new teachers in the ninth grade are Miss Lue A. Burbank and Miss Helene Robertson of Arlington.

Owing to the need of more room for recitations, the ninth, instead of using Room X for music, go upstairs to the hall. On account of this change, the twenty-five minute period will come on Wednesday instead of Friday as heretofore. Every morning at precisely ten minutes of nine the sound of little feet is heard, faintly, at first, then growing louder and louder until the ceiling begins to creak and groan. A moment of quiet, and then from above comes down the sound of children's voices. But don't be at all alarmed; its only the ninth grade singing.

There has been some talk of forming a French Club on a somewhat similar basis to the present German Club. It would be a good idea and might in many ways coöperate with the "Mehr Licht Verein" to the mutual advantage of both. They might even go as far as to unite for social meetings at which either French or German might be spoken at will. Of course certain evenings could be set aside for German alone; others for French. If these clubs fulfilled anticipations they would add greatly to the interest in the languages and help in learning to speak them fluently.

Miss Weeks has been granted a year's leave of absence and will leave Arlington as soon as a substitute can be found to take her place. She will sail for Constantinople, where she will teach chemistry, physiology and botany in the American College for Girls. In the summer she will travel through Germany and France. We all wish her well on her trip and hope that she will return next year with a great many interesting things to tell us.

The Arlington High School CLARION is a paper edited and maintained by pupils of the school. In order to make it a success it requires the hearty support of all the pupils in the school. This not only means in subscribing for the paper — which *every one* ought to do — but in expressing their willingness to help out, either with stories or whatever it may be. We hear quite often, "I can't write a story," or "I haven't time." How does any one ever expect to be able to write if he doesn't try. And even if his or her story is not published, they will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their best. And as for time, it is strange indeed if one cannot find time at least once or twice a year to write four or five sheets of theme paper. It has not been very hard to get stories for the CLARION, but we hope that it will become easier rather than grow more difficult.

For the first time in several years the Arlington High has been represented by a foot-ball team this season. Robert Clifford, hockey captain, has been elected captain of the team and Grayson Wood manager. We certainly wish them success and are glad that now Arlington is to be represented in all the out-door sports. The prospects of the hockey team are very promising, but the outlook for base ball is not so good.

Just as the CLARION is going to press, we learn of another change in the music periods. On account of the absence of Miss Weeks, who had charge of the High School Chorus, we now have music on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, leaving two twenty-minute periods for study. Miss Dixon, of Roxbury, has taken Miss Weeks' place as teacher, and we wish her well in her new work. She has taught in Plymouth, and studied in Germany and France. In the school she will have charge of all the studies heretofore taught by Miss Weeks.



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### RAISING BEES.

The conch-shell had just sounded for dinner, and Mollie and I were three fields away from the house.

"That means dinner," said I. Let us have a race and see who will win to the house." It appeared as if the race would be in Mollie's favor, when she stopped so suddenly that I, who was following closely, could not check my speed, and I came against her so forcibly that we were both upset. The fall did not hurt Mollie very much, for she bounded up saying, "Oh! where did they go to."

"Why, what are you talking about, Mollie?" I asked.

"I was just watching a lot of bees when you knocked me over," she said angrily. "If you are not more careful you can go home," she continued, shaking her tumbled auburn locks in a fury. When she saw the bees, a few minutes later, gathering on her little apple tree, she forgot that she was angry and turning to me she said: "Didn't I tell you that that tree was just too sweet; see all the bees that think so, too."

We hurried home to tell of our find. The first person whom we met was Tim. That Tim was one of the farm-hands was easy to be seen from his appearance. He resembled Mollie, in having red hair, and he inherited his share of the family freckles.

He was as much overjoyed as we were, in finding the bees.

"Say, girls," Tim said, "don't tell at home and we will get them after dinner, while the others are resting."

We agreed, and when dinner was over Tim climbed to the highest part of the loft to get the clothing we were to put on in order to catch the bees. After a great deal of hunting he arrived with three dilapidated looking overcoats, three pairs of rubber boots, a pair of woolen gloves and two pairs of boxing gloves. The hats that he brought were the most curious of all. They were made of circular boards, to which netting was attached, with a wire hoop at the bottom, the whole giving the appearance of a headless barrel, made of netting. When we were arrayed in the outfit, which made us look as if we were going to search for the North Pole, we carried an empty hive to the little tree where the bees were. Tim said he would direct us, so that we would not scare them away.

"Get the queen, that's it. Now put her in the hive; shake all the rest in. There, you done fine," he said. Tim had been so careful in wrapping us up that we did not get stung.

On the day following, when we placed a dish of honey outside the hive for the bees to eat, Jack, the dog, thought that it was some dainty dish for him. He tried to

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drive the bees away, but only succeeded in having his head swollen so that he was nearly unrecognizable.

Mollie and I took such good care of the bees during the summer, that in the fall there were two swarms of them in one hive. While we were picking currents one day, we saw Tim by the bee-hive, beckoning to us to go over to him. We arrived there just in time to see a flock gather on the hive and then fly away. Mollie began to cry, accusing Tim of letting all our bees fly away. Tim tried to comfort her, saying, "Don't cry, you silly girl. I did not let them all go; see all that are left. I would have called you to see the two queens fighting, but I thought that you would get stung."

As my vacation was over, I had to leave the farm and go to the city to school. When I returned for the Christmas vacation, we visited the hive and found all the bees dead, for they had been much weakened by the others who had left the hive.

Mollie could not blame any one for their death, so she did not cry, but stood looking at them and said, "Oh! its just our luck, after all our trouble last year." Mamma said we were doubly repaid for our care, when we were feasting on the honey, a little later. The part of the comb that did not have any honey in it was filled with little bees. We shook them out of the

comb in order to bury them, and when Jack saw them he ran into the house, thinking of his last experience with them.

GERTRUDE MCCUE, '07.

### A PROGRESSIVE DINNER.

One — two — three — four — five. "Well if that isn't that old telephone again." "Hello! yes, all right. Hello! yes, what, up there? Why I can't. When is it? Yes I can. What time does the train go? Oh, fine, of course, I'd like to. No, did you? Awfully kind of you all. Yes on the 10.45 train — gets there at 2.12 doesn't it? All right, I'll be sure. Good-bye."

This strange conversation took place one Thursday evening not long ago, when I received a telephone message from U. H. to "go up" and spend Sunday and attend a Progressive Dinner. It was in reality a camp reunion, and as I had not seen my "camp mates" for two years I was delighted to go.

After hustling and bustling I finally arrived. Perhaps my curiosity was not aroused when I learned that at a Progressive Dinner one eats one course at one house and the next at another. Well, finally the eventful evening came and eight girls and eight boys started at six o'clock for a jolly, good time. At the first house we received

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dainty little menus which one of the girls had made. We found our places by place-cards or comic postals illustrating some hit upon personal habits.

At the next house we received carnations which served as place-cards. It is needless to say, that the courses were all delicious and the little walks between them sharpened our appetites so that we did full justice to all the viands.

More cards at the next house, I had felt sure I was safe from these little thrusts, but here I received one which caused me to change my mind for they had remembered a little episode of our camp life. Memories are terrible things sometimes.

Thus we went through the seven courses, and finally arrived at the last house where nuts and candy were served and games filled the rest of the evening. Then "Home, Sweet Home" as the menus said, but that walk home, it seemed bitter cold to me, as I was used to warmer weather. We arrived at about midnight and at nine the next morning the thermometer registered eight below zero. The rest of my little vacation was one round of gaiety and I returned to Boston the next Monday a tired, but happy person.

MABEL PETTINGILL, '07.

### ARLINGTON IN THE CIVIL WAR.

If one was desirous of obtaining information regarding the town of Arlington, it would be natural to refer to the only history of Arlington, which was compiled by Mr. Cutter. Many pamphlets have been composed on events in the town's history,

but so far as I know, no one has written of the part Arlington, or West Cambridge as it was then called, took in the conflict between the North and South. The few survivors of the army and the comparative small number of people who lived in the town during the war, limit our sources of information of the town's part in that great struggle. At that time the population of West Cambridge was very small; if the population of 1860 be compared with the population of 1906 we should see how small our town was when the civil war broke out.

Yet, before the clash of arms, enthusiasm ran high throughout the North, and meetings were frequently held to consider the impending struggle. The Sunday night after the firing on Fort Sumpter the citizens of West Cambridge held a mass meeting in the Town Hall, and it was voted to take measures at once to form a military company. Albert S. Ingalls, a young lawyer, was chosen captain. At the same time the people of Woburn formed a company. It was necessary that our company should be uniformed and drilled. This the town paid for, and also hired a drill-master from Boston. The town, too, paid the cost of boarding the men after they had enlisted. During this time, public meetings were often held and enthusiasm reached a very high pitch. But the Massachusetts regiments had their full quota and so the Arlington company and a company from Medford were obliged to seek other ways of entering the service. Not discouraged in their eagerness to go to war, they went to Brooklyn, New York, in the hope of joining some regiment and re-

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mained there a short time, but, meeting with no success, they returned to West Cambridge. Part of the company, however, went into camp for a few days at Fort Warren. About this time, Mayor Wood, of New York, who was forming a regiment, issued a call for volunteers. Once more Captain Ingalls' company went to New York, putting up at the Astor House over night and the next morning they went to Yonkers, where they enlisted in the 40th N.Y., known as the Mozart Regiment. Thus the Arlington men who first went to war served in the famous Mozart Regiment of New York. Of course others enlisted later and in different regiments. West Cambridge, to her credit, was never lacking for volunteers, and her quota was always filled.

But what was going on at home during these hard times? Money must be secured to meet expenses not born by the government, and Messrs. John P. Squire, Nathan Robbins and Addison Gage made large contributions for this purpose. Also, a fair was given on the lawn at the Gage estate, which netted a considerable sum. Another fair was given by the women of Arlington. Soon a Soldiers' Aid Society was formed among the ladies, that they might get together and scrape lint and make garments for the soldiers.

Cooper's Tavern was turned into a drill hall and a company of "home guards" was formed under Judge Parmenter.

At this time there were two Shakespearian clubs, which gave entertainments for the general relief fund. They also presented Captain Ingalls with a sword in 1861.

It would be impossible to tell the whole story of the heroic deeds of our brave men in the great civil war, nor can we recount, even in part, their sufferings and trials, but we ought to be proud of the story of Arlington in the great struggle and that in no respect was she found lacking in the day of the nation's peril.

PHILIP W. TAYLOR, '06.

### VACATION VISTAS.

There I was, on this my last day in the country, walking through the wide, green fields, where, at every step, the grasshoppers jumped in great numbers and where, at a short distance away, some cows were having a glorious morning feed. I had been told of a fine lake just below the village and this was a trip of exploration. It was not long before I noticed a little boat-house, nestled at the foot of some tall pines, and following along the narrow path, the lake could be seen through the trees. On its shore were several row-boats and another heavy, flat-bottomed boat with two inches of water in it. As the row-boats were all fastened and I was determined to have a ride, the only thing to do was to bail out the water and take the old tub. With a gill can for a scoop, it was quite a while before the water disappeared. Now what would I do for an oar! In a heap of boards on the shore, I found a rough one shaped like a rudder, very heavy for what I was going to use it for, but the best I could get. After pushing off, I sat down at the end of the boat and endeavored to paddle

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it along through the water. But there was more work than fun in it and I was contented to let the boat float where it would. As it came in shore, I managed to get a few lillies and so had something to carry home as a trophy.

On my next outing on the lake I was very careful to have my outfit complete with oars, fishing implement, and as a mascot, a little black dog. Of course I did not think of the possibility of a dog frightening fish in any way. I was just congratulating myself on having an escort that would not speak unless spoken to, when a bark sounded across the water and I soon found out that he was well provided with a genuine pair of lungs. Now how easy it was to move along over the smooth water, for with real oars I could make some headway. The stopping place was right beside a peninsula of reeds, where I could easily see bottom through the clear water. After preparing my line and dropping it in I took my position at the end of the boat, while the dog came and put his fore feet over my lap, evidently to see all that was going on during the fishing. At the first slight pull of the line I thought I had a big fish and so quickly brought my line into the boat, only to find the bait gone. The next time I watched the line fall into the water, determined to see what I was getting. A large looking fish made a dart for the worm; this time I let him have a good chance at it and then a quick pull and he was mine. But why was it that the fish now appeared very small, while down in the water it was of fairly good size? I tempted quite a number in this way, but the largest ones seemed to be satisfied with their watery home and so were nothing but objects of vision. When I thought I had my share, I stopped fishing, and after a short row reached the shore again.

Another day I was invited to take a sixteen mile ride through the country by Ned,

a jolly young fellow at the house. I was very fond of riding, and so gladly jumped up on the seat beside him. How bracing the air was, and how beautiful the scenery, visible for mile around, and where, far away on the horizon, the mountains seemed to rise up out of the sky. I wanted to say that I had driven a pair of horses, and so after repeated requests, secured the reins. Of course I showed off at my best and was rewarded by having Ned say: "Now if you don't drive just like a woman, always jerking at the reins; why, you would spoil a horse in no time." We got to talking about school and the lessons we had studied. He asked me if I ever studied language. "Sure," I said. "Well," Ned asked, "What's an noun?" "Why, a noun is a verb that has a subject." And how he laughed. "Well, now if you ain't greener than a pun 'kin! I guess I won't ask you what a verb is."

Now we had come to a steep hill and so I thought I would get down and walk. Although the team was quite a distance ahead, I stopped by the roadside to pick up some large, red apples. My arms held all the apples I could comfortably carry, when I heard the noise of wagon wheels, and looking up saw the team disappear over the other side of the hill. A long, hard run and I finally succeeded in jumping on behind. Of course I did not mind losing my breath and also a few eating apples, and of course not at hearing in triumphant tones: "Say now, I'll bet you don't know whether you're foot or horse-back."

It must have been a clock that was striking the hour. What had been going on? Had I been asleep? Surely some one had been talking. There I was, seated in the old arm chair, gazing blankly at the last bright spot in the embers. It was a peculiar little dwarf nearby that had been talking, and his story it was, which was fast draw-

ing to a close. A something seemed to blind my eyes and glistening in the firelight, overwhelmed the little story teller. At once he vanished and with him the welcome glow, leaving the chamber in darkness, except where the dear old moon was trying to peep between the shutters. For once my obstinate loneliness had lost a victory; I was grieved at being thus forsaken, even by my faithful little fireside friend.

ROLAND B. WELLS, '06.

### IN ROOM ONE.

The school-building was dark — silence reigned — until the clock struck ten. Then a voice called out, "Venus." Other calls issued from down stairs. The electric light suddenly was turned on, that was the sign for festivities. "How do you do Apollo," answered Venus, "I am glad that that Discthrower, to-night, has sense enough to give us some light, you know he forgot it last evening, the insulting mortal!" "Oh, have patience," returned Apollo easily, "mortals sometimes forget things." "Yes, I've noticed that here in this room." "Lately," continued Apollo, "I have been very sympathetic with some of the gods and plaster mortals in this building." "There, for instance, are those unfortunate Wrestlers. All day long they must engage for the pupil's benefit, and at night not a soul to speak to." "Very true, very true," answered the goodess of beauty, "but while I think of it, haven't these pigeons been extremely annoying? My nerves have been on the edge with their coo, coo, coo, peck, peck, peck." "I'm sorry they disturb you," Apollo answered as, like a prudent man, he wished to make no quarrel, although he rather enjoyed them himself. "It seems to me," he went on, "that the best thing to do, is to let Jupiter know, and then he will hurl a thunder-bolt at them

which will please you and the teachers, and also—" "Oh! Apollo! quick! quick! don't let him come near! oh, he's dreadful!" shrieked Venus. "Madam, kindly tell me the cause of this outbreak," said Apollo, in his most dignified voice. Then as he looked on the floor below he saw — a tiny mouse. Poor god of the silver bow! He had none now, so he must take a less godlike means of putting the enemy to flight. Accordingly, by giving a tremendous jump, he landed back on his pedestal again but with such a noise that the cause of all the tumult quickly departed to his hole. Just then the clock struck, the lights went out, the building was still.

LOUISE HOOKER, '07.

### A DAY IN ROME.

What city in this world can be more interesting to us than Rome? Rome, with its ancient ruins, three hundred and sixty-five churches, and its historical associations. Here is situated the largest cathedral in the world — St. Peter's — estimated to have cost fifty million of dollars, with a floor space of one hundred and sixty-two thousand square feet, and capable of holding fifty thousand people. This immense structure stands on a part of the Emperor Nero's circus, where, it is said, St. Peter was put to death, together with many other Christians. Among the great doors, which are of bronze, is the so-called Porta Santa (sacred door) only opened once in twenty-five years during the jubilee, when hundreds of pilgrims from far and wide come to pass through it and have their sins remitted. The mosaic work in the interior is wonderful. At an ordinary distance the figures appear to be of natural size, but in reality, "the Angels in the Baptistery are enormous giants; the doves, huge birds of prey." The bronze statute of St. Peter has been half worn away on the right toe

by the constant kissing of the worshippers. The dome of the cathedral is supported by mighty pillars two hundred and thirty-four feet in circumference, and the ball on the top is large enough to hold sixteen people. Under the dome is the bronze canopy, held up by four richly gilded spiral columns, ninety-five feet high. Here the Pope only is allowed to celebrate mass at high festivals. Beneath this high altar is the supposed sarcophagus of St. Peter. It is interesting to note that the tombs of Napoleon and General Grant are modeled after this tomb, but of a much smaller size. In a different part of the church stands the chair in which it is claimed St. Peter used to preach. Also, there are numerous tombs, among which are those of Gregory XIII (reformer of the calendar), Pope Leo XIII, and others. But alas, who can realize the gigantic size and grandeur of this structure without seeing it with his own eyes?

Throughout the many churches, not only in Rome but all over Europe, one may see the supposed remnants of Jesus' cradle, the table used at the Lord's supper, nails, and pieces of the cross, flag; from the crusades, and many other relics of the activities of men in the ages that have gone.

On the Via Appia is the entrance to the catacombs. These consist of forty-two miles of underground passages. Not long ago two Englishmen attempted to go about without a guide and never having been seen again, are thought to have perished by starvation. There are yet many passages unexplored. You are furnished a monk as guide. These monks, who act as guides, shave the top of their heads and are clothed in long, brown robes. You are shown the sealed-up-tombs of many saints, the blocks upon which they were beheaded, quantities of bones and skulls which, in the flickering candle-light, greatly add to the gruesome appearance of the catacombs. But now ascending from these subterranean passages,

we find it growing dark and time to return to the hotel to think and ponder over the wonderful sights seen during the day.

PAUL SQUIRE, 07.

### INTELLIGENCE OF DOGS.

Dogs are the most intelligent of domestic animals. The cat or the horse are next, although I think that the cat is the easier of the two to be taught. The most unintelligent of domestic animals are the hen and pig, the latter being the less so.

The dog is his master's best friend. No matter how he is abused or where his master goes he follows him, going even as far as the grave. I can remember once a dog by the name of Fanny, a thorough-bred English Foxhound, who for three years had made her home in the Glenwood cemetery, Malden, where she had followed her last friend to a grave. For a long time no one was able to get near her, although the farmers had tried several times to shoot her because she caught and ate many chickens to keep herself from starvation. Finally, she had pups, and then a good woman living near fed and cared for her until she found a good home in East Bridgewater.

Another incident once happened while I was fishing with a friend of mine. A short distance from the lake there was a Gypsy camp, so called because of the inmates. After fishing a while we heard foot-steps behind us and, on turning around saw one of the campers approaching us carrying a large club. When she neared us she raised the club and rattled off some of the funniest sounds I had ever heard. My dog, who

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was laying behind me, jumped to his feet and got in between me and the intruder, with hair straight on end, growling and showing two rows of the largest teeth grown, giving the intruder fair warning not to strike a blow. The woman hastily withdrew and went back to camp. We afterwards found out that she had been troubled the night before by some dogs. This same dog would lie right on my clothes every time I went in swimming, and unlucky would be the one who dared touch them.

A short distance from where I live there is a very intelligent Scotch Collie dog. His mistress will say a few words to him and open the cellar door. The dog will hurry down stairs and soon return with a stick of wood and then go down again after another piece and so on until his mistress has enough and closes the door. At night the dog goes down cellar with the man of the house after coal. If a piece of coal happens to drop out of the coal hod the dog picks it up and carries it to the kitchen. Last winter I saw an account in the paper about a dog who saved a boy's life. The boy was taking a short cut across a pond to school. When he had got almost across, the ice gave way and he fell in the water, screaming and yelling as loud as he could. The dog, a large Newfoundland, hearing the familiar voice, rushed to the shore and had the boy safely out of the water on the opposite bank before any other assistance came.

O. ANDERSON, '09.

### A SKATING SCENE.

One glorious Saturday afternoon in mid-winter I sat in the cozy-corner of my room eating fudge and reading "Coniston." The book had so far proved very interesting, but somehow my mind would wander and I felt dissatisfied. Suddenly there was a knock at my door and my cousin Jack burst in with "Oh, you should be ashamed

staying in the house a day like this! Come and go skating with me down at the lake. There's a crowd there and they say its fine (Say, that's great fudge, Nellie!)" So I decided that I needed some such excitement and soon we were on our way to the lake where we joined a number of friends. The best ice had already been broken up by hockey players. So we chose a secluded cove at the south end of the lake where we had the ice all to ourselves.

Scores of people were skating and I stood a while to watch them. There were certain characters that I was sure of seeing. There was the boy with the sail, far up the lake, and near me was the man who thought his skating insuperable. He was at the time doing fancy figures to the great admiration of several small, open mouthed boys. The High school hockey team was practising, with groups of criticising girls looking on. Then, too, there was the usual scene; the little girl on her first pair of skates, with arms flying, falling down, picking herself up — determined to do or die. Surely my girl in red must be on the ice! Oh yes, there she was skating down the lake, a crimson vision — dress, sweater and hat. She always wore hockey skates and could skate at a remarkable speed for a girl. She was racing with her small brother — one of those specimens all arms and legs — who was doing his best to keep up to her. All at once there was confusion and William and another lad were seen struggling to arise.

But I was awakened from my reflections by Jack who said, disgustedly, something about taking a girl out where all she did was r—— (well, the word he used was a verb and as it was slang I dare not write it,) so I gathered my wits and apologized and soon we were enjoying the best "skate" I have ever had.

MURIEL BRANDENBURG, '09.



With the beginning of school the Athletic Association held its first meeting. Grayson Wood was elected president, A. Rolfe vice-president, Vernon Sloan secretary and Wendell Gray treasurer. The Athletic committee consist of Clifford, Gott and Taylor.

Last year the base ball season was certainly successful. In all the games we made a good showing, losing only four games out of the eighteen played with other high schools. The ending of the season in the Somerville game was a great treat to all. Although Arlington failed to win, we played on the whole the better game. Twice we had three men on bases, but couldn't score, while their runs came only as the results of errors. Hicks pitched a fine game, allowing only one hit and cracking out three singles himself. Tole, also, played a snappy game. The score was 3 to 2, Somerville's favor.

Although the base ball team failed to beat Somerville, Mr. Hardy, on account of our good showing, fulfilled his promise of a supper. This was held in the typewriting room and was indeed a feast. After the supper, Mr. Hardy showed us pictures of his camp in the Maine woods, which were appreciated by all. As a mark of appreciation and thanks, the base ball team pre-

sented Mr. Hardy with one of the pictures of the squad.

This fall, Arlington has been represented by a foot ball team, which, although not very successful perhaps, yet has served to keep up the school's reputation. Robert Clifford '08 has been elected captain and some twenty fellows answered the summons for candidates. Our first game was played with Wellesley high, Sept. 29, at Wellesley. The line up for Arlington was as follows: Buckley, Clifford l. e.; Grey l. t.; White l. g.; Thompson c.; Knickerbocker r. g.; Bullard r. t.; Gott, Taylor r. e.; Taylor, Hill, a. b.; Smith, Wells r. h. b.; Abercrombie f. b.; Clifford, Smith l. h. b. Wellesley won by a score of 34 to 0. Time after time they gained from twenty to forty yards around our ends, while we seemed unable to advance the ball more than a few feet. The second half, Arlington braced up a little and, once or twice, held Wellesley for downs. While our showing was not of the best, let it be remembered that almost all our men have never played foot ball before and are consequently green to the game.

Oct. 2, we again tried our fortune on the gridiron, this time with our old rival, Winchester, and with more success. In the first half Winchester kicked-off to Arlington, who soon lost the ball on downs.

Winchester then carried it to within a yard or two of the line where Arlington held them and punted out of danger. Towards the end of the half a fake kick netted over fifty yards and was followed by two more substantial gains, but the whistle ended the half with the ball in Arlington's possession on Winchester's fifteen yard line. After a ten minute rest, the game was resumed, this time Arlington kicking-off. Arlington soon secured the ball on downs and after several plays were within scoring distance. Captain Clifford tried a goal from the field but failed, the ball hitting the post. So the game went on, the half ending with the ball again in Arlington's possession on Winchester's five yard line. The lineup for Arlington was as follows: — Clifford

r. e.; Bullard r. t.; Gott r. g.; Thompson c.; White l. g.; Grey l. t.; Buckley l. e.; Taylor a. b.; Smith l. h. b.; Abercrombie f. b.; Wells r. h. b. Score 0 — 0.

Saturday, Oct. 6, the Alumni defeated the High school 19 — 0, at Lawrence field.

Next in order will come hockey and the prospects are very bright, five of last year's team being in school. Captain Clifford and Manager Hodgdon are arranging a large number of hard and interesting games.

Base ball is still further off, but we hope to keep up the standard of the last few years.



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## CLUB NOTES

### MEHR LICHT VEREIN.

Two meetings of the Mehr Licht Verein have been held since the last issue of the Clarion. The first occurred on June 7th, at the home of Miss Homer in the form of an entertainment for the Seniors of the club. Mr. and Mrs. Scully were elected honorary members and presented with pins of the Verein. A portion of the play "Einer muss heiraten" was given, after which various songs were sung. This final "round-up" completed the school year of '06.

The first assembly of this season was at the president's house; the latter, together with the secretary and treasurer, as the entertaining committee. The club had the honor of having Miss Foster and Miss Bullock present. A short talk on the Rhine and Lake Lucerne was given. German games were played and songs sung. It was decided that there should be four vice-presidents, Misses Wood and Howe, Messrs. Gordon and Wells, to act with the secretary and treasurer in the management

of the club during the absence of our president.

German plays and play writers is the subject now to be taken up. Some of the main features for the ensuing year we should look forward to are an evening with Dr. Mather, who has kindly consented to address the club, also Herr Adams, a native of Germany from the Boston Academy of Languages, will talk on the German drama; scenes from "Minna Von Barnhelm," "Maria Stuart," "Faust," "Einer muss heiraten," "Wilhelm Tell," etc.

It has been suggested that some German entertainment be given in the school hall to obtain a curtain and portable foot lights for use at Senior socials and the like. This seems a good plan if only carried out. However, it remains to be seen whether the club can maintain itself during the absence of the president, its chief supporter. If each one only does his part we are sure to be successful, *so lasst uns immer an eiander hangen, Mitglieder des Mehr Licht Vereins!*

PAUL C. SQUIRE, '07.

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## SCHOOL LOCALS

### Class of 1907.

The Senior class is a good example of "quality if not quantity."

We are glad that at last A. H. S. is represented in foot ball and wish our team all success.

Heard in the Greek class — "She has only four feet."

Ask the Seniors about navigating the sky.

Latin is enabling us to learn certain facts from our feet as well as from our heads.

If you need a funeral oration for any purpose, there are two of us, at least, who can write very acceptable ones.

It is with sorrow that we say good-bye to Miss Weeks, but we hope she may have a pleasant trip and a quick return.

In physics one of us thinks that perhaps it would be better to fasten a piece of wire to a block of wood to keep it from sinking.

How hard it is for some Seniors to fill a bottle with water!

Isn't it strange how much a little block of wood weighs?

How interesting Marietta is!

### Class of 1908.

We have elected the following officers for the year of '06 and '07: President, Arthur Rolfe; vice-president, Kenneth Churchill; secretary, Mabel Barnes; treasurer, Webster Guibord.

We learn from a member in the Greek class that Cyrus advanced with his wings outstretched. What a sight it must have been.

Heard in Latin. "That he might not be deprived of his sister's life."

In English, a pupil tells us that the two beautiful sisters of Sir Roger de Coverley were *died*.

A pupil in German informs us that a soldier ate a lion in the zoological garden.

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**Class of 1909.**

The class of 1909 is looking forward with great pleasure to the Hallowe'en party which is to be held the 31st of this month, at the Town Hall, Arlington.

The sophomore class dues are now ten cents per month. We need the money, so pay up. Per order Carl Church, treasurer.

Who killed the Debating club?

Take the centre whose circle is o and demonstrate the 3rd corollary.

The clock in room one must be tired.

Don't forget the questions in the story. Every little bit helps.

Who said Greek was easy.

Greek translation — "He found a city in the spring."

**FRESHMAN ATTENTION!**

All first year students must remove their hats in the presence of upper class men and act with due respect. No red neckties may be worn. Per order 1909.

Get out your glasses, here come the Freshman pins.

**Class of 1910.**

At our first class meeting — "Mr. President."

"Wha'?"

The bird sprang up a tree.

Ever heard about the *Christine* Madonna? No? Why we have, in Room 3.

"The general was hindered by the enemies' 'men on horseback.'"

The inattention of the pupils in Room 3 during certain periods, may be traced to the fact that a bee hive seems to have emptied its contents into our hitherto peaceful domain. And now we even dodge at flies!

Many wonderful things have been discovered in our Freshman Latin, the most wonderful of which is the fact (?) that Caesar was discovered in intercourse with *Confucious*.

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## EXCHANGES

The September issue of the "*Elgin High School Mirror*" is interesting. The short stories are interesting and the locals are good.

The national topics and the college notes in the June issue of "*The Greylock Echo*," from the Adams High school, were very interesting.

### NOT ON THE MAP.

"You say you left home on the tenth?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes sir," replied the witness.

"And came back on the twenty-fifth?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were you doing in the interim!"

"Never was in such a place." — *Ex.*

"I never knew buildings could see."

"Didn't, eh! Did you ever hear of one without a site?"

Fair passenger — "What's the matter, captain? You look worried."

Captain — "Fact is, madam, our rudder's broken."

Fair passenger — "Oh, never mind that — it's nearly always under water, and no one will notice it's gone."

Faith even in its extravagance is beautiful — criticism is sharp.

"A Frenchman, having returned home from America, desired to return thanks to a gentleman who had kindly entertained him in his own home. It was with difficulty he commenced his note of thanks, but with the aid of a dictionary the task was accomplished, and the Frenchman sealed it with a sigh of relief. Imagine the American's amusement when he read the closing words, in which he evidently intended to say, 'May you and your family be preserved through all eternity;' but, owing to an unfortunate selection of a word, the Frenchman really wrote, 'Hoping you and your family may be pickled through all eternity, I remain yours truly, —' — *Ex.*

A school teacher one day, during the hour for drawing, suggested to her pupils that each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up.

At the end of the lesson one little girl showed an empty sheet.

"Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

Professor in Psychology — "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?"

Musical Student (thoughtfully) — "Yes, sir; a poor singer in a chorus."

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# » ARLINGTON « HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

Publication Office, High School, Academy Street.

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## THE CLARION

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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## EDITORIAL

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fire place, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

—Emerson.

Once again, winter has assumed command and holds the earth in his icy grip. His subordinate, Jack Frost, is everywhere busy; he is ever on the lookout for stray fingers, ears, noses or toes which he may joyfully take possession of. Jack aspires to be an artist and, following the principle that "practice makes perfect," beautifully adorns our windows during the night. The north wind too joins his forces and with his howling, chilling blasts sweeping from his far away northern home causes us to

gather close round the fire and shiver at the thought of going to school the next morning. With the north wind comes the snow and covers the earth with a white blanket. Very often, strange to say, it covers the ice and, despite the prayers of the hockey players, ruins skating until a place is cleared off, or Nature, taking pity on their sorrowful faces, smiles again and melts the snow.

Christmas is coming, "so is Christmas." There is one time each year when that stock expression loses its force, or rather does it not change its meaning? Already we have begun to gather together presents for our numerous friends and, without a doubt, are secretly wondering what will fall to our share. We are looking forward with joy and impatience to that happy day

and are so full of expectations that we can hardly refrain, when speaking of something about to happen, from adding the well known phrase, "so is Christmas."

A new plan has been introduced into the school during the last two months, namely that of the scholars moving from room to room instead of the teachers. These little pilgrimages from room to room give one a chance to see the rooms where formerly, as Freshman, Sophomore and Junior, he hammered out his daily lessons and, to FRESHMEN, a chance to see the rooms to which they may later aspire if they are good and study hard. Sometimes there is confusion in the hall, but this will cease when everything gets in running order.

In accordance with a state requirement, all the members of the school are having their eyes tested. Mr. Holt is daily proving his ability as an optician without the usual fee attached. The physical laboratory is used for this purpose and from a distance of twenty feet the pupil, first with one eye and then the other, is required to read a chart of letters hung on the wall opposite. Woe to him that has weak eyes.

Nov. 30 the Senior dance took place in Associates Hall. It was a great success in all ways; both in the number of guests present and the good time every one seemed to have. Custer supplied the music and filled an order of sixteen dances and four extras. The matrons were Mrs. Bullard, Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Squire, who distributed the dance orders as the people were ushered in. Every thing went smoothly and punch was served in the anteroom during the whole evening. The net receipt will probably be somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty dollars and will be used by the Senior class to defray the expenses of the Senior Social.

Before the next issue of the CLARION appears, the Senior Social will have taken place. Year after year this custom has been retained and has proved one of the most enjoyable events in the school year. Last year the evening closed with a short dance which proved very pleasant and we hope will be duplicated this year. All members of the school are cordially invited to attend and join with the Seniors in making this evening as enjoyable as those of former years. The nature of the entertainment has not yet been decided upon, but it will no doubt prove as successful as its predecessors. Of course notice of the Social will be given later, but it will do no harm to keep it in mind and anticipate a good time.

With the Christmas number, the CLARION year comes to an end. The work of the present staff is over. Have they been successful? We hope so. At least they have done their best and what more can one do? They are now ready to yield their places to a new set of workers and let us hope these will prove far more successful. But can they be successful without our aid? No. It rests on every one in the school fully as much as on the staff to make the CLARION a success. If the stories are not suitable and interesting, write others which are. How delightful it would be if the editor had so many stories handed in that it would be difficult to select the best. At all times, the staff welcomes criticism and cheerfully receives any suggestions. Our aim has been to make the Arlington High School CLARION a model paper and to keep it at the highest standard, but our work is done. It now rests with our successors to improve on our endeavors and as we lay down the pen and vacate the editor's chair we say with the poet,—

"All's well that ends well."



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### A LEGEND OF BONNE BAY.

There once lived in a small sea-coast village of Newfoundland, near Bonne Bay, two men, twin brothers, who were notorious the country round for their wickedness. They were sailors, and a prodigy of vice to the simple, God-fearing inhabitants.

As their sojourns on land were spent in drinking, bawling and gambling, they naturally became a terror to all the good people thereabouts. My informant even tells me that mothers were wont to warn their youthful progeny against staying too late out-of-doors, lest "the Shaws" should reach from the dark shadow of some tree and clutch them with their awful, bristling hands. Often, in the dead of night, the honest folk would wake in alarm to hear them, returning from some carouse, roaring with hoarse, drunken laughter, or bellying their wicked, ribald sea songs over the startled air. One summer night, it is said, they had passed during a fearful thunder storm, defying the powers above and below, with wild shouts, to destroy them.

One Christmas Eve they were returning, near midnight, from a riotous gambling bout, and awakening all by the way with their drunken noise. As they were passing through a dark piece of woods, they saw dimly, a short distance before them, the figure of a man seated motionless upon a log by the roadside.

At once they hailed him with a volley of curses, demanding his name, his destination, his errand at that unsanctified hour, and threatening the still silent figure in the choicest phrases of their well-exercised vocabulary. Doubtless they were jealous at any one's intrusion in their domain — the night.

Upon coming up to him they beheld, to their actual horror, the most hideous figure and countenance that their bleary eyes had ever looked upon. His body was out of proportion to his enormous head; his scarred features twisted into a most horrible, fiendish grin, and from his shaggy hair — Judge Pluto! — did they not see the ends of horns? With a gasp they turned away and started quickly for home. On glancing back they saw to their alarm that the dreadful shape was up and after them. At once both were seized with a strange, chilling dread, and with rising hair they started a blind, headlong flight, which continued until, gasping for breath, they entered the porch door of their house and slammed it behind them.

As they opened the kitchen door they heard the porch door open and shut; as they opened the stair door, they heard the kitchen door open; as they opened the door of their room, they heard the stair door open; and, jumping, just as they were, into bed, they heard, then saw, the door of the room open, and — he entered!

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They tried in vain to pull the bed-clothes over their bristling heads, to shut out the awful vindictiveness of those gleaming eyes; they were powerless as infants. Nor could they shut their eyes, but were forced to gaze in sickening horror while that dreadful thing came nearer—nearer—nearer—and bent over them.

But at last it bent no nearer. From the bejeweled sky a little star came gliding softly, swiftly, through the window and floated motionless between the infernal spectre and the brothers, who were still rigid with deathly fear. At once the demon started back,—and the star glided away. Again and again he bent over them with pointed fingers upraised, and each time the little bright star came between.

At last the figure withdrew, gritting his jagged tusks with rage; the brothers' features relaxed, and they fainted from fear and exhaustion.

The good folk of Bonne Bay are at no loss to explain the affair of that Christmas Eve, especially since the brothers made "Nevermore" their motto, and were from that night changed men, indulging never in any of their former vices. And I have no doubt that you can explain it as well as they.

CHARLES GOTT, JR., '06.

#### CAMP LIFE.

Dae, Lager — M-m m, that means camp and makes me think of our dear old camp

in the Maine woods. It was a glorious place, this little cottage, facing the mountains so that every morning we could see the rays of the sun cast a radiance over the sky long before the fiery mass itself made its appearance over the summit.

We were situated just in a cove, and on the first night a great storm came up; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, but its fury seemed to pass by our little inlet into the open lake beyond, so that standing on our broad piazza, we saw the great flashes of lightning and heard the roar of the waves as the storm raged.

There were many cottages along the lake shore, but ours was the only one which boasted of a great open fire place; around this we had many glorious times roasting peanuts, toasting marshmallows and telling stories.

Of course in a camp of ten girls and a young chaperone, there is sure to be some tricks played, and we were no exception. One night we made one girl's bed up "pie," that is, folding the upper sheet up double, so it is impossible to sleep in the bed without being cramped. However, Jo, the victim, was not game and refused the challenge for a pillow fight, for that is what it meant.

After thus calmly turning aside our work, we were unceasing in our efforts to tease her, but without success. One night, however, we accomplished our end by robbing

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the stable of one of our neighbors of a handful of stiff horse hairs, and taking these and some sugar, we liberally sprinkled them in the inside of her bed.

About ten o'clock we left for the upper regions for our night's rest, and very soon the last lamp (we took care that it should be our victim's) was blown out and there was great silence until we heard, "For goodness sake, what have those girls been up to?" Then a suppressed whisper, then a giggle and then bedlam let loose. No matter who did it, no matter about anything; wet sponges, pillows, anything that was handy, played its part in the game. And then nothing would do but we must dress and finish our evening around the great, roaring fire.

Perhaps the funniest thing during our camping was the night that four of us spent under the stars. Hammocks were swung under the trees and we were wrapped up warmly and prepared to spend our first

night out doors. The excuse we gave was that we wanted to see the sun rise, but really it was only a lark. We took an alarm clock, a pocket flash light, and some eatables, set the clock for 3.30, a. m., and went to sleep. Early in the morning we woke up, and as none of us had heard the alarm ring, supposed it to be quite early. We looked for the flash light; it was nowhere to be found, for it had fallen to the ground. Just then the alarm rung and, in the confusion, it became tangled in the fringe of the hammock. As we were weak with laughter, we could neither untangle it nor stop it, so we had to leave it hanging there. Then, taking a canoe, we paddled to the upper end of the lake, saw the sun rise gloriously from behind the mountain, and felt amply repaid for our trouble.

Other tricks were — but there still remains Das Lager and the German translation. M. PETTENGILL, '07.

## The Litchfield Studio

Respectfully reminds you that the holiday season is rapidly drawing near.

### GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS

make very attractive Xmas gifts, and we have a few suggestions as to novelties and frames that we should like to mail you with our price list. . . .



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### THE OLD MILL.

One summer four young men were canoeing on one of the rivers of Maine. They stopped at a village where they met an old man who told them of an old mill which they would find a number of miles up the river. They at once decided to go and see this old mill. They went up the river for two days and on the second day they came to the old mill-dam, which had long ago been washed away. The mill itself was in very good condition, considering its age. The lower story, which had been built of stone, was in good repair, but the second story, which had been made of logs, had fallen in. All around the place was the gloomiest forest that can be imagined. The path, or rather remains of a path, was overgrown with briars, pretty sharp ones, too, as the boys found out, much to their discomfort. They went in by the door, which had fallen over, and looked around. The mill was almost as it had been left by the miller, many years ago. They decided to search all over the place for curiosities, as it was a place very likely to have such things. Old bags were piled up all about the mill and the ancient, ponderous machinery was almost intact and was covered with many years' dust. The chutes, which ran from the stones outside, were stained and patched. There was a cellar underneath the mill, which was as dark as night, but they had two lanterns and were well equipped. The walls were made of huge blocks of stone having glistening spots in it. The whole place was filled with bags and barrels, all piled in tiers and all full of what was once some kind of flour. The

cellar was long and damp and as the boys approached the northern corner they felt the dirt floor begin to give way. They did not stop long there, you may be sure. Finally they plucked up courage and dug away two or three inches of dirt and came to some rotten planks. Immediately thoughts of hidden treasure, dark dungeons and gruesome tombs flashed through their minds. Up came the planks and down they all clambered. They were shivering with excitement, when one of the boys called "Ben" found the following cut into the wall: "Ten feet back from the end of flume; east wall; two feet deep." Of course they took an old shovel and hurried to the end of the flume, which was directly under the ponderous old wheel where nobody could see from above. Another one of the boys called "Skipper" broke ground for the discovery. Soon he struck something which clanged and their hearts stopped beating for a second, as he dragged forth a small iron chest. It had two sliding shelves; in one were a few pine-tree shillings, and in the other was a sealed paper. They decided to camp all night in the mill and to examine the paper in the morning. That night everybody slept soundly except "Ben." He was disturbed by visions of iron chests and papers covered with many directions, on wheels-marching in rows, and flying on wings and at last a monstrous iron chest with blazing eyes and enormously long arms dropped from above and was about to land on him — just then he woke up to find "Skipper" vigorously wielding a stout barrel-stave over him.

After breakfast they went below to care-

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fully examine the contents of the chest. They puzzled over the paper awhile and finally concluded that the directions on it meant to take out a big block marked with four crosses. They took the block out, clambered into another passage similar to the first. It was as dark as night and they were going slowly, with the lanterns out, for they only had a little oil. Suddenly they heard an unearthly yell, which sounded like "Ben's" voice. Then they lit the lanterns just in time, for they were on the edge of a ten foot drop, at the bottom of which sat "Ben," ruefully examining himself for broken bones and advising the rest to pick out softer stones than he did to land on. They all clambered down and by the lanterns' light could see what they were in. It was a square room, walled and ceiled with stone blocks, and at one end was a door. In this room were a bed, a chair, a stove and some queerly constructed furniture, with a few old-fashioned cooking utensils on it. Then they ventured through the door. They saw a room similar to the first, but much larger, and in it was a complete foundry of ancient times. Tools of every description were hanging neatly in their places and crucibles, forges and other heavy machinery were there. They built a

fire in a grate under one big machine, and turned a big crank. Then they heard a crunching and bubbling inside and into a crucible from a tube ran a thin yellow stream. It was, without doubt, gold! "Skipper" danced and shouted and they all had visions of vast millions of gold dollars, but after what ore was in the machine was gone they could find no more. Thus vast millions dwindled to fifty-four dollars, the value of what gold they found.

JULIAN HOWARD, '08.

#### PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Everybody knows what a college boy is. And it is a well established fact that a college boy's faculty for doing thoughtless things is particularly well developed.

It was this trait, peculiar to college boys, that made Tom Osgood stop on the way to dress-rehearsal, to inquire about Miss Driscoll's health. Such an act, in itself, was polite and harmless, but, taking into consideration Tommy's role and costume, it was decidedly thoughtless. But a long overcoat and overshoes conceal a ballet-dress so effectually that the wearer himself is sometimes likely to forget.

So it was with Tommy. He rang the doorbell and then stood waiting, as calmly as if pink tights were the regulation suit for an afternoon call. Not until the maid had ushered him into the library did he remember, and, in a panic he started to leave the house, only to be confronted by Miss Driscoll herself in the hallway.

"O-er-er — good afternoon, Miss Driscoll. Er — I thought I heard my dog scratching

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at the door. Confounded pup! Follows me everywhere. Er — O, yes — how are you feeling, after the dance?" "I never felt better in my life," replied the girl, wondering at his confusion. "It was awfully nice of you to call. Won't you come into the library. Let me take your coat."

"O, no!" exclaimed poor Tommy. "I have a cold," and he buttoned his coat a little closer around his neck.

Now Tommy had always had his ideals and Miss Driscoll coincided exactly with his ideal of a girl. But her mother, the strictest of chaperones, had never given him opportunity to approach a subject more personal than proceedings in Panama and the condition of society at the North Pole. On this particular afternoon, however, Mrs. Driscoll had gone to a tea, leaving her daughter without proper chaperonage.

O, it was too good a chance to lose! If he could only forget the chiffon and ribbons underneath his coat, just long enough to say "Be mine."

Clearing his throat bravely, he began "Miss Driscoll — Myra — you must have guessed that — er — (if that button drops off my coat. I'll faint) — er — that — O, confound it. I beg your pardon — I don't know how to propose, but I love you. Could you think of me as a lover, dear? Say, yes! O, you must say yes!"

In his eagerness, he leaned forward so far that the treacherous button rolled onto the floor, his coat burst open, and the astonished girl gazed in amazement at the showy ballet-dress which was revealed.

Tommy leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and tried to think. Such circumstances render thinking difficult. His thoughts ran riot. In despair, he sprang to his feet, flung off his coat, caught the girl in his arms and said "I was going to dress rehearsal. I'm the dancing girl. But I don't care. I love you. And I know now

that you love me, don't you, sweetheart?"

The girl, forgetting to giggle, snuggled close in his arms and whispered "Yes."

But the maid, who had been peeping through the portières, giggled hysterically whenever she thought of the tall, masculine figure, with a tightly-laced waist, legs encased in pink silk, topped by fluffy lacey skirts, a shockingly low-necked bodice, and two bare, muscular arms, holding closely a dainty, dignified young lady, who was looking at the handsome, boyish face above the pink chiffon.

RUTH WHITTEN.

\*

## THE LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF ARTHUR'S COURT.

### A TOURNAMENT.

The veil of darkness had lifted from the dense woods and nearby the quiet aspect of the lake remained undisturbed. A faint glimmer of pink was discerned in the heavens, gradually the color was changing to red and golden tints as the radiant morning sun peeked over the summits of the trees. What a beautiful harbinger of a day destined to be one of the greatest in the history of the Round Table, for there was to be held between Arthur's ardent men "Les Champions Noirs" a tourney, at the end of which either the good or the evil was to come forth victorious.

Inside the court-yard gate everyone was astir, trying to improve each moment in preparing for the great event. It had been resolved to bestow upon a young man that day the distinction of knighthood, for he had sworn to surrender himself earnestly to their vows. Nearly all the knights were present, forming a circle around the raised platform upon which the ceremony was to be performed. The would-be-knight knelt down on a silk cushion in front of Arthur's

seat of honor, while the unsheathed sword was laid upon his right shoulder and all with bowed heads heard the words which were uttered. This day even was he to show his worth by taking part in the tournament.

The horses were brought out and preparations made for the conflict. What a goodly sight that was, the line of knights of erect form in linked armor, and on their arms the golden shields, some looking quite new, others with battle dents plainly visible. Now they have started and we follow them to the scene of the struggle, where already the people are assembled look upon this display of valor. To the waiting mass minutes seemed hours, but soon the line is drawn up and the loud peal of the trumpet sounds forth. With the sound of crashing thunder and the speed of the lightning chain those hostile lances meet and strike each other. Many were unhorsed at the sudden inpetus of the onslaught, but, undismayed, still continue the battle on foot. At first the result was hard to decide, the dark views being often concealed by immense clouds of dust. One and another are borne away almost helpless, while upon the rest falls the severest test of the encounter, not to lose courage in the face of the darkest defeat. The new knight was among the victors and had gallantly won his spurs, for from among the numbers of ladies arose joyous exclamations, and round about Arthur's name was shouted, together with those of his knights.

In the west, the glorious rays of the sun were fading away one by one, a silent witness to a victory which was a just reward for daring valor and goodness of heart, while the shout went up from the throng: — "Long live the Round Table." The glory of knighthood had been nobly maintained and showed itself to be more than a name — the highest ideal of the good and true in mankind. ROLAND B. WELLS, '06.

## CHRISTMAS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Almost hidden among the high hills of North Carolina, lies a quiet little town widely known as a health resort. We spent the winter in this place, several years ago, and, although it is a very interesting spot, we soon exhausted all the amusements, and Christmas day found us in an adventurous mood. Some one proposed going over to "Jimtown" to church. The plan was received enthusiastically and, on our way over, we were joined by a number of other winter visitors with the same object in view.

"Jimtown," the colored settlement of the town, lay, perhaps, a half mile beyond the outskirts and across a small stream which flowed sluggishly along between the long-leaf pines and live oaks on its banks. The colored people, I think, rather resented the attitude of some of the winter people, especially if they showed their amusement too plainly, but if they simply appeared interested and were becomingly solemn, they were very politely received.

The church was hardly more than a wooden shed on skilts, as it were; that is, it was elevated on rough wooden posts, which had never been concealed by any foundation work. The church steps consisted of nothing more than a rather shaky ladder and, having entered, we took our seats on rough benches made of a plank laid across two upright pieces. These seats served the purpose very well as long as everything was perfectly balanced, but if an unbalanced force, in the shape of a very heavy person, was brought to bear on one end of the bench, motion of an alarming nature was very likely to result. We disposed ourselves carefully, therefore, on one end of the benches and waited.

One of the visitors, a rather frivolous young man looking only for amusement, was talking to one of the deacons of the church.

"Well, brother," said he, "how do you find yourself this fine morning?"

"Oh! midlin' poorly, thank you; pooty toler'ble."

By this time the church was well filled with the colored people and a goodly number of visitors. The minister had ascended the platform and sat in a chair behind the pulpit. The deacons sat in a row at the base of the platform. Suddenly we heard a sort of wail, growing louder and louder and more discordant as the whole congregation took it up. High above the rest and more distressingly dismal rose the voice of the minister. Higher and louder it grew and the chanters swayed back and forth and stamped their feet in time to the music. The sound was weird and strange. After this came the sermon, which was rather long, but rendered very interesting by the remarkable use of some long words, to which were given astonishing meanings and awe-inspiring pronounciations. The sermon ended, the deacons came up the aisle to receive the contribution from the white people. The members of the church went up to the platform where, on a small table, were one or two piles of money. At first we could not understand what was going on but we found that they were "making change." The custom was one which they were very careful to observe on every occasion. If you had, for instance, a quarter and felt that you could not give more than ten cents, you could go to the table and put down your quarter, taking back fifteen cents,—more or less. Quite a long time was taken up in this way and then one of the visitors asked if they would sing "Roll, Jordan, Roll." The minister consulted with the deacons and then the contribution money was counted. Finally, the minister announced that "they thought they could do it for twenty-five cents more." So the box was passed again, and evidently they were pleased with the result, for the dea-

cons at once struck up the old familiar hymn. There was something peculiarly stirring about it, in spite of the many lapses from time and key, for they were very much in earnest and sang in a whole-hearted manner.

After this, communion was served and then the old Apostolic custom of feet washing was observed, accompanied the while by a low chant. This was followed by one or two hymns and then the minister suggested that they should take up another collection "in case any more people should have come in." This was done and we were rewarded by another song, at the end of which the minister pronounced the benediction.

We filed slowly up the aisle and, as we came out into the air, the sun was just sinking behind the pines in the west and a reddish light shone over the earth, softening the ugly outlines of the rude buildings in the town. We were all glad to have had this experience, for none of us had realized that such quaint customs were still in use in these modern times, and the simple, unrestrained service was a pleasing contrast to the more formal ceremonies of the handsome churches of the large Northern cities.

MABEL F. BARNES. '08.

---

WATCH FOR THE . . .

## Athletic Association Vaudeville

SOME TIME IN FEBRUARY



Football is past, hockey at last!

Although the whole of the football season was not used, nevertheless the team showed that it was master of the game in the two contests with Winchester and Wellesley. Captain Clifford did very much to benefit the newly organized team. His persistency was shown by procuring a football coach who attends one of our neighboring colleges.

At the last meeting of the Association a committee of five, namely: Taylor, Clifford, Gott, Gray, and Sloan, was appointed to raise the bank account of the Association by whatever method seemed best. As yet there has been no report from above committee, but perhaps its report will surprise us — we hope to our liking. Hodgdon, Clifford and Taylor were also appointed to see the officials of the town in order, if possible, to

obtain an ice-hockey rink. We hope that the officials will endeavor to give them a word of encouragement, if nothing more. It was also resolved at the last meeting that a hare and hound race be held sometime in the near future. There seems to have been some misunderstanding as to those who were permitted to enter the last race. It is now requested by Mr. Scully that every one in the school enter the coming race, in order to make it more exciting and to show the townspeople that the school has some representatives.

Freshmen! Now is your chance to patronize the new treasurer. We hope that the remaining members will not forget to patronize him, also. I think that it will remind you to give that *enormous* fee of ten ( \$.10 ) if you but remember that little saying, "Every little bit helps." The Associa-

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tion received a small amount of money last year through the profitable management of the '05 and '06 girls, together with one or two entertainments, but from this sum has been drawn thirty (30) or thirty-five (35) dollars for football supplies and about six (6) or seven (7) dollars for hockey supplies. Then reckoning the expense for the continuance of hockey, there will not be much with which to meet the expense of the base ball field and supplies. Therefore it is left for the members of the Association and the good will of the pupils to help along the work which is so important to us.

The hockey team has been practising since the first of December, whenever the weather was suitable for the game. On account of the snow and rain the captain has not had sufficient time to coach all the candidates properly, but he expects to bring forth a winning team, if he is not handicapped too much. The five members of last year's team have quickly grasped the main points of the game and with a few more days of hard practice they will have the game down to perfection. Dunbar, Churchill, Hodgdon, Smith, Brooks, Thompson, and White, who are the new candidates, are showing up remarkably well.

The Athletic Committee desired to enter a different league this year, but contrary to their wishes, the team is obliged to play out the entire five years, although it has won the cup three successive years.

The Hockey Schedule for 1906-1907 is as follows:—

- Dec. 15, Winchester High at Winchester.
- Dec. 17, Demeritte School at Arlington.
- Dec. 20, R. M. T. S. at Arlington.
- Dec. 25, Alumni at Arlington.
- Dec. 26, Cambridge Latin at Arlington.
- Dec. 27, Somerville High at Arlington.
- Dec. 29, Dartmouth at Arlington.
- Jan. 2, Newton High at Newton.
- Jan. 3, Roxbury Latin at Arlington.
- \*Jan. 5, Medford High at Arlington.
- Jan. 7, R. M. T. S. at Arlington.
- Jan. 9, Stone School at Newton.
- Jan. 11, Brookline High at Brookline.
- \*Jan. 12, Roxbury High at Arlington.
- Jan. 16, Andover at Andover.
- Jan. 19, St. Marks at Southboro.
- Jan. 22, Everett High at Arlington.
- Jan. 23, Medford High at Medford.
- Jan. 24, Melrose High at Arlington.
- Jan. 26, Winchester High at Arlington.
- \*Jan. 29, Mechanic Arts High at Franklin Field.
- Feb. 1, Newton High at Arlington.
- Feb. 2, Dean Academy at Franklin.
- Feb. 5, Melrose High at Melrose.

\* Interpreparatory league games.



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Four meetings of the Mehr-Licht Verein have taken place since the last issue of the CLARION. The last meeting attended by Fraulein Weeks was held at her home, October 16th, with the latter and Herr Gordon as the committee; there was a large attendance. Fraulein Dickson gave a short talk on Hans Sachs and his play, "Der fahrende Schüler." Fraulein Foster and Dickson were made members of the Verein. In sympathy for Fraulein Wood's illness it was voted to send flowers to this member. The evening ended with a flash-light photograph of the club.

The third assembly of the club was held November 20th at the home of Fraulein Rolfe who, with the aid of Fraulein Anderson, acted as committee. An account of the German dramatist Lessing was given. One of the amusements of the evening was to name in German the requisites for a Thanksgiving dinner; the lists ranged anything from sauer kraut to knives and forks.

The last meeting took place December 4th, with Fraulein Marjorie Wood. Herr Conant spoke on the life and works of the great poet and dramatist Schiller. Various games were played through the evening. Fraulein Dickson was chosen president during the absence of Fraulein Weeks.



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## SCHOOL LOCALS

**Class of 1907.**

According to one of us, King Edward would have done better to have directed his attention toward fishing for "He overcame all Whales"!

Thou young partridge!

It may be considered that there is a password in the High School. It any rate we hear it often enough. Sometimes in whispers, but often it rings out clearly. "The circle whose center is O!"

How many are sorry that the Hall is sometimes too cold?

We Seniors compliment ourselves upon our dance. All those who went, had a very pleasant time and altogether it was a great success.

We learn that the Greeks also had a chair made for two.

By the appearance of those frigid mortals coming up from the Botany room with coats on, we should judge the temperature therein is not of that sort to foster vegetation.

When you are in the corridors in a file, winding about, bumping into people, etc., etc.—just keep your mind on the cretan labyrinth.

As we're sitting at our studies  
And a peaceful calm o'er spreads,  
Then a faint, low, far-off rumble  
Seems above, below, our heads.

Some in terror look about them,  
Thinking soon the floor'll give way  
Others smile but are not frightened,  
While lessons go as best they may.

Not the fate of San Francisco,  
Falls upon our own High School —  
It is only the *gymnastics*,  
We've established by new rule.

We find our "moments" in the Physics class go far from quickly.

**Class of 1908.**

Teacher in German — "Where did the three young men sleep?"  
Pupil — "In Hölle."

Heard in history — The Spartan boys had free lunches.

When Mr. Anderson reached the island he had the crocodile on his heels.

One pupil of the Latin class tells us that in Virgil's time the people stood around with their ears erect when listening to an oration.

Mercury flew by machinery.

Dido threw down her head.

History — Darius could not go into Greece because he died. Good reason.

French — Those who had taken too much were stumbling along the stairs. We hope this does not apply to the ninth grade going up to the hall in the morning.

**Class of 1909.**

In Physics — Why does an apple fall?  
Because the stem broke!

What makes the electric car go? The motorman turning the crank!

Carl Church has resigned his treasure-ship and Bigelow has been elected to fill his place.

What was out with the squash pie?

Who brought the lemon to school?

Wanted — A number of second-hand baby carriages. Call or write, X. L. X., CLARION, 1909.

If at first you don't succeed try, try a lemon.

There are Freshmen of all sorts and sizes;

There are Freshmen both little and great;  
But when it comes to wisdom,

The Sophmores take the cake.

A beautiful and touching little "yell" is offered to 1910, with our compliments: —

We are Freshmen, we have no doubts

We belong with the down and outs.

If he's a Freshman, hit him again.

Ra! Ra! Ra! for 1910.

The Sophmores only dread — desk inspection.

Rostrum is now pronounced roastrum by the more ambitious.

### Class of 1910.

One of the brightest questions asked by a Latin pupil:—

"When we conjugate 'hiemem' (ut domi hiemem) shall we give the vocative case?"

Teacher, severely,— "Master G —, what are you doing that proves so interesting to the pupils around you?"

G —, innocently — "Studyin'."  
Interesting, certainly.

It may benefit some of the pupils in Room II *to know* *how* *standing* aids the growth.

"Set a good example to your underclassmen." A motto admirably set forth by the American History Class in Room III. There are hopes for the Freshmen as far as childishness goes.

Recitation in history:— "Finally several tribes united, with one head." What a grotesque sight!

The demand for red neckties has so increased since the last issue of the CLARION, that extra supplies have been purchased by all dealers in dry goods.

Specimens of Freshman English:—"The horse fell down and killed himself."

"And here is a lock of my husband's hair, which I wedded."

"The Assyrians used ivory, glass, and other *metals*, and had many *bass* reliefs."

Well, we can remember *one* whole whispering recess we have had this year!

Teacher—"What figure of speech do you find in the lines, 'the quivering draw-bridge rocked and rung?'"

Pupil, brightly—"Why, that's an illusion."

A certain Freshman persists in his belief that the word "waiter-lady" is preferable to "waitress."

Freshman boy—"Whoever said 'lingua' was generally feminine struck it pat!"

H —, tragically—"And what wilt thou do with thy *boney* (bonny) wife!"

We find in Latin that the word "senior" comes from "senex" meaning "old man." What, then, are we to think, when, in a certain Senior's desk is found a train of cars!



## EXCHANGES

The "*Elgin High School Mirror*" is a good paper. Its stories are interesting and its cover design is attractive.

Some interesting stories are printed in the "*Red and Black*" and its several other departments are good.

The "*Penant*" prints an essay on "The Art of Conversation" which is interesting.

The Editorial Department of the "*Clarion*," from the West Roxbury High School, is good.

The Exchange Column of the "*Sparks*" is well written. It also contains a good story entitled "The Freshman."

A lady in San Francisco, engaged a Chinese cook. When he came she asked him his name. "My name," said the Chinaman, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I can't remember that, I'll call you John." John smiled and asked, "What is your name?" "My name is Mrs. Melville Langdon."

"Me no remember that, I call you Tommy." — *Ex.*

Pupil (in geometry) — "Oh! I don't know anything!"

Teacher — "That's an axiom."

Pupil — "Why, sir?"

Teacher — "Because its a self-evident truth." — *Ex.*

"What did Caesar say when asked to go to the Capital?"

"My wife won't let me." — *Ex.*

Among our exchanges we find three new ones — "*P. H. S. Argosy*" from Provincetown, Mass., "*The Archon*" from the Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass., and the "*Comus*," from Zanesville, Ohio.

The November number of the "*P. H. S. Argosy*," being the first edition published by the High School, is good. We hope that it will be a great success.

This edition of the "*Archon*" is also the first one published by the Dummer Academy. Each of its several departments is interesting and will, no doubt, prove successful.

The literary department of the "*Comus*" is interesting and the cover design is attractive.

"He put his arm around her,  
The color left her cheek,  
And stayed upon his overcoat  
For just about a week." — *Ex.*

A lady, having been abroad, was describing the various sights to her friends.

"What pleased me as much as anything," she said, "was the wonderful clock at Strassburg."

"Oh! how I should love to see it," cried out a gushing young woman in pink, "I am so interested in such things! And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine too?"

---

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# » ARLINGTON » HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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## EDITORIAL

There is no truer saying than that "History repeats itself" and, while we cannot hope that our school paper will ever make history, still we can say even as others have said so many times before us; "Once more it is time for the old board or managers to give up the work which they have so successfully carried on and for a new one to take up the duties of its office." We well know that our mistakes will be many, but we trust to the charity of our friends to overlook them and not be too harsh in their criticisms.

Friday evening, February twenty-first, the Athletic Association gave its annual Vaudeville Show and Dance. The Arlington Orchestra opened the program with an overture; then the rest of the evening was

given up to school talent. The first play was entitled, "Freezing A Mother-in-law." "It was a talky complication," according to the program, and seemed to please the audience. The next was, "The Dark Tragedian." It was a burlesque of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and brought out many laughs from the audience. Messrs. Squire and Hill rendered mandolin and banjo duets during the evening, which won hearty applause. The entertainment concluded with a short farce entitled "The Rich Miss Poor." Each person acted his part well and made it a "grand finale" to a successful evening. Dancing followed, with the music furnished by the Arlington Orchestra. The proceeds go toward meeting the expenses for our athletics the coming year.

On Lincoln's birthday the first hour of the morning was given up to the commemoration of our martyred President. Mr. Holt opened the exercises by reading the Governor's proclamation and afterwards added a few words to impress upon his listeners the significance of the day. He then introduced Mrs. Hooker who read a story taken from the life of Lincoln entitled, "The Perfect Tribute." This was very entertaining as well as instructive and its rendering was highly appreciated by the school. Very interesting addresses were made by Chaplain Willard, Dr. Crozier and Mr. Frost, who are members of the Grand Army of the Republic. They took their hearers back to the 60's and related incidents connected with Lincoln's life which showed what a great man he was to be able to bear the burdens of the Civil War on his shoulders for four years. Mr. Scully, the last speaker, gave instances of Lincoln's physical strength. The exercises were concluded by singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The school feels proud of the successful season through which Capt. Clifford has just led his hockey team. We hope that by another year the team will find the means for procuring a rink. As all the league games are played in one, the players ought to have the opportunity to become accustomed to the use of a rink before the actual days of the games. This lack also necessitates the going out of town to play many of the games which otherwise could be played at home, as Arlington affords great natural advantages which should be utilized.

It has come to our notice that many members of the school lose their interest in the CLARION as soon as they graduate. What better way could one find to keep in touch with a school from which he has graduated than by subscribing to its paper? And in turn we will try to make it a paper

that will interest graduates as well as undergraduates.

Although Miss Weeks is not with us this year her name is often heard in the classrooms or in the corridors and those fortunate enough to receive letters from her, sometimes favor the less fortunate by reading extracts from them.

The report comes to us that Miss Rachel Norton, A. H. S. '06, has been elected president of the Freshman Class at Radcliffe. This makes the third class president that our school has furnished Radcliffe College within five years.

This year the school and some of its friends have profited by the income from the Pratt Fund in three instances.

The first time we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Drew give a lecture on "China and Its Customs." Mr. Drew has spent many years in China and is well qualified to talk on such a subject. He told of many of the social customs of the Chinese and explained the system of examination in the Chinese schools. These are very hard and our own seem simple compared with those in China.

Another time the hall was well filled to hear Mr. George Riddle present Shakespeare's Macbeth. Mr. Riddle who is well known as a Shakesperean reader, gave very great pleasure to his audience, which considered itself most fortunate to hear him.

On March fifteenth Mr. Ellsworth Huntington gave a lecture about "A Camel Trip in the Unexplored Salt Desert of Chinese Turkestan." Mr. Huntington was aided in his talk by illustrations which were thrown on our new stereopticon curtain.

The Bema Debating Club has been re-organized with Mr. Grayson Wood as president. We wish the society every possible success and trust the forensic contests will be well attended, as much benefit may be derived from them. Why not have a girl's debating team to compete with one from the boy's club?



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### TO 1907.

There are classes great in number,  
 There are classes small but bright,  
 But among the *famous* classes  
 Oughty-seven's a shining light.

Both in numbers and in actions,  
 We bear out that famous rule,  
 That the quantity's no matter,  
 If the qualities but do.

Although few we are courageous,  
 And our voices "*trusted steel*,"  
 And we drift in seats of honor  
 Like a ship without a keel.

Life is real but life is earnest,  
 For we have a song to sing  
 Of a "*Lovely Rose*" in summer,  
 Blooming by a bubbling spring.

O! what great debates we seniors  
 Argue in the Junior room,  
 That the children following after,  
 May not go astray too soon.

Then there comes the Senior Social,  
 Greatest happening of the year,  
 When our noted band of actors  
 On the stage once more appear.

Last upon our varied program  
 Graduation time comes round,  
 When we speak those famous speeches  
 Ne'r forgotten in this town.

But, like all *good* things we know of,  
 Oughty-seven has an end,  
 And on leaving school behind it,  
 Must sever friend from friend.

MAC TAYLOR, '07.

### AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The preparations had been entirely completed, and a small party of men stood on the forward deck of the strongly built steam yacht, discussing their project which was about to be tried. The vessel was amply provisioned for a long cruise. The men who stood on deck were making final preparations to leave, for on the morrow the ship was to depart for Arctic regions on an attempt to reach the pole. Captain Randall's boyhood dream of making an expedition to the North Pole was about to be realized. By the help of influential men, he had been provided with a powerful sea-going yacht. He had selected the supplies, and had chosen the crew with great care. In short, he had made every effort to insure success in his undertaking.

On the next day, amidst cheers and acclamations, the Mayfair slipped her anchor and steamed slowly down the harbor. During the next few weeks she worked her way up to the coast to the vicinity of Baffin's Bay, which was to be the base of operations. The last part of her cruise was dangerous in the extreme and constant watchfulness was the only thing which prevented instant destruction by icebergs and floating ice.

Leaving the Mayfair with a small guard, when they could penetrate no farther by sea, they pressed on with sledges and dogs. Only the absolute necessities were

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**A. O. SPRAGUE.**

taker, but even then the sledges were heavy. They pressed on over the ice hummocks and ridges until evening; then they halted and fed the dogs, pitched their tent and set about preparing their own meal. In the days that were to follow, this meal usually consisted of either "Lobsousse," a mixture of pemmican and dried potatoes, or Fiskegraten, made from fish meal, flour and butter, with bread, butter and chocolate. After the evening meal the tent flap was pulled across and each crept into his deerskin sleeping bag, buckled the flap down over his head, and was soon asleep. Arising early in the morning, they cooked a simple breakfast and broke camp as soon as possible.

During the following days they were beset with innumerable mishaps and difficulties. The dogs would become tangled in their harness, which would become a veritable skein of ice ropes. The sledges in going over hummocks would often upset, throwing all their precious provisions and supplies out on the ice. The farther north they penetrated, the longer the days became and soon they were in the land of the midnight sun. The terrible exertions produced their result on the men. They frequently fell asleep while walking on their

snow-shoes, and were rewarded by a violent fall forward. Exhaustion would soon overpower both man and beast. To add to their sufferings, the men were afflicted with what is known as the "Arctic Thirst." Putting snow in the mouth to assuage it, is like putting fuel on the fire, and only makes the thirst more acute. Finally, on the twenty-fourth day of their foot journey, they were obliged to stop. From a view point of considerable height they looked all around, but nothing presented itself to view except ice hummocks and snow on every side. Advance was impossible, and the only thing to do was to retreat to the Mayfair.

On the return trip to the Mayfair the kayaks were used for the first time to ferry their goods over open stretches of water. After a hard journey of twenty days they reached the yacht, almost totally exhausted. As soon as the weather moderated enough to allow the yacht to be released from the strong grip of the ice fields, it steamed southward to B. Finn's Bay to await the next spring to try again to wrench the coveted secret of the way to the Pole from the grim mountains of snow and ice which keep perpetual guard over it.

CHESTER W. WHITE, '03.

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Cures Chapped Hands or Face, Chapped  
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## A TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

DEDICATED TO A. F. H.

Even though the title's dry,  
It's just the crust of a juicy pie;  
And I advise you, if you're willing,  
To cut the crust and see the filling.

Before Dan's daddy made his mon,  
The fam'ly hadn't had much fun;  
So when he struck it rich, he thought  
That he would buy a pleasure yacht,  
And, going with his family,  
Sail away, the world to see.

He bought a yacht with sails and steam;  
'Twas sixty feet across the beam;  
Five hundred feet from stem to stern;  
All made of wood that couldn't burn;  
Two screw propellers, with the power  
To move at thirty knots an hour,  
Two masts there were with sails to match,  
All snowy white, without a patch.

Such was the craft that sailed away,  
Steaming sedately out of the bay,  
One beautiful, glorious, sparkling day.  
And Dan's daddy and mother and sister and he  
Were fin'ly embarked upon the blue sea.  
Daddy told captain to sail first of all  
To Washington city, the great capital.  
As soon as the yacht was on the high seas,  
They spread out the sails to a fav'able breeze.

The sky was deep blue  
And the ocean was too,  
The wind round them lashed,  
The spray past them dashed,  
And the white caps all flashed,  
As the ship ploughed them through.

When the bright sun was gone  
Then the twilight came on,  
And then pretty soon  
Up rose the bright moon,  
And a lullaby croon  
Drifted up from the waves.

The next morning Danny got up with the sun,  
For the happiest time of his life had begun;  
The sky was still clear, but the wind was not  
blowing

So the captain then started the engines agoing.  
Then the ship fairly flew,  
As it cut the waves through,  
And during the day reached Chesapeake Bay.  
Then daddy and mother and sister and Dan,  
Left the ship in the good care of old Capt. Mann.

Directly they set out for Washington city  
Where they looked up a house both attractive  
and pretty.

The Ebbitt House suited them just to a T,  
So they hired three rooms, the best they could see.  
They had a good supper and went to bed soon,  
And didn't do much 'till the next afternoon.  
The Congressional Library they honored first,  
And while on the way, upon their sight burst  
The magnificent capitol, stately and grand,  
In which are the law makers of all the land.  
Our travellers looked around them with awe,  
When in the library building they saw  
The pillars and stairways, the gall'ries and halls,  
The statues and paintings all over the walls;  
They spent so much time in looking around  
That this day they didn't get over much ground.  
But some one had told them to go there at night  
And look at the wonderful building alight.  
The informant had said that it really would pay,  
So they planned to some evening fore they went  
away.

They started for Arlington on the next day,  
And enjoyed some fine views as they went on  
their way,  
The national burying ground and Lee's home  
Are attractions for people who round there do  
roam.

Dan's fam'ly got back at about two o'clock,  
And after their dinner they took a long walk.  
They went round the White House grounds,  
shaded with trees,  
They smelled of the flowers, and got stung by  
bees;

When tired of this, they made their course lie  
To Washington Monument rising so high.  
Going back past the capitol, they did arrive  
At their com'table rooms at just half-past five.

The next day was pleasant, and Dan's family  
sprinted  
To see where the bills of all values are printed.  
The shiny green ink fairly covered the place,  
And 'twas plastered all over each man's hands  
and face.

Then the White House they went to, the inside  
to see;  
When they got to the east room, Dan's daddy  
said "Gee."  
They went to the Treasury building next day;  
The gold vault was open, and there the gold lay.  
Tied up in bags, and piled up so high,  
That Dan wondered how much with it all he  
could buy.

The same day across the Potomac they went,  
And saw the old home of our first President.  
The dwelling, the barn, the coach house and dial,  
The stove on which water at one time did bile.  
They looked in each room through a small iron  
gate  
And there they saw dresses and beds out of date.  
The coach and the spinet came under their eye,  
And the key of the Bastille the fam'ly did spy.  
The next day they went to the great capitol;  
In the room with the echo, they heard their  
guide call,  
The rotunda they entered, looked up to the dome,  
Saw the great judges, and then they went home.  
They went to the Museum that afternoon,  
Saw old relics, including the gun of D. Boone.

The next day they set out to make the ascent  
In the elevator, of the tall monument.  
That evening they planned to see, after their sup,  
The marvellous library all lighted up.  
In view of this purpose, Dad went out and hired  
A handsome new carriage with wheels rubber-  
tired.  
The evening was quiet, the heavens were clear,  
In truth 'twas a night without any peer.

They were now on their way,  
The horse trotted along;  
Not a word did they say,  
Although nothing was wrong;  
'Twas the spell of the night  
That kept them so still;  
'Twas the charm of the stars  
That made their hearts thrill;  
And it seemed to their eyes  
As they looked all around  
As though stars from the skies  
Had come down to the ground,  
And falling on buildings and streets, twinkled on,  
With no sun nor moon to make their light wan.

With a cry of delight our travellers sighted  
The library building, all brilliantly lighted,  
They'd heard of the place where the gods lived  
in bliss,  
And wondered if that could be grander than this.  
But they doubted no longer, when inside they  
went,  
For placed beside this, the god's home was a  
tent,  
They stood for some time, amazed at the sight,  
And their eyes were quite dazed with the daz-  
zling light,  
And when they drove back, their hotel to seek,  
They thought what a fine time they'd had in  
that week,  
For their sojourn was o'er, and the stars in the  
sky  
As they twinkled and blinked, seemed to bid  
them good-bye.

KENNETH CHURCHILL, '08.

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**SOME LEGENDS OF THE HARTZ.**

While we were travelling this summer in the Hartz Mountains, we stopped for about a week at the village of Brietungen, a little place with a big name. The village consists of about fifty houses, clustered together in a picturesque hollow between the hills. Behind the village, on the slopes of the hills, is a dense forest through which there are many beautiful walks. The trees are so close together that there is no sunlight there, even on a bright, sunny day. On the other side of the village the land slopes much more gently and here the people have their farms.

We spent most of the time while we were there, rambling through the woods or driving to the near-by villages. One day we found at the foot of a steep cliff, a pretty grassy hollow about which we were told an interesting story.

The villagers were accustomed to come to this valley every year to cut hay. One summer, about ten years ago, they cut it and had it ready to take in as usual. Some of the villagers were in the field one morning, piling it up, when they noticed that the ground was getting moist. In a little while the water was up to their ankles. They immediately went to the town for teams to haul the hay away. But their ox-teams were naturally slow, and by the time they had arrived, the water was up to the men's knees and continuing to rise. After some work they managed to get their hay home. The water stayed in the hollow about a month and then disappeared as quickly as it had come. And now comes the strangest part of the story! The old men of the village who remember this strange occurrence, say that there were fish in the water and, to prove this, they declare that they themselves caught and ate some of them. (Really, I did not mean this to be a fish story.)

One afternoon a few days later, we took a carriage and, with our friend, drove to the village of Questeburg, about four miles distant. Our friend told us that there was an odd legend connected with the village. While we were driving along the winding country roads, she told us the following story:

"The little village of Questeburg lies in a very narrow hollow between two hills. On one of these hills there was, formerly, a castle, the ruins of which still remain. The baron who lived in the castle at the time of my story, had one daughter, a very beautiful little girl. One day in early spring, she went out in search of flowers and got lost. Although the servants of the castle hunted for a long time, they could not find her. So the baron ordered the seven surrounding towns over which he had control, to send men to look for his daughter. All the villages except one, the town of Roda, obeyed and the little girl was found at last, sitting on a rock on the opposite hill making wreaths of flowers. But the baron was very angry with the town of Roda because they did not obey him. He determined to punish the inhabitants. He said that every seven years, these people should cut, in their own village, a huge oak tree with seven branches; to represent the seven towns, and should haul it to Questeburg; then they should drag it up to the hill where the little girl was found; here they should set it up and hang wreaths and tassels of flowers on it. Every year they were also to renew the wreaths. The people also had to send a man to Questeburg, where he was to perform certain ceremonies. After that he was given a large, round cake of which he was to eat a piece. Then he could return to his home. From this strange legend of the Questebaum, as the tree which is placed upon the hill is called, the village has obtained its name of Questeburg.

"Strange as it may seem, this custom is practised now and every seven years, on the day when a new tree is set up, there is a great festival. There are also smaller festivals when the wreaths are renewed. One year not long ago, the people of Roda sent a man to perform the ceremonies who was a little simple. He did that all right and was given a large cake and left alone. In about a half an hour the pastor came back and found him sitting there crying, with the half-eaten cake in his hand. He asked the poor fellow what the matter was. 'Oh!' cried the man, 'this cake is so big that I cannot eat it all, and what will the people do to me?' The poor man thought he had to eat the whole cake and all he had been able to do was to eat off the rim all the way around."

By the time the story was finished, we were near the village. We left the carriage and followed a narrow path which led constantly up hill. After a short walk through the woods, we came to an open space and there stood the Questebaum. It was a huge tree with seven branches, stripped of its own leaves, but adorned with faded wreaths. We found we were on a high hill and far below us lay the village. We could see our carriage and the driver standing beside it, but he looked like a dwarf, he was so far below us. On the opposite hill we could see the castle. We went down the hill by a steep path and, after resting a while, my friend and I started to climb the other hill to the castle. It was a steep hill, too, and we were out of breath when we reached the ruins. But I was paid for the trouble, for here were real ruins that had not been restored at all. We wandered around awhile and soon could trace, plainly, the outer wall. By passing through a large archway, we entered what seemed to be the inner court. Along the walls, at regular intervals, were projections of stone

that probably were former decorations. We found two deep cellars leading from the court. One of them was very well preserved, but the other was so full of dirt and leaves that we could not stand upright in it. There was also a tower, with walls about four feet thick. After we had finished exploring the place, we returned to the village and met the rest of our party. The carriage was ready and we were soon on our way back to Breitungten.

IDA F. PEIRCE, '08.

#### AN OLD-FASHIONED SUGAR-PARTY.

"Can't we have a sugar-party, mamma? Papa says he's going to sugar off to-morrow, and we can have some of the boys and girls here if you don't care. I know you'll let us, won't you?" Thus we burst in upon our mother one mild day in April, all eagerness for her consent. "We can telephone round to the different ones, and papa says that he will rig up a hay rack, and will let us have Tom and Topsy to bring them out." Our mother thought a minute, and then gave her consent. So we telephoned to about thirty of our friends to come out the next day for an old-fashioned "sugaring-off," and a good time. They accepted eagerly and promised to be ready at half-past one.

The next morning we fried a lot of doughnuts, those delicious twisted ones, unsweetened, that always go with maple-sugar. We laid them lightly into baskets to send up to the sugar-house, about half a mile away. We added to them pickles, cream cheese and peanuts, the proper accompaniments to a sugaring-off. Meantime the boys were busily engaged in whitening out paddles, also essential, for the experienced sugar lover scorns to use a spoon.

Right after dinner my brother Jack and I started for town, returning with a jolly load, all ready for an afternoon's fun. We stopped a minute at the house, and then climbed the hill to the sugar place.

There everyone was eager to see the process of sugar-making. They gathered around the evaporator, into which the sap flows from large tubs outside, and where it is boiled down to the syrup stage. Then they saw it drawn off and put into another big pan over a steel arch, where it is boiled down to sugar.

"Oh, come here, quick!" shouted one of the girls from the door. The rest rushed out to see the big holders filled with sweet sap coming from the woods. They all hurried up the bank, where it was being unloaded through long tubes, and tasted the sap.

Soon the smell of the sugar and the cries of those of us who had remained in the sugar house recalled them, to find great

pans solidly packed with fresh snow, piles of doughnuts and the other appetizers that help one to eat almost any amount of sugar.

At just the right point the rich golden syrup was dropped from the great ladles upon the snow, where it waxed to that luscious point which every one remembers who has ever been to a sugar-party. Every one fell to with a will, and sugar and accessories disappeared as dew before the sun. Some grained the sugar in saucers, while others preferred it with a paddle fresh from the snow. After we had eaten all we could we went outside and played various lively games, and then returned and began all over again.

Thus we passed the afternoon with a jolly good time, and sunset came all too soon, when our friends left us for their homeward journey, gayly expressing their appreciation of the afternoon's fun.

CAROLINE D. HIGGINS, 08.

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The action which the town took in agreeing to pay the rental of Lawrence's Field for the coming year takes a great burden off from the shoulders of the members of the Athletic Association. The boys greatly appreciate the work of those who were instrumental in bringing about the passing of this article at the town meeting.

The management wishes to call the attention of readers of the CLARION to the excellent line of business houses that advertise in this paper. It is from this source that most of the revenue is obtained and the readers greatly aid the managers in making the paper a success by patronizing its advertisers.

The social event of the season for the

school took place on Friday evening, March 22, in Cotting Hall. On that night the Seniors entertained the school and their friends in a most successful manner. The entertainment consisted of a violin solilo by Miss Dorothy Bullard, the president's greeting by Mr. Crayson B. Wood and a play entitled, "Tommy's Wife." This last received enthusiastic applause and brought out many humorous situations by the clever acting of the performers. After the entertainment a social hour was enjoyed, during which the Juniors served refreshments. Dancing brought the evening to a close and many congratulations were showered upon the Seniors for their untiring efforts to make the evening an enjoyable one.



The hockey team has had remarkable success this season, only being beaten three times, twice by Andover and once by Harvard Freshmen. It also has the honor of holding the championship of Greater Boston. The deciding game was with Newton. When the whistle blew, the Newton boys started out with a rush and it seemed as though it was a sure victory for them. Our defense, by clever work, kept their forwards from scoring until Clifford suddenly seized the puck and pushed it down the ice. After this the puck was kept in Newton's territory most of the time. Our goal was threatened twice, but by brilliant work the point and goal kept the Newton men from scoring. In the first half Sloan broke his skate and, with one of the Newton men, was put out of the game until he was once more in condition to enter it. Although we

suffered many misfortunes, we ended the game with a score of 4-0. As we were champions of Greater Boston, we received many challenging letters from the surrounding States, but only took the challenge of Rhode Island. We met the great champions of "Little Rhody" on Spy Pond. In the beginning it seemed as though neither side would score, but by hard work our plucky seven defeated the Rhode Island boys with a score of 2-0. So the Arlington High Seven may not only claim the championship of Greater Boston, or perhaps Massachusetts, but even of Rhode Island. Although the hockey team suffered three defeats, none, however, was by a High School team. The Athletic Association voted to present the members of the hockey team with sweaters, which we all know is nothing more than they deserve. The new

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players getting their "A" were Dunbar, Churchill and Brooks. Those getting sweaters were Capt. Clifford, Mgr. Hodgdon, Sloan, Taylor, Brooks, Grey, Bullard and Dunbar.

Let us rejoice that the members of the Athletic Association have enough spirit to organize a track team. We are not doing our duty when we look upon them with scorn. The track team only met defeat twice, once with Medford and once with Winchester, whereas the hockey team suffered three defeats. Think of it! We hope in the ensuing year that we may produce a track team which will suffer no defeat.

The vaudeville which was given February 21 met with great success, everything running like clock-work (even the actors and actresses). Every plan that the Vaudeville Committee could think of for obtaining money was put into execution. The committee ought to be congratulated for carrying out so difficult a task as running a vaudeville. The bright sayings which were on the third page of the program encouraged a few smiles, even though the show did not succeed in causing a continued roar. The entire amount has not as yet been turned into the hands of the treasurer, but he estimates that the amount cleared will be in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty dollars.

The organization of a boat crew has been much discussed among the members of the Association. At last an Athletic meeting was held and, after hearing much discussion on both sides of the question, the members voted to have a crew. Mr. Wendell Grey was elected captain pro tem. We understand that the crew is to have the use of sculls belonging to the Boat Club. We are also very glad to hear that the crew is under the supervision of graduate coaches. This is the first attempt at such a sport,

but, nevertheless, we hope for the best results, which can only be obtained by faithful work.

Although three of the best members of last year's ball team have graduated, Captain Taylor hopes, however, to produce a winning team. Diligent practise is now being held in the basement three times a week, in order that the pitchers may be in fine condition when it is time for out-door practise. The loss of the fast hitters and fielders of last year's team will be greatly felt. Hicks, who was a star pitcher, has graduated and seems to be a promising candidate for the Harvard Freshman team. The great difficulty is to produce good pitchers, and this year we must depend on new material.

The base ball schedule for 1907 is the following:

|           |                                |
|-----------|--------------------------------|
| April 10, | Roxbury L. S., Arlington       |
| April 13, | Open                           |
| April 16, | Roxbury High, Arlington        |
| April 19, | Boston English High, Arlington |
| April 22, | Dedham High, Arlington         |
| April 24, | Mechanics Arts High, Arlington |
| April 27, | Commerce High, Arlington       |
| April 30, | Volkman School, Allston        |
| May 2,    | Rindge M. T. S., Cambridge     |
| May 4,    | Auburndale School, Arlington   |
| May 7,    | Cambridge L. S., Arlington     |
| May 11,   | Gloucester High, Arlington     |
| May 14,   | Tufts 2nd, Arlington           |
| May 16,   | Ballou & Hobigand, Arlington   |
| May 18,   | Concord High, Concord          |
| May 21,   | Winchester High, Winchester    |
| May 27,   | Newton High, Newton            |
| May 30,   | Gloucester High, Gloucester    |
| June 1,   | Winchester High, Arlington     |
| June 4,   | Wellesley High, Wellesley      |
| June 8,   | Reading High, Arlington        |
| June 12,  | Somerville High, Somerville    |
| June 17,  | Norwood High, Norwood          |

The candidates who have reported to Captain Taylor are as follows: Perley, Scannell, Hodgdon, Anderson, Dineen, Kelley, Rolfe, Clifford, Rowse, Hutchinson, Puckley, Murray, Stubbs, O'Brien, Smith, Johnson, Storer, I. Hill and Heckbert. Sloan, Soderquist and Brooks are expected to fill the pitcher's box and will try to keep up its past standard.

## CLUB NOTES

Five meetings of the Mehr-Licht Verein have taken place since the last issue of the CLARION. The first took place at the home of Miss Alice Tracy, December 20th, who was assisted by Miss Mary Connolly. The weather kept many from coming out, but nevertheless, the evening was pleasantly passed with songs and games.

The next meeting occurred January 3d, at Miss Clara Livingstone's. The play, "Finer muss heiraten," was given in full by Frauleins Livingstone and Whilton, Herrens Guibord and Squire.

A very important assembly of the club was held at 1 Newman Way, January 24th. Herr Adams, a native of Germany, spoke very entertainingly on the life and works of the great poet and dramatist Schiller;

Herr Adams is at the head of the Boston Academy of Languages on Boylston Street. There was a large attendance; Mr. and Mrs. Scully were present, the latter having kindly consented to sing for the club in German.

A meeting was held at the home of Miss Florrie Whilton on Mystic Street. Few were able to attend, but the time was agreeably spent.

The last meeting took place March 7th, with Miss Elsa Anderson, assisted by Mr. John M. Taylor. Miss Dixon gave the life of Goethe in German. The meeting was all the more enjoyable, since it was the hostess' birthday.

PAUL C. SQUIRE, '07, SEC.

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"She offered herself to him voluntarily."  
It must have been leap year.

No wonder the Greeks were "clear-voiced speakers" if they have bronze thoraxes.

"Will you stay at home to-night?"

"Yes, if you want me too."

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FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

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See if the Botany class can tell you what a mushroom is.

Talk about Burke's eloquence? Just listen to the Seniors!!

All those who do not attend the exquisite performance (date soon to be announced) will be fined one dollar. This is more than the price of a ticket. Come to help the boys!

**Class of 1908.**

Juniors don't pay so much attention to the Senior debates.

Watch for the girls' entertainment! Don't fail to see it.

We heard in the American history class that Champlain founded the lake which bears his name.

We heard from a member of ancient history class that in olden times the people of Spain and Gaul were fresh.

Heard in chemistry: When in doubt "take a water bath."

Andromache in ashes offered sacrifices to Hector.

No wonder the thermometer broke after falling four feet.

Don't be afraid that the tables will bite you.

Aeneas fired the Queen.

**Class of 1909.**

Isn't it strange what makes that desk snap so?

Please how do you say the word for peaches? Stung again!

Fibo says that zeros count up fast.

One of the Latin scholars recently had great trouble with one of those "despondent" verbs.

The French class finds great enjoyment in the story of the "Teddy bears."

The lunch counter looks good from our room.

Now 1909 show your spirit by getting about four members on the crew.

When in doubt, pay your class dues.

**Class of 1910.**

The Class of 1910 now knows that to call their pins "H-a-s beens" is an unfounded criticism, for "the letter at the vertex should be read at the center." We advise our upper classmen to apply their geometry. At any rate "it is better to be a 'has been' than to be a 'never was.'"

(No insinuations.)

We are told that P — n has "gone on a

strike." A certain Sophomore would like to be informed as to what that means.

In mythology : " Mr. W——, you may tell us the attributes of the goddess."

" Well, she had a charm about her, that's all I know."

Just like a boy !

A sneeze,

Mr. B ——, " Were those your feet ? "

Miss L —— " When they went to find Ulysses, they found him sowing salt with an ox and an ass, mixed ! "

Queer breed.

We have bidden adieu to algebra, but we may meet again !

Because of the resignations of Brine and

Church, who formerly held the offices of president and vice-president, respectively, Perley and Peirce have been elected to fill those positions.

" Now, for instance, Mr. ——, the hockey team has a good, — what ? "

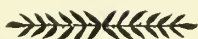
" Opinion of themselves ? "

( Which was speedily denied. )

Account of the Battle of Marathon.  
" When the Persians advanced, the Athenians did the same, with their wings outstretched, and closed them about the enemy."

Angelic affection for both.

Revised geometry definition : A straight line is a stretched line.



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## EXCHANGES

Many of the exchanges which we receive do not seem to realize the importance of having a neat, attractive cover and good quality paper. A great many people are apt to judge the contents of a paper by its cover, and we feel that in this way many of our exchanges do not do themselves justice. It does not seem right to print good stories on poor paper. A good cover and good paper add forty per cent to the worth of a school paper.

The Pittsburgh High School "*Journal*" is one of our best exchanges. It has a simple, yet attractive cover and the whole paper is much improved by numerous well drawn cuts.

"*The Academy Bell*," Fryeburg, Me., has the best cover design we have seen and it contains an excellent argument on "The Japanese School Question in California."

### LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN !!!

In Bridgeport Conn. A large number of exchange items. Finder please return the same to the "*Epsilon*."

"The Mystery of the Haunted Inn," in "*The E. H. S. Record*," Boston, deserves

much credit as a bright and original ghost story.

"*The Item*," Dorchester High School, has a well developed literary department, but the February issue lacks an exchange column.

"What Sandusky Bay Offers to Sandusky Boys," in the January number of "*The Fram*," has a fine moral which applies as well to Arlington and other places as to Sandusky, O.

SCANDAL!!! SCANDAL!!!

(For boys only.)

I knew you'd turn this upside down and read it. You wouldn't be a girl if you didn't.

"Where's your pa?"

"Out ter the barn, shingling."

"The barn?"

"Naw, Billy." *Ex.*

St. Peter "Where from?"

Student "Arlington High School."

St. Peter "Did you pay your CLARION subscription?"

Student "No-o-o."

St. Peter  *Ex.*

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## WILD ANIMALS.

The camel is an animal that always has its back up about something. He can go a long time without water, but we have men that can beat the camel.

The bear is a big hairy animal that never gets a shave. He is an affectionate beast and likes to give everyone a hug. People use bear skins to sleep in. I slept in my bare skin one night and almost froze to death. *Ex.*

Rejected Freshman Suitor. "I may be poor, but nevertheless I ride in a carriage."

Sympathetic Girl "Yes, when your mother pushes it." *Ex.*

Teacher. "How long a time did you spend over your lesson last night?"

Pupil. "Ten hours."

Teacher. "That's not true. You know absolutely nothing about it."

Pupil. "Honest, I did. I chucked the lesson under the bed." *Ex.*

"We had a dream the other night,  
When all around was still,  
We dreamt that each subscriber came  
Right up and paid his bill. *Ex.*

Teacher (in English). "John, how would you punctuate this sentence, 'I saw a

beautiful girl going down the street?'"

John "I would make a dash after the girl." *Ex.*

"He bought a bright new postage stamp,  
This up-to-date young chap,  
Then rounded all the corners off,  
And wore it for a cap." *Ex.*

"The Freshman studies sure enough;  
The Soph will sometimes swerve;  
The Junior most depends on bluff;  
The Senior on his nerve."

Mrs. Callahan "Moike! Moike!! woke up, its toime to take y' insommia midicine." *Ex.*

"I always heard that fleas were black,  
And so I'd like to know  
Where Mary got that little lamb,  
Whose "fleas" was white as snow. *Ex.*

"A Freshman went to Hades once,  
Thinking that he might learn;  
They sent him back to earth again.  
He was too green to burn!" *Ex.*

A ten year old boy, having been asked by his fond mother to say grace one morning, glancing over the table, promptly responded:

"Oh, Lord, do that trick again,  
We have only three biscuits for ten." *Ex.*

Professor. "What is a rudder?"

Pupil. "A stern necessity." *Ex.*



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## EDITORIAL

Although the graduating class of 1907 will not be missed next year so far as numbers are concerned, yet their absence will be felt in a different and much deeper way for though few in number, they have added greatly to the enjoyment of the other classes by their presence.

Saturday night April 27, the girls of the Senior and Junior classes presented "Mose" a three act comedy, in Town Hall. It was a college play and many scenes were brought in with good effect. The cast was coached by Mr. Robert H. Burnham of Boston and without an exception each one in it carried out his part well. The cast was as follows :

Mose, a foot-ball hero,   Wendell Grey, '08  
Frank Thornton, weak but not wicked,  
                                  Gardner Bullard, '08

Thurston Hall, who makes mistakes,  
                                  Julian Howard, '08  
Billy Holt, the inevitable freshman,  
                                  Paul Squire  
Henry Warwick, a product of yellow journalism,  
                                  Arthur Rolfe, '08  
Society Smith, one of the boys,  
                                  Henry Bollman, '07  
Rodney, another,           John Taylor, '07  
Summer, another,       Kenneth Churchill, '08  
Hayden, another,       Philip Dunbar, '08  
Thomas Edward, l'enfant terrible,  
                                  Robert Lusk, '10  
Moses' Father,           Philip Dunbar, '08  
Eleanor Thornton, who loves a man for his strength,  
                                  Clara Livingstone, '07  
Anne Schuyler, who loves a man for his weakness,  
                                  Ida Peirce, '08  
Edythe Burne Jones, an impressionist from the "provinces," Gertrude Whelton, '07  
Betty Carewe, who loves a freshman,  
                                  Dorothy Bullard, '07



**LITERARY DEPARTMENT****PLAYING BASE BALL.**

"Baseball practice at four," read Phil, surveying carefully the bulletin board. "Same old story. Won't I be glad when next Saturday's over with. We've just got to lick those fellows, though. Hope I get a show."

Philip Thornton was a freshman and on the varsity squad. That certainly was an honor. It was now the last week of the season and the annual game with Brown was coming off Saturday. Phil was sub third baseman, and as things stood had little chance of playing in the game. It was not customary to give freshmen their H's unless they earned them by playing in this annual game, so naturally, Phil was a bit downcast. Yet he whistled as he walked to the locker building and got into his baseball togs. Four sharp saw him on the field and bundled up in a sweater waiting his turn at third which came soon.

"Thornton," yelled the coach, "get down third awhile, hurry! Come on now fellows, first man up, no out! What do you say? Fast now! Shoot it over to first. Now try a double. Oh, snap the ball right along; don't wait to stand up."

For fully half an hour the coach kept up this continuous string of talk, after which he started anew with batting practice. Half-past five saw Thornton slowly settling himself for a little study before supper, which was ready at six. About seven several fellows dropped in, and when they left it was time to go to bed for Coach Cuddy

was very strict on early hours.

The days passed slowly, but at last Saturday, the day of all days, when it was again to be decided whether Hartford was better than Brown, came.

Three o'clock struck just as the umpire, with a new white ball in each hand, called the game and uttered those words which rise excitement to the highest pitch: "Play Ball!"

Brown was at bat, Hartford in the field; back of the catcher in a large arc stretched the bleachers from first to third. Now they were a mass of brilliant color and flags of both brown and red. Cheers echo and re-echo from one side to the other; but, look, the game is on. The Hartford pitcher has begun his motion, now he unwinds and the white ball shoots over the plate. "Strike one!" yells the umpire. The first man up flies out to left field; the second, the Brown captain, is safe on a hit; the third bunts. Two out and a man on second. Brown is calling lustily for a hit; the batsman bangs the first ball pitched, it goes on a bee-line to third base, the third baseman puts up his hands to stop it, but by some mischance it breaks through and hits him on the head, laying him out. The players crowd around, but it is evident that he can play no more this game.

"Thornton," yelled the captain, "third-base, keep your head, old boy, and don't get rattled."

Needless to say, the Brown captain has scored. So the game goes on, neither side scoring. Phil plays a

good, steady game, but as yet has done nothing remarkable at the bat. In the seventh inning Hartford evens the score. The cheering is incessant. It is now the last of the ninth, Hartford at bat; the first man up gets a hit, steals second; the next up bunts, sending him on third.

Man on third, one out. "Now is your chance to win, Hartford; who's up?"

"Thornton."

"O, darn, he can't hit a bean." But despite these criticisms Phil is not discouraged. Unlike most heroes of a story, he makes no long hit, or hair-raising drive. On the contrary he signals the man on third for a squeeze play on the second ball pitched. The pitcher, a veteran, wisely sends the first ball high. Strike one. The second comes, the man on third starts for the plate. Phil steps forward and with a perfect bunt drops the ball along the first base line. What matter if he is out, that man on third has scored, the game is won, and Phil has earned his H.

#### GETTING RID OF A TYRANT.

John Corbin was a prosperous miner in a Nevada camp called Rock City. For three long years he had labored at his claim, barely making a living. He had left his only daughter, Irene, in a New England town until he could make enough to make her a good home. It was this thought of seeing his daughter sometime in the near future that had kept him hard at work on his claim. After all these years his dreams were about to be realized, for he had struck it rich. His mine

yielded large amounts of silver ore each day. As soon as this good fortune came to him he sent for Irene.

The news of Irene's coming caused great excitement in the camp. Women, especially young ones, were scarce in that region. Then too Irene was pretty, so her father said, and Corbin was always taken at his word. All the bachelors of the village were planning to make her acquaintance.

On the day that the Eastern train was due John Corbin drove to the nearest station, which was ten miles away, to meet his daughter. When he reached there he had an hour to spare before train time. That hour was one of agony to him. His mind was tortured by thoughts of train wrecks and accidents that might prevent the arrival of Grace. He paced the platform feverishly, stopping every few minutes to glance at his watch, and to look along the track. Great was his relief when he saw the train approaching, but it was still greater when he saw a tall, handsome girl leave one of the cars. John rushed to meet her, and their greeting was an affectionate one. In a few moments Corbin loaded the two trunks on the buckboard and got in beside his daughter. They had plenty of time to talk during the ten-mile drive to Rock City. About five o'clock the little mining camp came into sight.

As father and daughter drove into the village they were received with cheers by the assembled populace who immediately voted Grace was a "brick." Then John and his daughter drove home. Grace was enchanted with the pretty little cottage which her father had built. She at once went to work making it more homelike, for

when a man keeps house alone things are likely to be topsy-turvy.

Within a week Grace was the most popular person in the camp. All the young men of the village were at her feet and this made it very embarrassing for the Eastern girl. But within a month there were only two left. The others, seeing there was no hope for them, left these two to themselves. These two suitors were Ralph Williams, the young engineer of the Sunset mine, and Red Jack, a burly miner, so called on account of his red hair and beard. Ralph was a college bred man from the east, and he was much liked by most of the miners. Red Jack was a desperado, and the terror of the camp. He was a bully and stopped at nothing to gain his own ends. Ralph was liked by Grace while Red Jack was only treated politely, but he was too much of a fool to see that the girl cared nothing for him. The miners who saw that Williams would probably win Grace were much afraid that the bully would get angry at losing the girl and do harm to the young mining engineer.

As all had foreseen Ralph was rapidly winning Grace's affection. Red Jack was very angry as he saw that he was losing ground. He vowed that he would marry Grace Corbin. This made things look dangerous for the young man, but he was undaunted. Weeks passed and Red Jack did not do or say anything to hinder the courtship of the Eastern man. Those who

knew the bully declared that there would be an outburst some day, and their prediction proved true.

It was one day in May. Red Jack was in the general store buying supplies when the door was opened and in walked Grace Corbin. The loungers respectfully made way for her as she walked up to the counter. While the storekeeper was filling her order Red Jack stood gazing admiringly at the tall figure of the girl. Unconsciously Grace laid her hand on the counter. Suddenly the burly miner turned red with anger. There on the girl's engagement finger was a bright new diamond ring. Red Jack knew what that meant. However, he had sense enough to keep still until the girl had left. Then all his pent-up anger broke forth with all its fury. He declared that he and no other should ever be the husband of Grace Corbin. Then the miners knew that there was a dark cloud hanging threateningly over Ralph and Grace.

In a few days it became known that Red Jack had left Rock City. Weeks passed and he did not return. Many thought that he had left the camp for good, but the wise ones shook their heads and said that the bully would be heard from yet.

Ralph and Grace were to be married early in September. The miners were planning to have a grand celebration in their honor, while Grace herself was busy making preparations for the great event. The day before the wed-

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ding she was busier than usual, and that night she sat with her father talking of the morrow. They were talking merrily when suddenly John became silent. He sat thoughtfully for several minutes when Grace, noticing his silence, said,

"What are you thinking of, father?"

"I was wishing that your wedding was all over," replied John.

"Are you anxious to get rid of me?" asked Grace, mischievously.

"No, child, no, but I have a sort of feeling that there will be trouble before you become Ralph's wife. I'm afraid that that rascal, Red Jack, will try to hinder the wedding tomorrow."

"Don't worry, dad," said Grace, lightly, "you know that Red Jack left Rock City weeks ago. Don't dishearten me on my wedding eve."

"Still I will be glad when you become the wife of ——"

"Hands up!" Quickly both turned toward the door. There, just inside the room, stood Red Jack with a revolver in his hand, which was pointed at Corbin. He smiled spitefully on the two, and played with his revolver. In spite of the pistol, John, who was unarmed, would have struggled with the miner, but Grace, having great respect for the gun, begged her father to keep

still. John acceded to his daughter's requests and cooled down enough to say angrily, "Well, you scamp, I suppose you have come here to rob me."

"You're right, partner," answered Jack, "I have come to take something from you."

"Here, take my money and get out!" shouted Corbin.

"Keep cool, pard," said the miner maliciously, "I don't want your money: I want your daughter!"

"What!" cried the father, springing to his feet, "you want my daughter? Let me tell you right now you will never get her!"

"Sit down!" commanded Jack. Again John yielded to his daughter's entreaties, and resumed his seat. "Now Grace," continued the miner, "you must choose me for a husband. If you refuse I'll ——"

"What?" exclaimed the girl.

"If you refuse I'll kill your father!" Grace turned deathly pale but did not answer. "I would rather lose my life than to have you married to such as that brute, there."

"But he'll kill you, father," said the girl faintly.

"What is my life compared with your happiness, child?"

"And do you think, daddy, that I would be happy without you?"

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"Ten minutes left," remarked Red Jack. Grace sat in her chair thinking of her decision and her eyes roaming around the room. She saw her father's pale and troubled face and she dropped a tear for his misery. She saw the coarse, rough features of the tall, bearded miner. She saw the clock on the wall, slowly ticking away the seconds, and what was that sticking out of a pile of canvas in a dark corner of the room? It was a revolver that her father had carelessly slung there. To her joy she saw that Red Jack had not noticed it. If she could only get it! Yes, she would get it. Slowly she rose from her chair and began to pace the room. She cautiously moved a little nearer to the wall, and apparently being in deep thought all the time.

"Five minutes left," said the bully, interrupting the silence.

Slowly Grace had drawn nearer the wall. Back and forth the length of the room she paced, outlining her course of action.

"Three minutes left."

Now was the time to act. Grace was right in front of the pile of canvas where lay the pistol. Quickly she snatched it and hid it under her apron. Red Jack did not perceive this action. The girl cocked the revolver under the apron, and walked toward Red Jack. She would save her father and her own happiness. When she came in front of the miner she stopped. Jack thought she was about to make her decision. He accordingly put his guns in his holsters and said: "Well, Grace, what is your answer?"

"This is my answer!" said the girl, holding the gun square in Red Jack's face. "Put up your hands!" The girl stood tall and erect, holding the pis-

tol with a firm hand. The miner saw the determination on her face and decided to obey. "Tie him up, father," said the girl coolly. Her father took a lasso and firmly tied the bully hand and foot, after disarming him, while his daughter kept the prisoner covered with the pistol.

"You saved us a great deal of unhappiness, my child," said John, fervently, after the miner had been secured. "It was a brave act, and one that would do credit to anyone in Nevada. You are the bravest girl in the country." Grace laughed and left the room to retire and dream of all sorts of wild cowboys. John remained on guard and watched the prisoner.

Early the next morning Corbin hitched up his buckboard and drove with Red Jack to the railroad station. Here he bought a ticket eastward. Then he untied his prisoner, and when the eastern express drew into the station he put the miner on board and laid down the law to him in plain terms, saying, "Red Jack, if you ever show your face in this region again I'll pump you full of lead! Now remember!" Then Corbin left the car, and as the train pulled out of the station he watched it until it disappeared around the bend, saying to himself, "I'm glad that rascal is out of the way. I guess he'll never be fool enough to show up here again." On the way home he met Ralph Williams. He told him of his daughter's brave act and of the departure of Red Jack. Ralph was greatly pleased with the bravery of Grace, and afterwards he never tired of telling the story. The wedding came off that day as scheduled, and nothing happened to disturb the couple. Red Jack was never seen in Ne-

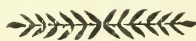
vada again, but an Eastern man said that a man in New York, answering to the miner's description had been put in prison for robbery. All the miners congratulated Grace Corbin for freeing them of the tyrant who had so long ruled Rock City. But Grace received their congratulations modestly, and declared that it was nothing great to do. But her husband and all the inhabitants of Rock City thought otherwise.

IRVING W. DAWES, 1909.

### THAT HAUNTED MILL.

A few miles up the Merrimac River a mill is seen standing silent and deserted, its wheel never turning, its stones never grinding. This mill is, according to rural authority, haunted. This furnished great amusement for the boys of the district school there. One day one of the fellows stumped me to spend the night in the mill, and I, nothing loath, boldly consented. I entered the mill about nine o'clock, and having taken a candle with me, made my way to the upper loft. As I

reached the stop stair my heart began to patter against my ribs, for I seemed to hear a low siren-like whistle, and I was in darkness, rendered more profound by the white canvas coverings of the machinery. My candle had gone out. I sat down on a box near me, which I felt but could not see,—horrors! The box moved! Fear inspired, I fell to the floor, and as I looked up I traced with my eye a phosphorescent glow of light as it seemed to scintillate along the ceiling. I had not the courage to leave, neither could I speak for trembling. And then the very machine covers which I could dimly see, moved simultaneously toward me! That instant I found voice and screamed. Like sheeted ghosts the animated things rushed on me and I awoke to find myself at the farmhouse nearest the mill. It was day. The horrors were easily explained by the fellows. They had simply scratched the ceiling of the mill with phosphorous, placed an aeolian harp on the roof and got under the canvas themselves. But I never again will visit that haunted mill.



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### THE EDITOR'S DILEMMA.

The Editor of the Enreka University Advocate was in sore straits, for he had been depending, up to the last minute, upon M.S.S. from several reliable sources. Sources such as the fertile brain of Billy Collins, who never failed to hand in a corking good story which was gladly received and published. And then there was Mary Blake, who never failed to reel off a long paragraph of delightfully humorous "Personals." And "The Poet," who was always willing to rack the depths of his tuneful nature for material to grace the columns of his college paper.

But sad to say, all these usually unfailing sources, for some reason or other, went dry. Billy was on probation and was therefore barred. Few things had been "happening" lately, so that Mary's column of Personals was painfully short. But saddest of all, the "Poet" had been neatly "turned down" at the Senior dance a Sunday before-hand. Therefore the heartsick songster's weary soul refused to effuse more than a few sad stanzas.

Surely the situation was distressing. The worried Editor sighed and tried to stuff another paragraph in to his already much distended editorial. But his ideas were few and far between. Just as he was casting the last sheet of efforts into the waste basket, lo! an idea appeared in the dim and hazy distance. He would touch "Aunty" Taylor for a story.

"Oh! I say, Anthony," he called from his sanctum into the corridor, where "Aunty" was putting on his coat. "Can't you write something for the Advocate?"

Aunty forced his thick gold-rimmed spectacles on the editor. After a few moments of thoughtful gazing he "supposed he could if he tried real hard." "But to tell you the tuth," he continued, "Journalism is entirely without my sphere of activities. Now, if you had asked me for an exposition of the radio-activity of uranium, or —"

"Yes, I feel quite sure you could help us out in that line," interrupted the editor, but don't you think you could give us something a little more in the line of light fiction. A short story of about five hundred words would just fit the space."

"Well, I'll try," answered the laconic Anthony, and picking up his large stack of text books, took his dignified way down the corridor.

"Oh! by the way," called the editor, "We'll have to have that story not later than tomorrow morning."

The would-be author could only gasp. A story of 500 words by tomorrow morning? He thoughtfully blinked a pair of large blue optics over the rims of his spectacles at the editor. Then turning in a helpless manner, murmured:

"I'll—I'll—try," and walked slowly out of the door shaking his head.

Anthony Taylor, or "Auntie" as the boys called him, was a peculiar piece of humanity. The mere frivolous, light, sordid, material things of this mundane sphere had not much interest for his mightly intellect. As to personal appearance the young student, with his long, grave, darkly-clothed figure, surmounted by an abnormally large head with a high forehead, looked remarkably like a disappointed missionary—one disappointed at not be-

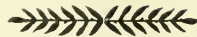
ing skinned alive and made into a martyr by the savages. He was always as serious and grave as an owl. And so when requested to write a story, preferably a love story, the learned Anthony nearly lost his poise. But he saw that he must help the editor out of his dilemma. Moreover the aforesaid editor was Cleopatra Jones' brother. Therefore fortified by comfortable pillows and smelling salts, "Auntie" delved into the mysteries of the unexplored regions of light love-story fiction, to find ideas and "material." After a preliminary research of this kind, "Auntie" evolved a story of his own, but try as he would he could never get past the will-you-be-mine part. "How can I make it realistic," he thought. "What would the heroine say? What would she do?" Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. He would go to the Junior's reception that evening, and perhaps something would turn up to give him first-hand information.

Thus eight o'clock found Antony Taylor sitting in a far-off corner of the ball room with a note book in his hand and a stern look in his eye, taking notes on the actions and expressions of the fair sex. Before long "Auntie" forgot all about the notes, and was imbued with an unholy desire to dance.

This desire was greatly emphasized when he saw the fair Cleopatra Jones waltzing across the floor with—of all persons that callow Smith kid. Throwing all ideas of material or notes to the winds, "Auntie" slid from his snug corner and made tracks for that part of the floor which held Miss Jones.

Now "Auntie" Taylor considered all girls as incomprehensible. That is, all girls but Cleopatra Jones. And Cleopatra he considered so near to what he thought a girl ought to be, that he also thought it was useless to look farther. My personal opinion is that Cleopatra reciprocated to a large extent the feelings of Antony. Anyway, Smith didn't have any more dances that night with Cleo; on the other hand "Auntie" had all the rest. Now, strange to say, most of these dances were "sat out" on the piazza back of the hall, and still strange to say, there was a long hair on "Auntie's" right shoulder when he came home after the last dance. At any rate the next day the editor of the Eureka University Advocate received a remarkably good story signed A. Taylor. For wealth of realism and original material it was unexcelled. I wonder where "Auntie" got the material.

HENRY BOLLMAN.



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The baseball team did not meet with very good success at the beginning of the season, but lately it has been holding up to the standard, defeating twice each of our two most noted rivals. Gloucester was beaten by our nine, 4 to 1, in Arlington, and met a defeat at our hands in Gloucester by the score of 3 to 0. Winchester thought that they had an easy match when we played them in Winchester, but they suffered a defeat, the score being 7 to 4. The game on June 1 was looked forward to hopefully by Winchester, for no doubt they confidently expected to take home with them the baseball trophy offered by the committee on sports for the centennial celebration to the winning team of the Winches-

ter-Arlington contest. Contrary to their expectations, Winchester was defeated by a score of 12 to 4, and the A. H. S. kept the prize cup.

The teams were made up as follows in this game:

#### ARLINGTON.

Murray, l. f.  
 Rolfe, c. f.  
 Sloan, r. f.  
 Smith, 2b.  
 Kelly, ss.  
 Scanell, 2b.  
 Clifford, 1b.  
 Taylor, c.  
 Soderquist, p.

#### WINCHESTER.

Mason, l. f.  
 Atherton, c. f.  
 Howe, r. f., p.  
 Wingate, 3b.  
 Grant, ss.  
 Parker, 2b.  
 MacPhie, 1b.  
 Thomson, c.  
 Caulfield.

Arlington obtained three hits in this game, Taylor getting one and Sloan two.

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The Gloucester game on the thirtieth of May was looked forward to with the greatest interest with the exception of the second Winchester game. Soderquist pitched a fine game on this date, but he excelled for Arlington on the field the first of June.

The line-up for the Gloucester game was as follows:

| ARLINGTON.            | GLOUCESTER.          |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Clifford, l. f.       | Robinson, l. f.      |
| Rolfe (Murray), c. f. | Dean, Willcox, c. f. |
| Sloan, r. f.          | Coleman, r. f.       |
| Smith, 3b.            | Foster, 3b.          |
| Kelly, ss.            | Gilles, ss.          |
| Scanell, 2b.          | Parkaman, 2b.        |
| Dineen, 1b.           | Syle, 1b.            |
| Taylor, c.            | Haley, c.            |
| Soderquist, p.        | McNair, p.           |

We batted Gloucester for five hits in this game.

The crew was late in beginning its

practice but it worked diligently after it had started. Why? Some of the strenuous candidates broke four hardwood oars in one afternoon. We do not know of a better proof of their diligent work. The crew was forced to put up with many disadvantages in the race with Middlesex. The captain was obliged to shift the men from their regular positions so that they might better fit the shell in which they had never rowed before. The result was, of course, defeat, but only by a narrow margin.

Many entries were received for the annual hare and hound run. The time was fifty-five minutes. The finish was witnessed by a very large audience, which had the pleasure of seeing Kilmer, who was a hound, win the prize, and Pierce the first hound prize.

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## CLUB NOTES

The annual initiation of the members of the Junior class into the Mehr Licht Verein took place Thursday evening, June 6th, in Wellington Hall. Alas! Who would have thought it of the Juniors? They were actually overcome with fear of being "vernichtet," down and out. Accordingly, they lay in ambush until some passer-by laden with implements of initiation should make his appearance, when they rushed forth and captured all. However, they were met with bold resistance in their attempts. But soon, with no one aware of it, a stealthy band made way with the sweet bits, putting them into dark concealment. In the meantime the ceremonies had commenced. One by one the victims

were ushered in. If necessary, their limbs were bound by the reserve force who were especially prompt in acting. The Juniors performed their part bravely, probably inspired by the presence of their upper school-mates. Thanks to the detective expedition under Herren, Gott and Mead, which thoroughly scoured the environs, the refreshments were brought back in triumph. The insurgents now came to realize that they were outwitted, so they finally came to tranquility, humbly partook in the repast and the dancing afterward. And thus the whole affair is viewed as a most successful one, enjoyment having been afforded to both parties.

PAUL C. SQUIRE, Sec., '07.

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## SCHOOL LOCALS

### Class of 1907.

Who knows the French word for Hard Cake?

The soul entered through the roof!

Freshman—Don't think you know it quite all. You will find there is a good deal to be learned in A. H. S.

Sophs—No corners on high collars and orange neck-ties. You know that now, all trusts are liable to newspaper exposure.

Juniors—Look at the little cherubs over the bell and smile. You know algebra is easy, you only think it is hard.

The meek Freshy, the meek Soph, the happy Junior and the glorious Senior. Junior algebra is a variable which reaches the limit.

Of '07 A. H. S., last will and testament: We bequeath the desks of Room A to the Juniors, also the black-board with all the colored chalk, which stands in the righthand corner in the upper hall to same Juniors. We likewise bequeath the sole right to the class of '08 of enscribing '08 in great magnitude upon said board. We entrust said Juniors to the loving care of the teachers.

This is a true copy, attest:

The Class of '07, A. H. S.

This is the last time in which our names will appear as pupils in the High School. We are leaving it with real sorrow. We appreciate now much our principal and teachers have done for us throughout our four years here, and we wish to thank them for all their kindness to us.

### Class of 1908.

Who brought the doughnuts into Room 11?

TEACHER IN GERMAN. "When don't you separate prefix from verb?"

PUPIL. "When it is inseparable." Good reason.

Everywhere that Johnson went  
Boswell was sure to go.

They took the captives apart and examined them.

The baggage animals were stopped for a long distance.

Who is Louisa?

We learn that men in ancient times could not march unless they moved their feet. Strange, isn't it?

According to a member of the ancient history class, the Spartans surrendered to the Spheacteria after they were killed.

There are Sophs, all sorts and sizes;

There are Sophs, both little and great;  
But when it comes to laughing,

The Juniors take the cake.  
Our teachers must have patience,

We've only this year to play,  
Next year we will be Seniors,

Then dignity holds sway. (?)

At the rehearsals of "Mose."

COACH,—“Miss P—g—l, will you take the part of Mrs. Bone.”

MISS P—,—“Oh, I did so want a marcel wave. Can't I have one?”

COACH,—(Who is of masculine sex.)  
“Certainly, take two.”

MOSE,—“Eleanor, I have been waiting for that one word on which depends my life and now that one word is?”

ELEANOR,—“Yes.” (Lights go out throughout the house.)

**Class of 1909.**

A little change in pronunciation as it was written,—Il prit la vache par la queue.

As it was pronounced,—Il prit l'évêque par la queue.

And the fudge was very ripe.

Silence is golden, (in French.)

Next week.

Lecture on how to get an H in French will be delivered by Fibo from now on semi-occasionally, girls half price.

A few convenient excuses to be used on all occasions.

"Why," in an injured tone, "I didn't know we had that."

"You mean me?"

"We didn't have that."

"I studied three hours and didn't get as far as that."

"Ne comprenez pas."

"Unprepared."

"I dunno."

The algebra loan agency is down and out.

**Class of 1910**

A few of our brilliant translations:

*Ante initio consilio, ex oppido eruptionem fecerunt.* Translated, "Before initiating the

consul they made a disturbance in the town." (Could it have been "Bloody Monday night?")

*Anae subite pellibus induxerant.* Translated, "Cæsar ordered them to put on their skins." (What *raw* recruits he must have thought them.)

'Subite' is an adverb, *mortifying* the verb 'induxerant' according to one of our number.

Master K. "The men were of small *statue*."

Miss P——, after translating "A thanksgiving day was appointed," asks, "when did they come down to one Thanksgiving day."

Hint to S——. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once!

Miss ——. "Stop this coughing instantly." Voice from front: "Please may I sneeze."

"The enemy were hiding in *an* ambush." (A new scientific discovery of Luther Burbank, probably.)

One Freshman to another. "Say, what was the greatest cold snap in olden times?"

"Give it up."

"The freize on the Parthenon, of course."

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## EXCHANGES

The literary department of the Ball High School *Review* seems small in comparison with the other departments of the paper. What there is of it is excellent.

The May issue of the Watertown High School *Review* contains a good story, "The Ghost of Densmore Castle," which is very original.

HIS HONOR (to an old offender). "Well, Pat, what brought you here again?"

PAT. "Two policemen, sor."

HIS HONOR. "Drink, I suppose."

PAT. "Yes, sor; both of them." *Ex.*

The scientific notes in The Springfield High School *Recorder* show careful preparation and also make very interesting reading matter.

BOSS. "Say, Pat, what are you doing down there?"

PAT. "Nothing."

BOSS. "And Mike, what are you doing?"

MIKE. "Helping Pat."

He kissed her on the cheek,  
It seemed a harmless frolic;  
He's been laid up for a week  
They say, with painter's colic. *Ex.*

TRAMP (as he hurries over fence). If that ain't the rudest dog I ever saw. He not only made me get up but took my seat.

The commencement issue of The Pittsburgh High School *Journal* has sixty-five pages of good solid reading matter. We can say no better for it.

After the game is over,  
After the field is clear,  
Straighten my nose and shoulder,  
And help me find my ear. *Ex.*

The March number of the "*Red and Black*," P. M. T. H. S., Philadelphia, has a number of continued articles. Although these do no very great harm we think that a high-school paper is not just the place for them.

The cover of the May issue of *The Debater*, Wakefield, make it seem at first sight a patent medicine circular. That is not fair to the contents of the paper which are indeed good, especially the literary department.

FRESHMAN. "I smell cabbage burning."

SOPHMORE. "Your head is too near the fire."

MINISTER. "Deacon Jones will you lead in prayer?" Deacon snores peacefully.

MINISTER, loudly. "Deacon Jones will you lead in prayer, please?"

DEACON JONES, waking suddenly. "It ain't my lead; I dealt. *Ex.*

FATHER. "How is it that I find you kissing my daughter? Answer me, sir, how is it?"

YOUNG MAN. "Fine, sir, fine!"

STRANGER. "Where is your father, sonny?"

SMALL BOY. "Out in the pig pen, you'll know him 'cause he's got a hat on."

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# » ARLINGTON » HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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## THE CLARION

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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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PATTIE BEALS

## EDITORIAL

The graduation of the class of 1907 was an occasion which will make that class hold a prominent place in the history of the school for years to come. It was a Shakespearean evening, with the exception of a few songs by the school chorus. Essays were read by Miss Whilton and Miss Hooker, showing the different characteristics of a few of Shakespeare's heroines. Selections from "Hamlet" and "Henry VIII" were given by Miss Schwamb and Miss Cotton, and a scene from "As You Like It" was very skillfully acted by Miss Bullard, Miss Connolly, and Mr. Guibord. The address by President Wood and the prophecy by Mr. Squire were among the best features of the evening; the prophecy, containing many personal references, was greatly ap-

preciated by those in touch with the class. The program was well arranged and seemed to be greatly enjoyed by the large audience.

The only new teacher with us this year is Miss Amees, who teaches English and Greek, and through the CLARION the school extends to her its heartiest welcome.

We note with satisfaction the large Freshman class that has just entered the school, and hope it will keep a large proportion of its members throughout the four years' course. Those who leave school before finishing their course, unless obliged to do so, are very apt to deeply regret it later on. It is in this class especially that the CLARION hopes to find many readers, for it will soon

rest with the class of 1911 whether the paper is a success or not, and so we wish to arouse its interest at an early stage.

The corner of the hall where the trophy-case stands is becoming one of the most popular places in the building. The base ball cup won last spring on Centennial Day adds greatly to its appearance, and the balls won in the most important games, painted and lettered, furnish a background for the cups. For five years the hockey team has played for the same cup, therefore, according to an agreement made by the League a new one should be offered this year. By winning this cup four out of five times we can now claim it for our own. We hope that we may be able to add the new one to our collection and not let it go out of our possession for even a single year.

We are all glad to welcome back to our school Miss Weeks, who has been away from us during the past year. The many scholars who have missed her will be pleased to know that she has had a most enjoyable year and many pleasant experiences.

Last Fall Miss Weeks crossed the Atlantic to Liverpool, going from there to London, and then over to Paris. By the Orient Express she went across Europe, going through France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania and other countries into Turkey. Here she was engaged in teaching at the American School for Girls at Constantinople.

On her return home she sailed from Constantinople via Smyrna, visiting Athens and going across Greece. From there she sailed to Brindisi, stopping at Corfu, the ancient Corcyra, and then on to Naples, Rome, Florence, and through other cities on her route to Liverpool. In Switzerland she visited the places made famous by William Tell, and at Oberammergau stopped several

days in the house of the man who last played the part of The Christ in the Passion Play which has made this place famous. From Liverpool she came directly home, and has now taken up her former duties in the school.

The school took a very wise step this Fall in deciding not to have a foot ball team and to spend the time in Fall base ball practice. It is much better to have a few branches of sports and make those successful than to try every kind that comes along, being successful in none. If ours was a larger school it would be a different matter; but since all our teams have to be composed of about the same men throughout it takes up too much of their time while they do not get enough good out of it to pay.

The Athletic Association finds that it will need one entertainment of some kind to put it on a firm financial basis for the coming year. If anything is done in this line it is hoped the school will take hold and make it a success in every way.

The outlook for athletics in the school this year is very bright. Robert Clifford '08, has been elected captain of both the hockey and base ball teams. Clifford has already shown his abilities as a leader by guiding last winter's hockey team through one of the most successful seasons ever experienced by a hockey team from our school.

The Junior Gift of the class of 1908 was presented last spring. It was a life-size statue of Minerva, the original of which is in the Vatican at Rome. It has been placed on the second floor, in the corner facing the girls' staircase.

**LITERARY DEPARTMENT****THE SPORTIVNESS OF BATES.**

"Hippo" Bates sat at his window, watching the merry groups of students pass, talking, laughing and whistling snatches of lively airs. The discontented look on his face deepened as he watched them, and he wondered again—as he often had of late—why he was not popular with the fellows. To be sure, they treated him decently enough, and some had even given him bids to "drop in some evening." But whenever he went, he was conscious of a sort of restraint among them, and he felt out of place.

"All the sporty, free-and-easy chaps who flunk day after day, and do nothing but enjoy life, seem as popular as anything," he mused, frowning. "Look at Bud Gryce,—one of the most popular fellows here, because he always sports flashy clothes, has all kinds of athletics down to a science, and knows how to entertain a crowd. Bosh!" and Bates turned with an impatient gesture to his books, trying, in vain, to forget the jolly groups without. Had he thought more deeply, and less constantly on the subject, he would doubtless have realized that between popularity and respect there is often quite a breach.

"Hippo" Bates was christened Ralph Emerson, but had been known as "Hippo" since entering college, because of his large frame. He was of the class known as "polers," and his chief object in life had heretofore been to stand high in his classes. Now, however, he found that the constant "plugging" was wearing on him, and becoming irksome. In the evenings, it was very trying to hear the tinkle of a banjo or guitar from above, and snatches of songs or bursts of laughter from below, as he bent over his lessons.

Thoughts of this order persisted in crowding into Hippo's head, and driving all studious thoughts out. After standing it as long as possible, he impatiently thrust his books aside, and rising, took to pacing the floor.

"Wait 'til my new suit comes from the tailor's," he thought. "That'll make 'em sit up and take notice. I'll stop grinding for a while and take to sporty clothes and all that goes with 'em, and we'll see if that does any good, by Jove! But I must lay in a stock of sporty things to go with my suit, which ought to come today. In the meantime I'll just slip out and get some things. Dark tan Bluchers, strapped, silk socks in light colors, bright ties, silk handkerchiefs,—all necessary. Here goes," and catching up his cap, Bates left the room. Feeling rather sheepish, he stepped into a near-by clothing store for the socks and neckties. He remembered that knit ties were, apparently "all the go," and so ordered half a dozen in fashionable colors. He then selected six handkerchiefs, be-sprinkled and be-rimmed with vivid colors. After selecting his socks, he made his way to a shoe-store, with his bundle tightly clasped under his arm.

Here he bought a pair of pumps for evening wear,—“might go to a dance,” he reflected—and a pair of heavy tan Bluchers, heavily strapped. He then turned toward Thayer Hall.

Being anxious to try the effect of some of his purchases, he rushed madly up the steps in a way that brought for the remark, "Crazy with the heat!" from a student coming down.

The suit had arrived in his absence, and he tried it on. It was, without a doubt, "the latest style from Paris, and sure to be popular with the well-

dressed student this season," to quote the tailor. It was a dark blue, with a faint gray stripe running cross-wise; the coat was a three-button cut-away, and quite long. The suit fitted him nicely, but the style was exaggerated, and changed his studious appearance utterly. The tan shoes looked very well, but felt rather heavy; the light gray socks which he put on were mighty sporty, too, he thought. He tied his gray tie with care, then, parting his hair on the side, he brushed it straight back from his forehead. "Looks bum," he frowned at his reflection in the mirror, "but let us be stylish or die." Selecting a blue-bordered handkerchief, be-sprinkled with dots of the same shade, he tucked it carefully into his breast pocket, taking care that it projected just the correct amount. He then turned his trousers well up, thrust his hands into his pockets, and took a few slouching steps across the room.

"Gad, I can't do that," he frowned, shaking himself like a big Newfoundland. "I guess the clothes are enough. Now I must air off all the 'slanguidge' I can think of, and use a slap-dash manner with the boys. 'Ah, Johnnie, old man!'" slapping the clothespole so enthusiastically that it tottered, — "'How're you looking? You're feeling fine?' 'Hi, Jim! How they coming?'" and so on. My quiet,

mousey, dignified airs must be shoved in the background while I'm trying my little experiment. Well, I'll just take a little stroll round the square to get used to this rig, and fore-flush my lessons thro' to-morrow."

And jamming his hat on his head, he clattered down the stairs. As he was descending the stone steps outside, he overtook little Jimmy Winslow.

Clapping Jimmy's back with a blow that brought the tears to the little fellow's eyes, Hippo roared forth, "Hullo, old chap! How you coming? They're looking fine." Then, to hide his embarrassment, as he realized his mistake, he grinned sheepishly, and made an off-hand remark.

Jimmy, after the first open-mouthed stare, had continued to gape, looking Hippo over from head to foot, with a most bewildered expression.

"Well, how do you like my glad rags?" inquired Hippo jocosely.

"Oh—they're g-reat," stammered Jimmy, weakly.

"Pretty nifty,—yes?"

"Sure the thing."

"There go Hen Wilder and Fred Chapman. Come on over," said Bates.

"Oh n-no. G-got a d-date down here,"—and the little fellow fairly ran off, to spread the news that "Hippo Bates had brain-fever from over-study!"

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Hippo strode across the square, feeling not at all like himself, but rather as if he were acting a part. Wilder and Chapman had seen him coming, and had stood stock still to look and wonder. Henry was leaning limply against a post, as if the sight was too much for him, and Fred made no attempt to conceal his smiles.

"Ah, there, fellows. What's up?" grinned Hippo, as he gained the sidewalk.

"Nothing but the price of eggs," answered Henry faintly. "Where are you going?"

"Me?" astonished, "Nowhere. Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity. Come to walk then," said Henry.

"Sure, come on," urged Fred, then blurted forth, "Say, but you're dressed up drunk!"

"Think so?" glancing down at his suit.

"Well rather!" burst simultaneously from the two boys.

Hippo grinned. "Sorry I can't go to walk, but I think I'll hang round the square a while. So long," and Hippo turned, leaving Henry and Fred staring until he turned a corner. "They asked me to go to walk, anyway," thought he, with satisfaction. "It's working. Jove, but I wish that Hal Burrage would bring his sister round today as he promised to do some day soon. Wonder if my clothes will make a hit?"

"Well, well, well. Who'd a' thunk it!" exclaimed a voice behind him, and turning, Bates beheld Bill Simpkins smiling at him from behind his specs.

"Hullo, Bill! How they coming?"

"Wow! Going to be in the minstrel show?" quired Simpkins, curiously.

"No, nothing like that."

"No? Well say, Hip, where does our 'trig' go to?"

"Don't know and don't care," Hippo returned carelessly, shrugging his shoulders.

"Let's see your tongue," begged

Bill, earnestly. "Haven't got hydrophobia, have you?"

"Hy—oh, come off. No more poling for me for a while. I'm going to sport."

"So I perceive. Well, so long,—oh, Bates! Hal Burrage wants you to take a trip over to his room; his sister and mother are over. Told me to tell you, but your glad rags drove everything out of my head, but a chaos of colors," and with a droll wink Simpkins went on.

"Just my luck," thought Hippo with satisfaction. "Wonder what Hal will think of my clothes, tho'. He doesn't think much of loud clothing, and even if this suit is stylish it——" he broke off, shaking his head doubtfully.

The autumn day was coming to a close as he drew near Conant Hall, where Hal roomed on the first floor front. Stooping just outside the open window to dust his shoes, Hal's voice floated out to Bates.

"Hip ought to be along now, and I'll get him to stay to supper,—something in the chafing-dish. I'm awfully anxious for you two to know him, for he's quite different from most of the fly boys you've seen this afternoon, all toggled up in loud clothes. He's a quiet, modest, studious fellow, and mother would fall in love with his lack of slang."

Hippo turned slowly about and walked towards his rooms, to change his clothes. "Such is life," quoth he, with a sigh. Nineteen-Ten.

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#### DARTMOUTH VS. HARVARD.

Ruth Hardy was a strong foot-ball enthusiast, and her enthusiasm was greatly increased by having her brother Ralph on the Harvard Freshman team.

There was a great deal of interest aroused in the small family gathering at Ruth's home, two weeks before the great event of the season, the Dart-

month game, by Ralph and her cousin Bob. Bob was a Sophomore at Dartmouth, and as much of a brother to her as was her own. All that was heard from the two boys was foot-ball, foot-ball, foot-ball. The family was divided in regard to the two colleges as much as the boys themselves. That evening when the various relations were departing, Bob drew Ruth aside and said, "I say, Ruth, will you go to the Harvard-Dartmouth game with me?" Ruth hesitated, for she was an enthusiastic Harvard girl. "I'm sorry, Bob," she said, "but really I don't want to sit on the Dartmouth side of the Stadium with all my family on the other side, cheering like everything for Harvard, and there is Ralph,—what would he say?" "He'd just say, 'Why, he's a cousin of mine,'" answered Bob, and added, "Come on, Ruth, don't be foolish." "Do you want me to go very much, Bob?" "Yes." "Bad enough to sit in the curve?" "Gee! I don't know about that, you can't see anything there without a telescope, unless it's right under your nose, but I guess I'll do it. Two weeks from today, then. Good-night." When Ruth told Ralph what

she had done, he laughed and said, "You are a foolish person," but nevertheless he seemed pleased.

The great day came at last, cold and clear, "Just the day for a dandy game," said Ralph. The entire family started for the field in high spirits. At the entrance they separated, Bob and Ruth making off for the curve, while the others took seats in the Harvard section on the thirty-five yard line.

As the teams trotted out on the field, a mighty shout arose from the thousands in the Stadium. Ruth cheered with Harvard and Bob with Dartmouth. The playing soon began; it was a fast and very open game; Harvard's goal was in the curve. Twice Dartmouth had the ball on Harvard's fifteen yard line. Bob was nearly wild at such times, and Ruth sat watching every move intently. People about them began to smile, noticing the division in the family; but Ruth was firm and stuck to Harvard, although things looked doubtful at times. At last Dartmouth had the ball on Harvard's ten yard line; little by little they worked it up nearer the goal. Dartmouth's upholders were all on their feet, cheering and waving

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hands, flags, banners and hats with all their might. Bob forgot Ruth in his excitement, and even she forgot, and gave a little cheer for Dartmouth, then suddenly remembered that she was a Harvard girl, and subsided. It was a great moment for all; Harvard was holding Dartmouth with all her strength, but it was of no use, for by a neat little run and slide Dartmouth had her touchdown. Such excitement! Bob thumped Ruth on the back, saying, "Get up and cheer, old girl! No use, Harvard can't hold us when we are feeling good." "Oh Bob," said Ruth, "wasn't it great, even if Dartmouth did do it? But Harvard will win out yet. Wait and see."

Dartmouth did not get its sixth point,—as the wind was against the ball,—but they had five, and confidence. Time for the first half was called just as they had started again.

The second half was rather slow at first, both sides holding well, but advancing little. Suddenly the ball came sailing down the field towards Dartmouth's goal. A great scrimmage ensued, but at the end Harvard still had the ball. Then another exciting play followed, in favor of Harvard this time, however. Ruth was now raising her voice mightily, as were many others, and what did she care if only, only, they could do it and make it a tie game at least, she thought. Her hope vanished, however, when Harvard lost the ball. It was soon recovered, by Dartmouth failing to gain the required distance. Then a kick—a grab—a run—Harvard had her hard-fought-for touchdown. Ruth turned to Bob shouting, "Bob, wasn't it fine,—the kick, the run, and all! and oh, Bob, it's a tie, a tie! Think of it, Bob Hardy. If we could only get the other point! The wind has died down,—do you think we can do it?" "Sure, easy, hang it all," said Bob.

How quickly the thousands of people quieted down when they saw the ball placed for the kick. Harvard's

man measured the distance with his eye, walked up to the ball, then back again, and before the people had time to think, the ball went sailing straight between the goal posts. Then the silence which had been so great, was broken by one mighty, continuous roar.

When Ruth had subsided a little she said, "Look, Bob, some one has been hurt; why, it's the man that made the touchdown. Poor thing, they are carrying him off the field." A sub was put in and the game continued, but when time was called the score still stood 6-5 in Harvard's favor.

Ruth was so happy that she could hardly wait to see Ralph, so that the three might talk it all over together.

The work of crossing the bridge was as bad as ever, but the crowd, also, was as jolly as ever. One who has never crossed the bridge in a tremendously enthusiastic foot-ball crowd does not appreciate the fun, although it does not sound as if it would be conducive to a good time. Bob and Ruth employed their time picking out the Freshmen who can always be told in that crowd by the expressions,— "second down—two yards to gain," and the like.

After supper, the three talked over the game. Ralph, turning to Ruth, said, "Well, sis, you didn't realize when you asked to sit in the curve that the entire game was going to be made to order for you two. It was a happy coincidence for you and Bob that both touchdowns were made at your end of the field, and lucky for us that Harvard won, or we would never have heard the last of it from that worthy cousin of ours."

Gladys Richardson, '10.

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## THE TRIBULATIONS OF THOMAS.

### Part I.

"Tommy's mad and I am glad! Tommy's mad and I am glad," sang all the little boys in Billy Smith's back yard, as Tommy strolled leisurely to the street, whistling. He didn't stop to open the front gate, but took the fence at one jump. He had always been envied because of his ability to vault fences, and now he felt prouder than ever, for he knew that all of his enemies in the back yard were watching him.

"Shucks! Guess I'll go'n get some candy!" and he inwardly resolved to waik past the Smith's house on his return. But when he did come back, sucking a long, red stick, a glance from the corner of his eye told him that the yard was abandoned, and by the merry shouts issuing from the barn he knew the boys were within.

It was one of those warm, lazy days that makes a person feel cross and irritable anyway, and even the candy didn't lift the weight from Tommy's feelings. He tried the swimming-pool, but even that didn't satisfy him (for what's the use of doing stunts with no one to watch you?) So the best thing to do, Tommy thought, was to go home! The fight with the kids wasn't his fault! Oh, no! Something he had done had made Billy Smith mad and he had said, "I'll smash yer face for ye, see?" and Thomas had very obligingly invited him to "just try it!" Billy was several years younger than Tommy, so naturally he gained much in the boys' estimation when he rolled up his sleeves, assumed a Napoleonic expression and bravely said,

"I'm game! Come on!"

And then came the fight, when everything else was oblivion to the contestants. There were excited shouts of,

"Go it, Smitty!"

"Aim for his nose, Tommy!"

"Aw, give 'm a black eye, that's the stuff!" and other vulgar ejaculations.

But why dwell on such a tragedy? It is needless to say that our Thomas came out victorious, with his auburn hair badly mussed and his face very dirty, and Billy Smith had a peculiar, dark swelling under his left eye. But instead of taking the side of the proud winner, as is usually the case (by observation) it suddenly dawned upon the boys that it was "a dirty mean trick" to "fight a kid smaller'n yer-self"—and besides, they were in "Smitty's" yard. So Tommy had said, for want of other words and occupation,—

"Guess I'll go down the street," and off he went.

### Part II.

When our hero reached home, his mother was on the front piazza, sewing.

"Aren't you home earlier than usual, Thomas?" she called to him cheerily.

"Aw, it's too hot to play! Ma, can I have some of that lemonade that you had left over from the whist party?" he had replied, rather disrespectfully, and was informed that his big brother James had made away with it long since.

"Where's he gone?" he asked, meaningly.

"Down to the city. He went an hour ago. You had better weed the garden, dear. It's shady there, now, and papa wants it done, this afternoon, surely."

"Why didn't Jim do it?" questioned Tommy, wondering why mothers always called their children "dear" when they had something for them to do. Well, after the usual amount of talking, he went about his task. The occupation of weeding always gives time for contemplation, and especially when one possesses a guilty conscience such as Tommy's.

After supper, when the sun had set and it was cool, the boys and girls on the street usually played tag, but tonight no one appeared, and Tommy sat on the front steps, alone. Sud-

denly a well-known and towering figure turned in at the gate. It was Mr. Smith, Senior, and the boy with the auburn hair knew his time had come! Billy's father was, at his best, a very gruff man, and never had he seemed more so than when he thundered forth:

"Thomas, is your father at home?" It was an exceedingly shaky voice that answered him, and a very frightened lad who ushered the gentleman into his father's presence. Outside of the door he heard the words: "Say, old man, that caucus last night did the business!" and Tommy knew that Mr. Smith had not come for the purpose of settling with Thomas, Jr.

Part III.

"William Henry Smith requests the honor of Thomas Sampson's company at a birthday party," etc., the invita-

tion read. So on the eventful day the winner of the fight went over to Billy's in his best suit, with hair neatly brushed, and a package under his arm on which was inscribed:

"Many happy returns of the day, to William, from Thomas." His host and the other "fellers" who were present, were very cordial.

"I was sorry to hear of your son's accident, Mrs. Smith," said a neighbor who was present. "How did you say it occurred?" And Bill's mother told how he had run against the limb of a tree and blackened his eye while playing.

So Billy hadn't told his mother! When Tommy said good-bye to his host that afternoon, he whispered:

"I'm awful sorry 'bout our fight, Bill, 'specially 'bout your eye. You were a brick not to tell, but I'm goin' to, anyway!" But Billy reassuringly

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told him, "No, you're not. That'd make ma think that I told lies! Aw, forget it! Don't cry over spilt milk!"

But not long after, Mrs. Smith did find out, and for some unknown reason, said nothing to her son about it.

Thomas walked home with a light heart, and ever after he and William Smith were inseparable.

Muriel E. Brandenburg, '09.

### A FISHING TRIP.

For one whole week we had been anticipating a deep sea fishing trip. The weather had not been clear, and the old salts predicted a change, so we had decided to wait for their predictions to come true.

On the morning agreed upon, I woke up the others at an early hour, and when we had finished our breakfast we started for the boats in a hurry. Finally, we got off and started down the bay, feeling cheerful and gay, anticipating big fish and a chance to tell some good fish stories.

When we were about half-way to the fishing grounds, somebody remarked that we would probably catch so many fish we would not have bait enough. On looking for the clam hod, we found that in the early morning embarkation, we had forgotten to bring the bait with us.

With a feeling of deep disgust, we gave the wheel a turn and started homeward for the clam hod. When we finally got it you may be sure we lost no time in getting out to the fishing grounds.

Meanwhile, I had noticed that the scudding clouds were giving warning of the approach of a wind storm. The breeze had freshened to a stiff blow, and if it continued to increase in force, I felt that I might have some cause for anxiety, as I was the only one in the boat who knew the course or how to handle her.

Arriving in the "lee" of Harbor Island Ledge, we came up into the

wind and picked up a lobster buoy instead of dropping anchor. Then we all got into the dory, baited our hooks, then I gave the word, and the race was on to see who could catch the first fish.

In the excitement I had not noticed that the wind had caused us to drift, dragging the lobster trap with us. Suddenly I was startled, on looking up, to see that we had almost drifted onto a ragged reef.

With the utmost haste I jumped into the launch, started up the engine, cast off the lobster buoy, upon which we had vainly depended to hold us while fishing, and, with a turn of the wheel we were clawing away from the ledge.

As soon as possible we picked up another lobster buoy to hold us, but could only repeat the drifting operation again. Finally, in one of the turns, we caught a buoy rope in our propeller and wound it up so tight that the boat hook would not pull it off.

It would not do to stay where we were with the engine disabled, and the gale blowing us on the ledges which were to our "lee," as we would shortly be blown on them.

Some one had to go in swimming and cut the propeller clear. We drew lots, and I was the one to go. I jumped in and found the water was so cold that I felt like a fly in a tumbler of ice water. At last I cut the rope off and climbed on board.

While I had been in the water two of the biggest fish of the trip had been caught and, as we had accumulated a wash-tub full of good-sized fish, and were hungry, I suggested lunch.

In that rough, tossing water that word "lunch" was just what was needed to make at least two of the fellows pay tribute to Neptune. While they are leaning over the side gravely studying the waves, the other person and myself ate up all the eatables.

After this I suggested that we start

for home. Needless to say, everybody agreed. We pulled in our lines, oiled up the engine, and started.

After leaving the smoother water in the "lee" of the ledge, rounding the point of an island, and coming into the wind, we began to realize the danger we were in. The blow had increased to a gale. There was also a terrible swell and a nasty chop, which was caused by the tide running against the wind. Every sea which we plunged into threw showers of water over the boat and the sprayhood, which protected us and the engine. But our good engine and staunch boat plunged ahead through the heavy seas and made steady headway.

During our battle with the waves our dory painter snapped, causing us to come about and chase it, as it was rapidly blown away. Securing it after a great deal of trouble, we again started on our way, and finally came into the smoother waters of our home harbor.

We felt very much elated to be able to show a tubful of good fish and not be under the necessity of warping our moral nature by telling of the fish we had hooked and lost.

J. A. Kilmer, '11.

The following was written by a Greek girl in American School for Girls. Through the kindness of Miss Weeks we publish it without making any corrections to show how quick the Greeks are to master foreign languages.

### THE CAPTAIN OF AN IMPERILLED STEAMER.

A whirling South wind had set the Bosphorus waters at war. The steamers all day had encountered immense difficulty in landing, but towards night the waves became so furious that even the sinking of steamers was threatened in the usually calm Bosphorus.

My sisters, some friends and I were going home on a steamer from Scutari to Bechiktash. It was not without hesitation that we started for home, but if we had known what awaited us, none would have braved the danger. We had hardly left the Scutari wharf where our steamer exposed to the merciless wind and wave was tossed up and down, this side and that like any helpless primitive Cargo at midocean. Now it would plunge on one side so suddenly that we'd think it was sinking, when a stronger wave would send it toppling over on the other side, the water inundating floors, seats, and passengers. There was no other alternative than that of going ahead. Attempt to return would be sheer madness. So on we struggled, lashed on all sides. It usually requires only twenty minutes to sail from Scutari to Bechiktash. It took us *four* hours. Near the Bechiktash scala we met another steamer which was striving to land. This was the most critical time. To be so near the landing yet incapable of reaching it, to have no hope of deliverance if the steamer should sink for no caique would venture out on such a night; to be brought into frequent collisions against the other steamer, to strike against the scala (landing) until it seemed that either it would float away or the steamer break. To be swept in the shallow waters near the shore being in danger of sticking in the sand. Not one soul in that steamer but thought of death. And as the stern possibility glared at them, some shrieked, others prayed, others cursed. Cursed, whom? The Captain of the Steamer. Amid all the wild confusion, the terror, pushing, shrieking and praying, the cursing on the Captain was loudest. And where was he?

Brave man! He was at his post, thinking, ordering, observing, commanding order and obedience. The whole responsibility rested on him. If the steamer sank, even

did he succeed in saving the passengers, he was a lost man by the laws of government. But what was that to having so many people on his hands. He must save these immortal souls. His whole frame shook, the perspiration stood on his forehead. Dark, heavy rings formed round his strangely glaring eyes. His voice sounded hollow and unearthly as he gave

commands. The wind lashed the rain into his pale, pinched face as he strained all his faculties to master the elements. He staggered and strode on the rickety deck groaning under the weight of crushing responsibility. Notwithstanding giving such commands that despite all he did gain the battle and landed us on the Bechiktash scala.



## EDITORIAL NOTES

Great interest is being shown by the school, and in fact by the whole town, in the progress of the new athletic field on the shores of Spy Pond. Almost every afternoon one or two groups can be seen watching the work going on and wondering when it will be finished.

For many years it has been the wish of the hockey teams to have a rink to play their games in. This year it seems as if that wish would be fulfilled, for the Association feels pretty sure that it has found a

way to provide one for the coming hockey team without much expense.

Owing to the short time since school began we are unable to publish many Club Notes. The German Club has already been reorganized and plans made for the coming year. The officers elected were, Miss Weeks, President; Mr. Howard, Secretary and Miss Higgins, Treasurer. The first meeting was held on Tuesday, October the twenty-second, at the home of Miss Weeks and was well attended.



At the first meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: A. W. Rolfe, president; H. Murray, vice-president; P. W. Dunbar, secretary; G. P. Bullard, treasurer; A. Smith, auditor, and Clifford, Sloan and Scannell for the Athletic Committee. At another meeting a committee of three, consisting of Rolfe, Clifford and Bullard, was appointed to look into the matter of raising a sum of money with which to run the teams for the coming year.

The base ball team finished last season in fine style, winning seven out of the last eight games played. Winchester met de-

feat by the score 12-4, Watertown 14-5, Gloucester 3-0, Reading 4-3, Cambridge Latin 6-4, and Norwood 5-4.

It was voted by the Athletic Association to present the members of the team with sweaters. Those who received the sweaters were: Captain Taylor, Manager Wood, Clifford, Rolfe, Murray, Sloan, Smith, Kelley, Scannell, Dineen and Soderquist.

Because of the extremely light material which it had to offer, the school decided to give up thoughts of a foot ball team for this season. However, the time is being used to good advantage by base ball practice. This has already been in progress for

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several weeks and will continue as long as the weather holds good. The following squad, of which the first eight are old players, has turned out: Captain Clifford, Rolfe, Murray, Sloan, Kelley, Scannell, Dineen, Soderquist, Johnson, I. Hill, D. Hill, O'Brien, Peirce; Hutchinson, Higgins, Buckley, Rowse, Edwards, Storer, Black, Mahoney, Reycroft, Smith, Parris and Kilmer. The new candidates are showing up well and there seems to be much promise of a winning team for next spring.

There will not be many weeks now before the hockey team will commence work.

With five of the old seven back, and Capt. Clifford to lead them, we hope it will be able to maintain the standard reached by last winter's team. Gray and Taylor, of last year's team will, of course, be greatly missed, and it will be difficult to find two players to fill their places, but there are always new men ready to drop into the vacancies, and this season will prove no exception, we trust. The winter months will be thickly dotted with games, among which come our old rivals, Newton, Melrose, Andover and others. It will be a busy season and a successful one we hope and believe.

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## SCHOOL LOCALS

**Class of 1908.**

At a meeting held a few days ago the following officers were elected:

President, Arthur W. Rolfe; Vice-President, Fred W. Hill; Secretary, Mabel F. Barnes; Treasurer, Webster Guibord.

**Class of 1909**

The officers elected for the following year were as follows:

President, Prescott Bigelow; Vice-President, Miss Soderquist; Treasurer, Howard Murray; Secretary, Miss Hendrick.

**Class of 1910**

Did you ever hear of Latin 'Murphies?' (Poteto' given as the Future Imperative active of Possum.)

P—— waxes poetic in Physics:—

"He is at rest with the birds."

Miss R—— acts out a popular song in History:—"She walked right *out* and she turned around and she walked right *in* again." Cause why?

In Physics:—"Which weighs most, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?"

Miss P——, contemptuously, "Why a pound of lead!"

What happened to the editor of the Room III *Gazette*?

Class dues are ten cents this year. Because of this fact some of us have to walk to Harvard Square.

We had the first class-meeting of the season on Wednesday, Sept. 25th, and elected the following officers: President, Arthur Pierce; Vice President, Gladys Richardson; Secretary, Bradley Frost, and Treasurer, Jack Hutchinson.

**Class of 1911**

The Freshman Class has elected the following officers:

President, Ward Chick; Vice President, Wyman Smart; Secretary, Harlan Keycroft; Treasurer, Horace Webber.

Girls, are you still waiting for class pins?

Heard on History: "In the rainy season the Chaldeans navigated the land." In prairie schooners, we suppose.

"The Boys and the Be(e)s." A comedy in one act.

Enter one boy conjugating "be,"

Enter another, and a busy little bee,

Bee lights on second boy, he cries "Stung"

And with applause Room 3 rung.

Egyptian History: "If a dog died the whole family shaved their hair." Must not the barbers have made a fortune during a mad dog scare?

But to where has Fibo disappeared?

There's a boy in Room 10 named ——,

He does most of his work pretty snappy,

But in English he balks,

And the teacher still talks,

But he never is anything but happy.

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## EXCHANGES

The one thing that the Pennant, Meridan, Conn., lacks is more stories. We think that athletic notes, club notes, funnyisms, etc., although interesting and important, should be put second to the literary department in a school paper.

A.—“Are you a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly?”

B.—“No, but on my recent trip to Europe I was a contributor to the Atlantic daily.”—The Pennant.

Brutus.—“How many doughnuts did you eat, Caesar?”

Cæsar.—“Et tu, Brute!”

“Through The Ages,” in the Dean Megaphone, is somewhat above the common rank and file of stories in its originality and expression.

The Oracle and the Usonian of Malden High School were both good papers. We expect to see a doubly fine paper in the Oracle-Usonian, and wish it success.

Butcher.—“Come John, be lively; break the bones in Mr. Jones’ chops, and put Mr. Smith’s ribs in the basket for him.”

John—(briskly.) “All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy’s leg.”—Stylus.

There is a small matter which some of our subscribers have seemingly forgotten. To us it is necessary in our business. We are extremely modest and do not wish to speak of it.

Is there not in the Greylock Echo a corner in which there is room for a few exchange notes?

The boy stood on the railroad track,  
The train was drawing nigh.  
The boy stepped off the railroad track  
And let the train go by.—Alleghany Preptonian.

Teacher (in geography.) “There are so many people in China that every time you breathe some one dies.”

(To small boy puffing vigorously.)  
“Harry, what are you doing?”

Harry.—“I’m killing Chinamen.”—B. H. S. Review.

The two hours stories in the S. H. S. Authentic are both excellent. “Middlesex Fells” shows thorough knowledge of the subject by the writer, and is also very entertaining. The print is too small, however. It gives the impression of crowding and lack of room.

A man was on the steeple,  
And from the steeple fell;  
Some one told the sexton,  
The sexton tolled the bell.—Academy Bell.

A young theologian named “Fiddle,”  
Refused to accept his degree,  
“For,” said he, ’tis enough to be “Fiddle,”  
Without being, “Fiddle,” D. D.

Teacher—(to a freshman who is mimicking him.) Mr. Smith, if you don’t stop acting like a fool I shall ask you to leave the room.—B. H. S. Register.

The average woman’s waist is thirty inches around. The average man’s arm is thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, oh Nature!—Dean Megaphone.

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## EDITORIAL

With this number of the CLARION the work of the present board of managers is terminated and a new board will soon be chosen. In many ways we feel that the experience has been a fine thing for us and only hope that our readers have received as much enjoyment from reading the CLARION as we have from preparing it. As is natural, we think that if we had another opportunity we could do better, but others now have their turn and we wish them success in every way.

Thanksgiving Eve the Athletic Association gave its annual entertainment and dance. The play entitled "The Flower of the Family," was given by the following cast, coached by Mr. Robert H. Burnham, of Boston:—

Abner Howland, a merchant,      Julian Howard

Oscar Loring, his ward,      Kenneth Churchill  
Tom Howland, his nephew,      Vernon G. Sloan  
Policy Newcomb, an Insurance Agent,  
Henry Knickerbocker  
Spicer Spofford, clerk in an insurance office,  
Philip W. Dunbar  
Mrs. Gordon Howland, a widow.

Mabel Pettingill  
Alice Howland, her daughter,      Ida Peirce  
Lina Howland, Abner's adopted daughter.  
Dorothy Bullard

It was well given and afforded an enjoyable evening for those present. During the acts the ushers sold candy which helped increase the proceeds. Giving entertainments with school talent is by far the best way the Athletic Association has of raising money. If not carried too far these plays are a fine training for the scholars in the way of public speaking.

Miss Heard is making preparations for a school concert to be given on two even-

ings in March, if it is possible to use the hall for singing during the cold months. This seems to be the only handicap towards a good concert. Half the proceeds from the sale of tickets will start a fund for the purchasing of a grand piano for the school hall; and the other half will be sent to the Teacher's Auxillary Guild, a benefit association to which teachers of most of the large cities and towns outside of Boston may belong. It is hoped that the High School Alumni as well as the school will take an interest in this and help make the concert a success either by selling tickets or by contributions. The interest in these two objects and the good concert which we know, from past experience, the school, under Miss Heard's training, will give, should attract a large audience both nights. Miss Heard has already selected some fine music. Further particulars will be given later when the plans are more definite.

The Senior Dance, which generally comes in the Christmas vacation, has been postponed this year because so many other entertainments are scheduled to come in that week. As it is now, the Seniors will probably give their dance in February. That, with the Social some time in March, will compose the chief social happenings of this class.

Now that the hockey season is really started, one of the principal questions in the minds of the hockey players is what will be done about a rink. It was thought at first that a way had been found to settle the question, but that proved fruitless and they are now wondering whether they will have to go through another season playing the important games in out of town rinks and missing the practice that a home rinks affords.

Thursday, December fifth, the school had the unexpected pleasure of listening to

Miss Yoshi Kajiro, who is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke but for the last ten years a teacher in the Girls High School at Okayama. Dressed in the costume of a Japanese Miss Kajiro gave a brief description of Japan before and after the war with Russia. Okayama being the railroad center of all trains going to and from the frontier, she was present with her townspeople at the arrival of every train to welcome the Japanese soldiers or to serve lunch to the Russian prisoners whom they treated with the same consideration that they did their own countrymen. One of the greatest lessons the Japanese learned from the war was that Japan as a nation is composed of very small men and it must increase the physical strength of the soldiers in order to keep on an equal footing with the other nations. Consequently in every school the boys devote three hours a week to gymnastics and men are being sent over to our country to study the physical development of the Americans. In speaking of the possibilities of a war between Japan and the United States, Miss Kajiro said it seemed utterly impossible to her, as the Japanese consider us their warmest friends and in many of their homes is seen the picture of President Roosevelt and his family. Before the war very little attention was given to the education of the girls, but now everything possible is being done to prepare them for household duties. They are taught to cook American as well as Japanese dishes and in many other ways they endeavor to carry out our customs. Great attention is paid to the etiquette of the girls, while the boys receive very little instruction in this branch. In one ceremony which they are taught it takes the girls twenty-five minutes to pour one cup of tea. In concluding Miss Kajiro gave the school a very urgent invitation to visit her in her school at Okayama.

  
LITERARY DEPARTMENT

## THE PRIVATION OF PAUL.

To Paul Quentin, there were but two factors to complete happiness,—to go to Europe and to know every slang phrase before any one else heard it. Strange to say, his stern relative, Aunt Jane Piper, knew this. She was one of those benevolent women whose greatest aim was to make others happy, but who believe that the happiness should be deserved.

Already she had established her orphaned nephew at Harvard. So when her idolized son and heir, Percival, who had roomed with young Quentin at Claverly and who admired him because of his athletic abilities, proposed a trip for a year in Europe, after receiving their sheepskins, his mother readily acquiesced on one condition.

"My dear Percy," she said, laying her hand on his blonde head, "of course, I am aware that you have great influence over your cousin, and I am not blaming you for his defects; but I want you to suggest to him sometimes that if we were not positive of being disgraced by his superfluous English, we would gladly take him abroad with us this coming summer. I truly wish to do rightly by my poor Martha's child, but I wish also to guide his morals correctly. His extravagant mode of speech is so repulsive to me."

Soon afterward, Percival informed his cousin of his mother's suggestion. As was natural, Paul Quentin received the proposition with great joy — "Aw, say, old chap," he cried, pounding poor Percival on his frail shoulders, "I'll bet a hat that was your idea. You're a brick and Aunt Jane's a — a — aw, say, that's too dead easy — a trip to Europe if I merely cut slang."

Percival blinked knowingly as he answered, "It will not be as easy as you may beleive. You must commence immediately and never again make use of any of your usual expressions. Does that suit you?"

"Does it, — well I'll be switched if it doesn't!"

"There you go now!" exclaimed his cousin. "'Switched' is slang. You'll have to be careful, I warn you. By the way, mother is going to give a dinner and dance for Barbara at the Iroquois Club, sometime soon and you are on her list. I believe you are to lead the cotillion." And, fearing his statement would be greeted by some forbidden phrase, Percy suddenly made his exit.

The affair at Iroquois Club came two weeks later. During that time Paul had learned that his task was no easy one. It hardly seemed possible that he could be so dependent upon his slang in ordinary conversation. His chums had accused him of various ailments when they noticed the lack of effervescence of his spirits.

When the appointed night arrived, a sober and silent young man made his way to the club.

He was soon in the midst of festivities. The fates seemed to be against him, for he was introduced to many gushy young ladies with interest in common with his own and it was so commonplace to have to answer, in reply to their remarks on that marvelous touchdown at the last game, "Oh, certainly! Yes, of course! Marchendon is a fine player. That game ought to win his 11 for him," when he might have been pronounced so interesting by the season's buds by exclaiming as of old, "You bet! Sure! Marchedon is a downright corking chap. I'm deuced glad that the fellow made good

and I hope he'll not get stung when it comes to distributing H's."

Towards the end of the evening Mrs. Piper approached her nephew.

"Paul," she said, "do you consider this evening a success?"

"Why, I certainly do," he answered, "a great success."

"A great success?"

"Yes," assuredly. "Congratulations." His aunt looked troubled. "Paul, my boy," she said "I want the truth."

Again he repeated what he had said and still she regarded him doubtfully. Finally she exclaimed, "Paul, I'll take off the ban. Use your slang, for I won't be satisfied until I hear one of your old methods of appreciation. I think you have learned to use slang and when not to: you'll go abroad with us anyway, — but, tell me, what you think about this dance."

A smile flitted across Paul Quentin's face and a great weight seemed to be lifted from his heart as he exclaimed, "Aunt Jane, you're all right! Your dinner was a ripping success and the dance was simply swell! I think I understand — I'm to use slang only on certain occasions. Nevertheless I've learned a few things in the last few weeks, that I'll remember."

1909.

## A HORSEBACK TRIP TO YORK BEACH, MAINE.

"Come girls—it's five o'clock and you must be ready to start at six. No loitering!" These words awakened us from a sound sleep and from dreams of school tasks unperformed, to a full realization that vacation days had come at last. Louise and I had spent all our leisure moments for weeks in going over in anticipation the delights of a horseback ride to York, Maine, and now we were almost ready to start. We could hear father and Bob saddling the horses, and in a short time we joined them in a hasty breakfast.

Mother and Mrs. Grant, Louise's mother, were to go by train so as to be on hand to meet us on our arrival. Louise and her brother Rob rode their bronchos, while father rode Prince and I rode Maud.

It was a glorious summer morning and we were all very much excited and happy. Our ride was over the hills to Woburn, then to Reading, which we reached at eight o'clock. Up to this time it seemed like an ordinary morning ride, except that Bob was anxious to exhibit his skill as a rider, so he was continually trying to make his broncho jump stone walls and fences, and his pony showed the effect of such violent exercise. After watering the horses and purchasing some fruit to go with our luncheon, we turned into the road to Andover. This is a large and newly

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made State road, and perfect for vehicles and autos, but rather hard and uncomfortable for riders as well as for horses. Electrics run the whole distance—about eight and one-half miles—to Andover, and with the rushing automobiles, kept us continually on the alert.

At intervals, there were attractive pine groves and green fields, but for the most part the scenery was wild and uninteresting. As the sun rose higher and higher we all felt the effects, and Bob was the first to propose a halt for rest and lunch. A pine grove offered tempting shade, and at ten o'clock we dismounted. The horses were eased of their saddles and enjoyed the stray spears of grass within their reach. We girls gathered flowers while father and Bob rested. Our lunch tasted good, and one o'clock found us in our saddles once more. Bob had toned down a great deal and was contented to follow behind with father. We girls took in everything to be seen, especially at Andover.

On entering the town, we passed Phillips Academy on our left. We had heard much about this famous boys' school, and we regretted it was vacation time. Bob, too, was interested, though he pretended to look down upon "Andover boys," because he is planning to go to the rival Academy at Exeter, N. H. I think he will learn to respect it more when he comes to try his skill against the "Andover boys" in athletic sports.

On the right, a view of dignified brick buildings is about all there is left of what was once the celebrated Andover Theological School. The school is very rich but has few students. The campus in front of the buildings is surrounded by stately trees, and the whole, being on a high hill, makes a most attractive picture.

Phillips Inn, a dormitory for students and instructors in term time, is run as a hotel in vacations, and is a most delightful place. Here Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's

Cabin." We saw the pond where some of the students ducked the hotel-keeper because he reported them for misconduct. Bob was especially pleased at this, and said, "Served him right." Father shook his head but didn't say anything. The town is large, and the houses are very pretty. At the post-office we wrote some cards which we mailed to our friends at home, and were off on the next stretch of road towards North Andover.

The route was now over ordinary country roads, more or less sandy, and we made slow progress. We girls were bound not to "cry baby," so we gritted our teeth and pretended that we "were not tired." Bob kept asking how far it was to Haverhill, so we knew he was tired, too. Louise rode side-saddle, so I think she must have felt more tired than any of us, for she was not able to change her position so freely.

We could see Lawrence on our left, and when we arrived at Ward Hill, a small village, we saw a hotel on a very high hill which father said was called Buena Vista. The view from it must be extensive, but it did not look to be a pleasant situation. Next came Bradford, a fine old town, on the right bank of the Merrimac; it is the home of Bradford Academy, a well-known school for girls. The town is now a part of Haverhill. After crossing the bridge we were right in the center of Haverhill. The Merrimac is a grand river and frequently rises above its banks at this place, and does much damage to the stores.

We put the horses up at the stable and found rooms at the Hotel Bartlett, opposite the Common. The chief object of interest was a statue of Hannah Dustin. She and her family were captured by the Indians in the early history of Haverhill, and she was said to have secured a hatchet, and killed her captors and escaped. This monument represents her with hatchet in hand. The Pentucket Club house is located near and it is a beautiful build-

ing. A band concert entertained us in the early hours of the night and the icemen or milkmen in the early morning hours, so we were not fully refreshed when we mounted our horses in the morning.

Father knew the route to Exeter (17 miles away), but owing to repairs on the road we were obliged to take another road in expectation of getting back on the right road soon. We had ridden a long way, when we suddenly came upon a tablet which proved to be in honor of John Greanleaf Whit- tier, the poet, and marked his birth- place. We were excited at the pros- pects of seeing the house, and right around the corner we found it. The house was on the left and the barn on the right, just as they are seen in pic- tures of them. We crossed the bridge over the little brook and stopped to inquire the way. The people in the house were very pleasant and we were

soon going in the right direction, which was almost at right angles to our previous route. We eventually reached the main road again, and it was lovely for our purpose—sandy and crooked, but winding through pine woods, up and down hill. We stopped occasionally to pick raspberries and rest the horses, for we were anxious to reach Exeter for luncheon, so to give Bob the whole afternoon for sight- seeing. From Haverhill to Exeter there are very high hills, almost bare of trees, but on which cattle could be seen feeding. It did not look like good farming country.

The first town out of Haverhill was Plaistow, and we were then in New Hampshire. Next came Newton, somewhat larger, but still pretty small. We passed through East Kingston, and before we knew it, were right in Ex- eter itself. The streets were broad and level, shaded by big trees, and it

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was a great relief from the heat of the open road. We stopped at the Squamscott House in the center of the town and Bob could hardly wait to eat his luncheon, for he was so anxious to look around the place. Father had been there to school and was almost as excited as Bob. We girls were too tired to think, and decided to lie down until lunch time.

After luncheon we walked up Front Street a short distance and came to Phillips Academy on the right. Father showed us his room in one of the dormitories, and it looked pretty lonesome to me, but was all wonderful to Bob. I could see father's eyes twinkle when Bob was so sure he would like nothing better than to have a room like that. I thought he would be a pretty homesick boy at first. The academy chapel was large and attractive, and on the walls were many portraits of distinguished men who had been students there. There were many statues and works of art,—gifts of former students, and it all looked very classical and imposing. Alumni Hall is used as a dining hall and answers the same purpose as Memorial Hall at Harvard. Father said the school was much larger than in his day, and had better facilities for instruction. A fine new athletic field was being prepared on the banks of the fresh water river near by. This interested Bob, as he is very fond of tennis and baseball. To see him strut around, you would think he had been there several years. Robinson Seminary, a school for girls, is near by, but we had no time to visit it. Phillips Exeter Academy was founded by a brother of the man who founded the Andover Academy, and like Yale and Harvard, these two preparatory schools are rivals in sports and everything that is worth doing. Both schools are about one hundred and twenty-five years old.

We retired early and were ready to start bright and early in the morning. We aimed to reach Portsmouth in

time for luncheon and did so. It is a fine old city, and many of the people are quite wealthy. This accounts for the beautiful old colonial houses which are so fine. The principal hotel is called the Rockingham, and here we had luncheon. We strolled about town and from the water-front could see the United States Navy Yard, across the harbor, in Kittery. Some day we are going to ride up from York by trolley and go over it. The wharves were almost deserted, though they used to be very busy in the years before the Civil War.

Our horses were well rested by three o'clock, and we set out for York, crossing the old toll bridge to Kittery. Though it was only ten miles according to the guide boards, it seemed twenty. Louise and I were beginning to feel old, and Bob looked as though he had lost his last friend. In the distance on our right we caught glimpses of Hotel Wentworth at New Castle, where the Russian and Japanese Peace Envoys stopped. In due season we reached York Village, and pushed on to our destination at the beach. On the right we could see the Marshall House at York Harbor, and some of old ocean was spread before us. The horses pricked up their ears and sniffed the refreshing salt air, while we all put on a cheerful look, as we realized that we were near our journey's end.

Louise saw her mother first as we neared the hotel, and our trip was ended. '10.

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### A STUDY OF SUPERSTITION.

There is nothing, perhaps, to which a community clings with greater tenacity than to its old legends and superstitions. Every New England town and hamlet has its ghost story or haunted house, without which the town seems incomplete. These lasting relics of the old colonial days furnish food for much thought, and often lend diversion and even pleasure to the summer boarder.

Such was my experience one summer "down east." No sooner had I arrived at my boarding place,—which was advertised as providing fresh butter, milk, eggs, vegetables, mosquitoes, and other home comforts,—than I was ushered up to "the very room in which Uncle Ezra had died with apoplexy." Of course, this raised my spirits considerably; so after unpacking and rearranging things a bit, I descended to partake of the evening meal. It was a good meal, indeed, fully as good as I expected; besides, I was hungry. I needed no great seasoning for my food to compel me to relish the good things; but, as it seemed, what I got in the way of sauce did no harm.

With the idea of exciting my interest in the town, I suppose, the good woman of the house began a lengthy discussion bristling with colloquialisms, such as only country-bred women use, about the fine hens neighbor John's wife raised for the last county fair; about what Mrs. So-and-so said of Mrs. Such-a-one's "best Sunday bunnit"; and last, but not least, about a certain mystery that had puzzled the village ever since she could remember.

As near as I could make out, there was a certain hill overlooking the lake,—she assured me with eloquence, as women do, that "there was a hill and a lake,"—and at certain periods of the year, especially after a storm,—and it was true as gospel, because her brother-in-law's wife's mother said so,—a rumbling occurred under the hill,

which sometimes lasted for hours at a time. I suggested that there might be a cave opening beneath the surface of the lake, which admitted the water some distance under the hill and which, in a storm, caused the rumbling.

However, she said it couldn't be that for she distinctly remembered when she was but a girl,—or was it when she was sixteen or seventeen?—she couldn't exactly recollect which,—but anyway, as she was saying, she distinctly remembered that a man and his wife were going home from class meeting over the hill, when the rumbling commenced; and when they got half way down the hill they became paralyzed up to the knees, being unable to move backward or forward for two solid hours, until the noise stopped.

This little tale was very entertaining, but, since I had finished my supper, I left my lodgings and strolled over to the general store. There I found what is common to every country store, loafers, crackers, and raisins. The loafers are indispensable to every rural mart, while the crackers and raisins, the most accessible articles of diet, are indispensable to the loafers. One of these amiable figure-heads of the ship of domestic commerce addressed me concerning the weather of that day, the next day, and next summer. "Well, yes," I answered him, "I believe the weather will be good tomorrow, but I refuse to make myself responsible for next summer." A long pause ensued, broken, at last, by the rustic, who said, "I'll bet, stranger, that you never see sech a lively kentry town as this be," and he continued by telling of the projected new town hall, the neighbor's hen house just being built near the store, and finally, he told about the haunted hill.

He told me that when he was "knee-high to a toad" the old mister Jenkins died, leaving all his property, including the hill and the house by the side of the same, to his wife. He loved his

property as he loved himself and when he was dying, he made his wife promise never to sell the place, telling her that if she did he would haunt her. "Wal," the lounge continued, "old Jenkins hadn't been dead mor'n a month when Mrs. Jenkins sold every derned square foot, 'n' the very next night she was woke up by a turrible stompin' and swearin', and she cried out that her husband was beatin' her. It must be so, because next mornin' she was black and blue. And after that, it happened reg'lar oncet a week, until after a year 'n' a half the woman died suddenly."

This obliging gentleman also mentioned that, at certain times, particularly after a hot day, the hill rumbled awfully.

I, of course, realized that this addition to the landlady's story was marvellous to say the least; so bidding my friend good evening, I ambled over to the little station to interview the agent. He was a man who liked to talk, and as he had a pleasing voice, I was able to listen to his conversation with considerable interest. He first spoke about himself, then he turned to a discussion of town affairs. He informed me that it was a well-known fact that Mrs. Skinner took in washing altho' she wouldn't have it known for the world; that it was rumored concerning the new minister that he was

callin' too frequently upon the Widow Peabody; and that it was scandalous how few men came out to town meeting. However, as did my landlady, and the loafer at the general store, so the station agent, at last, spoke of the mystery of the hill. "Hev ye heard about thet hill over thar, mister?" he said. "Ye hev?"—as I nodded—"Wal, d'ye see thet road runnin' 'long under the hill? I think thet road is ha'nted, too. Ye know,—or rather ye don't, of course,—that where it turns there behind the hill, there is a small clump of ellow trees, and on a moonlight night ye can't get a horse to pass thet clump, because there is something shiny and misty like thet winds, oh, jest so slowly in and out among the tops of them ellow trees! And, do ye know," pointing a solemn finger at me, "that was the place where old man Jenkins liked best to walk when he was alive! Ye don't catch me there after dark, no sir!"

As he finished, the first star began to appear, and with a creepy feeling down my spine, I turned my steps toward my lodgings. "Of course," I thought, "there is some natural solution for these stories if they are true at all." But did I try to rend the veil of mystery? No! I felt that I would be doing them great wrong in destroying their cherished superstitions.

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### A STORY OF STRYCHNINE.

"That track is no coyote's."

So saying, "Hank" Miller threw himself far back in the saddle and brought his well-trained cow-horse to a sudden stop. With the quickness of the practised range-man, he dismounted, threw the reins over Tony's head, and stood eyeing the slight scratches on the sun-baked 'dobe mesa.

A few seconds' consultation and a few steps along the faint trail of the creature brought us to a small sand patch where the keen eye of the veteran owner of the Seven U Seven brand caught a clear print.

"A lion, sure as shooting!"

"That's bad. We have no hounds."

"Hounds!" said Jack. "There's not a hound in thirty miles. Well, come on! We'll trail him a while and then go to the water holes. If he's made a kill, he'll lie low till sun-down before eating. The lions are particular 'round here. Nothing but nice young colts suit them. Bet you the drinks he's got my fine little pinto colt."

Mounting hastily, Hank led on over the rough valley bottom, easily following the tracks scarcely discernible to

me. After a couple of miles of meandering, our course proved to lead toward Mountain Springs.

"Well, 'Doc,' we might as well cut across to Skunk Canyon and see how many dead colts we find. The critter has to water there, and there's where my horses run these hot, dry days."

"All right."

An hour of stiff going over a dim cattle trail, now on ridges affording wide views and a good breeze, now in narrow gulches and washes full of sand and sizzling heat, brought us among the cottonwood trees of Skunk Canyon. Going at once to the water hole, Hank glanced around and gave a shout.

"He's been here. Not three hours ago, either." I had no trouble now to recognize the large four-dented prints of a mountain lion's paws in the black mud around the water hole. The mud was fresh in the tracks.

As we stood there, a rattle of hoofs and much snorting made our ponies prick up their ears. A large bunch of horses came clattering down the canyon so suddenly that our horses whirled and would have stampeded

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with them but for Han's quick jump to their heads.

"That lion's doing this," said Hank.

"Let's go up the canyon and see."

"All right, Doc, perhaps you can get a chance to use that fancy shooting-iron of yours."

I unslung a fine 30-30 Winchester and we started afoot up the canyon. Hank whirled the cylinder of his Colt and cocked it a couple of times to be sure it was in shape.

A slight noise on the hillside to the right soon caught our ears, and a glance showed a long, low, grayish shape gliding among the rocks. Before I could more than think, bang! and a little puff of dust rose very near the now bounding shape. I cocked my rifle and tried to get a bead, but the color of the lion was too near that of the ground for me to see for any aim. Miller banged away till all his shells were used with no success.

"Well, Doc, there's one colt dead over yonder by that Mesquite tree."

A cruel sight it was. The neck and back torn, the flanks marked by the cruel claws.

"A five-year-old colt, worth thirty dollars, as horses are now," said Hank.

"What shall we do?"

"Get the lion and a few coyotes to get even."

"How?"

"Strychnine!"

Hank went back to his saddle pockets and brought a tube of white powder. With his knife, he gashed the carcass and inserted the powder freely.

"There, Doc, we'll get twenty dollars for lions and a dollar each for coyotes."

"When will your lion return?"

"To-night, when the body cools."

"Will he get far?"

"Bet you a hundred dollars he don't get twenty feet away from the body, before the poison gets him."

The next forenoon, I watched Hank skin the lion where he lay, not five feet from his victim. There were twelve coyotes, also, lying around, all caught by the deadly poison.

"Pretty comprehensive stuff, that strychnine," mused Hank, as we surveyed the scene. 1909.

### EDITORIAL NOTE

At the meeting of the Ice-Hockey Leagues, December 7th, the school decided to withdraw from the Interparatory League and join the Interscholastic with Melrose High and Stone's School. This is a much stronger one than we have been in before and Arlington High will have to play her best to win. For the last few years the hockey team has wished to be in a stronger league. Now that the change has come let the whole school show its spirit and encourage the team to bring home the new cups by attending all the home games at least, and as many out of town as possible.

With the beginning of each season there is always more or less discussion as to how the teams will turn out and this year proves no exception. If Arlington High can keep up the clean playing that she has shown the past years and if her team play is as much in evidence as ever she is pretty sure to continue to turn out successful hockey teams.

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## CLUB NOTES

### MEHR LICHT VEREIN.

The general topic of study for this year is "Nüremburg, its famous men, traditions, etc." There have been several meetings at the homes of club members and one in Cotting Hall, when the club had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Maeder-Bray who spoke on "Germany, its people and customs." The first meeting was held at the home of Miss Weeks, who has resumed the leadership of the club. Miss Dickson gave the paper of the evening. Nov. 19, a meeting was held at Miss Moore's house, when Miss Wells and Miss Barnes were the committee for the evening. Mr. Frost gave an

address at the last meeting on German literature. The club was housed and sheltered by Miss Dorothy Wyman. It is planned to have the next meeting, Dec. 17, devoted to the singing of German Christmas carols.

Owing to a tendency of some members towards tardiness, the club has decided to charge time on those who are not present at 7.30, but who do appear later. It was a noticeable fact that at the last meeting, when the rule first went into effect, everybody was nearly on time. Owing to a discrepancy in timepieces, whether the last arrivals were late or not, could not be determined.

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A. O. SPRAGUE.



The fact that the school has not been represented in football this season has not lessened its interest in the sport and all through the fall months the results of games between the various schools were closely followed. Still we do not regret our move, for we feel that much benefit has been derived from the fall baseball practice. The captain now knows just about what material there is to work with and the preliminary work which would ordinarily fill two or three weeks of valuable time next spring is practically finished. It seems as if the better policy would be to follow out this plan each year and thus work towards perfecting the one team.

The next thing to prepare for is hockey, a sport in which the school always takes an active part. Last winter the team, for the fourth successive time, won the inter-preparatory league series and thus gained the cup which had been put up in that league. This winter a new league has been formed.

It is to include Stone School, Melrose and Arlington; and be called the Interscholastic League. This seems to be a very good arrangement and the new cup which has been put up should be closely contested

for. The following schedule has been made out:

- Dec. 12. Medford at Medford.
- " 14. St. Mark's at Southborough.
- " 16. Cambridge Latin at Arlington.
- " 21. Mechanic Arts at Arlington.
- " 25. Alumni at Arlington.
- " 27. Milton High at Arlington.
- \*Jan. 10. Melrose at Melrose.
- " 14. Brookline at Arlington.
- " 21. Milton Academy at Milton.
- \* " 18. Stone at Arlington.
- " 20. Medford at Arlington.
- " 24. Roxbury Latin at Arlington.
- " 25. Andover at Andover.
- " 31. Newton at Brae-Burn.
- Feb. 8. Pomfret at Pomfret.
- " 12. Andover at Andover.

\*League game.

In order to run the teams the Association must have money. To raise this sum a play and dance was given in the Town Hall the night before Thanksgiving. The expenses for this entertainment amounted to much more than was expected, so of course the proceeds were correspondingly small, probably about \$110. This will be sufficient to run the hockey team through the season and start the baseball team next spring. Beyond that we can plan but little now, but another play or a girls' cake and candy sale may be depended upon to bring in enough money to carry us through baseball.

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## SCHOOL LOCALS

### Class of 1908.

Macbeth, a steadfast friend and a loving wife.

Shortly after she was found dead, probably by her own hands.

In a physics experiment,—

Recorder of exercise. "What are you?" "I'm six," and you? "four," "and you?" "I'm two." Rather advanced for their ages.

They drank wine with the heads of all kinds of animals.

He jumped down with his arms.

Such words escaped the bulwark of his teeth.

### Class of 1909.

Now 1908 be real good and you may get a reception.

Q. Where is mother?

Fido. I don't know, ask pa.

Give it to him, he's saving them.

1909 is following the treasurer's advice on the board. Save your class dues, and it looks as though we should have to either raise the limit or give the seniors skim milk and water crackers at the reception.

### Class of 1910.

In Civics: "F —, what is the difference between a boss and a ring?"

F — "Why a boss is a single man." —, in an undertone, "Right you are. He needs a ring to get married, and then he's no longer boss."

Mr. G —, "When Marner returned to Lantern Yard he didn't recognize it, because all the houses had grown up."

Mr. B — still takes his morning constitutional while reciting.

We had thought that A — was with us in body at least, but since he made the statement that he was in Suffolk County we have our doubts.

An example of inertia: — In a street car, those bodies that are seated have a tendency to remain seated.

Miss E —, translating: "The *Calvery* were —."

Miss W —, "The *what*? Go look that word up in the dictionary. Well, what does it mean?"

Miss E —, a skull without hair. "True, but —"

It seems that peek-a-boo waists were in style even in Caesar's time.

Miss C —, translating: "When they saw that they had been killed —"

### Class of 1911.

How the hockey team would delight in one of those asbestos friezes (freezes.) It couldn't melt.

It has just been discovered that the Romans worshipped a goddess named Jonah.

English: The Fiery Cross was made of yew (you.) Indefinite pronoun.

Doesn't the refreshment class come in handy every recess though.

Room 3 is still wondering whether those cultivated cows would give condensed milk.

The football team made a fine record. They went through the season without a defeat.

## EXCHANGES

"The Transparent Man," in the *Cambridge Review*, is a remarkable story and "Gunshoe Gus" would make Holmes or Munchausen blush for shame.

The *Pennant*, Meriden, appears in a new cover. It is simple and attractive, yet it signifies much. The only story is continued. We will not take space to repeat what we think about continued stories in a high school paper.

We are glad to see the *Cadet* among our exchanges. It has a good beginning and deserves success.

The *Mayflower*, Provincetown, begins its second year with a new name, better contents and a new and better cover.

The *Mirror*, Waltham, has everything excepting a few cuts. A few well drawn headings will brighten up your paper considerably. This applies to the *Academy Bell* as well.

We have waited expectantly, but in vain, for the *Oracle Usonian*. Where is it?

Lady. "Little boy how much is your lemonade?"

Youthful. "Three and five a glass."

Lady. "What is the difference?"

Youthful. "My dog fell in the three cent kind.—*Ex.*

The following sign was observed on a hardware store:—

Kitther and Spinneys.

Cheap Skates.

Come in and look them over.

Q. Why does a blush creep up a maiden's cheek?

A. Because if it ran it would kick too much dust.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

"Wossatehaogot?"

"Afnoonnoss. Lassdition."

"Ennithinkinit?"

"Naw. Nothinninit 'cept lasspeech-rosefets. Lottarot."

"Donsayso. Wossaweterpredikshun?"

Sesrain. Donbelewertho. Funnithinkthis wether predik shun never kin tell was sugondo."

"Thasright."—*Ex.*

Teacher. Johnny, what made Switzerland famous?"

"Swiss cheese, of course."

Teacher. "Oh, something more impressive, grander, more tremendous."

Johnny. "Limburger."—*Ex.*

CHANCES TO THE FRESHMAN.

Anon to "Cutting" a "freshie" began,  
And quicklee for to tellen as it was,  
Were it by accident, or sorte, or cas,  
The solace is this, he "cut" for all his myght,

For which later, full sorrie was this wyght.  
When telle he his freends, alle anon,  
Then the wyse teacher did suspicioun.  
Yea, she had herd, what needeth wodes mo?  
Still, she would see if it really were so.  
She wente unto this disobediente.  
Who left her class without her free assent.  
He seyd, "Though I did play that verrie game,  
Namore will I do it, in Godde's name."

Now, Freshmen, listen, herkneth wot I seye,

And from your classes neyou stay awaye;  
For he began with right a merrie cheere,  
But in the ende he payed for ye deere.

—*Ex.*

BOOK XIII; PROPOSITION XXIII; AXIOM.

Proposition. Pupils go to school to improve their faculties.

Proof. Teachers are faculties.

\* \* Pupils go to school to improve their teachers.—*Q. E. D.*

Mistress. "Katie, do you know anything of my husband's whereabouts?"

Katie. "Sure, mum, an' I lift them hanging in his closet."—*Ex.*

The wooden horse was standing before Troy, the beleagured city.

"That seems to be a heavy beast," remarked Paris to Hector, surveying it critically. "Of what weight should you think it was?"

"Troy, of course," answered Hector. Whereat envy turned Paris green.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Scene. Summit of Mt. Vesuvius.

American Tourist. "Great snakes, it reminds me of hades!"

English Tourist. "My goodness, how these Americans do travel!"—*Ex.*

Mr. Weebrane. "I knew your daughter very well in college, Mr. Smartweed, and I promised to call on her."

Mr. Smartweed. "Call on her?" Waal, I don't care how much callin' ye do in the daytime, but ye needn't hang around here at night with your durn college cat-calls and songs, by hen."—*Ex.*

#### HEARD IN THE DARK.

Masculine voice. "???!!! () huh?"

Feminine voice. "Oh hush, I want my rubbers."—*Ex.*

#### ANCIENT BASEBALL.

Eve stole first, Adam stole second.

Cain made a base hit.

Abraham made a sacrifice.

Noah put a dove out on a fly.

The prodigal son made a home run.

There were foul flies in Pharoah's time.

We know that Rebecca was in company with a pitcher.

Judas was base man.

Jehu's team is highly praised.

We hear of the Egyptians' short stop near the red sea,

Ruth and Naomi did good work in the field.

A slave fanned Pharoah.—*Ex.*

He. "Man has a perfect organ of speech."

She. "So has woman."

He. "No. She has no stops."—*Ex.*

F — ierce lessons.

L — ate hours.

U — nexpected company.

N — othing prepared.

K — nocked out.—*Ex.*

"'An let me say right heah," remarked Brother Johnsing, "foh de benefit of de breddun who am puttin' buttons in de plate, dat de heathen don't need no moh buttons 'till dey hab trousers."—*Ex.*

Absent-minded professor, picking up hair brush instead of a mirror, "Gracious, how I need a shave!"—*Ex.*

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# ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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## EDITORIAL

WITH this issue, the CLARION, under a new board of managers, begins the twelfth year of its existence. We fully realize the honor given to us in placing us in charge of the school paper, and we shall do our best to make the CLARION a fit representative of the Arlington High School. The CLARION has steadily improved, both in material and appearance, since the first issue twelve years ago, and we believe that with some changes which we now have under consideration, we shall be able to add our share of improvement to the CLARION, in our term of office.

On account of the delay caused by awarding the contract of printing to

another printer and certain other circumstances, we have been unable to publish the CLARION until now. We regret exceedingly this delay, which, however, was unavoidable.

Following the example of previous classes, the Juniors gave a reception to the Seniors, on Friday evening, February the 28th, in Associates Hall. The invitations were artistic bits of work, made by members of the Junior class, who should be complimented on their work. The dance was started with a grand march, which showed off the many and varied costumes to perfection, and a prettier sight was perhaps never

seen in Associates Hall. The matrons were Mrs. Scully, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Moores. Smith's orchestra furnished music for the dancing. The evening was a success in every way, and all that were there had a time which may really be called "good."

During the past winter the school has enjoyed the benefit of six very interesting and instructive lectures. These lectures were given through the income of the Pratt Fund, a fund which was left to the school many years ago, when the late Judge Parmenter was prominently identified with the school committee.

The first and second lectures of the series were given by Mr. Leon H. Vincent, a well known and celebrated lecturer. His first lecture, given on the twentieth of December, was upon the subject, Queen Anne's Reign: Addison and Steele. Those who have studied these subjects in their school work should have been greatly benefited by this lecture, for it was given in Mr. Vincent's best style, while he also mentioned several points which would escape the ordinary lecturer.

The second lecture was given on January 10th, and the subject was Whittier's *Legendary and Historical Verse*. This lecture was very instructive and pleasing. Mr. Vincent cited several humorous incidents, in which Whittier played an important part while attempting to uphold his views on Abolition.

In the next lecture, which was given on January 23d, the pupils and friends of the School had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. Marshall Darrach in Shakespeare's tragedy, *Julius Caesar*. Those who attended this lecture obtained a very good idea of the way in which this play should be interpreted.

The subject of the fourth lecture,

which took place on the sixth of February, was *Panama and the Canal*. Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, the lecturer of the evening, was a member of a scientific expedition to South America, for the purpose of obtaining photographs of the planet Mars. Mrs. Todd was very enthusiastic about the picturesqueness of the canal zone; she said that she did not know of any other district in which there was such luxuriant vegetation and such beautiful scenery.

Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews was the next lecturer, on February 21st, upon the subject, *Wild Birds and their Music*. Mr. Mathews is a well known authority on wild birds, and is perhaps best known to us through his books on birds. He illustrated his lecture with colored plates of birds, and charts showing the music of different birds.

The sixth and last lecture came March 6th, when the lecturer was Mr. George W. Pierce, Ph.D. of Harvard College. His subject was *The Measurement of Wave-Lengths in Wireless Telegraphy*. This made the second time that we have heard Mr. Pierce, as he spoke to us a little over a year ago on *Wireless Telegraphy*.

The Senior Social was given Friday evening, March 20th. A trio composed of Ernest Weston, Fred Hill, and Kenneth Churchill first gave a musical selection. Then the president of the class, Arthur Rolfe, greeted the friends and fellow pupils of the school and made them welcome in the name of the class of 1908. Smith's orchestra played several overtures, and then a two-act comedy, entitled "*The Great Catastrophe*," was given. The cast was as follows:

|                 |                      |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| Jack Kennard    | Vernon Sloan         |
| Dennis Milliken | Gardner Bullard      |
| Ben Trap        | Robert Clifford, Jr. |

Robert Drew      Kenneth Churchill  
 Violet Drew      Ida Pierce  
 Dorothea Primrose      Mabel Barnes  
 Tilly Craig      Frances Hawes

The whole cast should be complimented upon the way in which the play was carried out, for it afforded an enjoyable evening to all. Refreshments were served and then dancing was enjoyed until the party broke up after eleven o'clock.

#### MARGARET OF RANCH A.

THE conch-shell sounded loud and clear from the door of the house, calling cow-boys from every direction to supper. In a short time, the kitchen was filled with men of every description; some washing their hands in the large sink, others combing their hair before a small mirror, which hung on the wall. All of the cow-boys, rough as some of them were, made an effort to appear at their best at meals, out of respect to the ranch owner's wife.

"My! don't that chuck smell good?" exclaimed Dick Harding. "I tell you, a man feels like eatin' after one of these round-ups."

"Sure thing," replied Bill Babson, "Mrs. Aldrich's cookin' always did hit me right."

"Say, did you know there's a horse for sale down as Power's? He's a corker too,—big, black, powerful thing. Powers wants to sell, says he has no time for breakin' in these wild horses. I'd like to try my hand at him though," said Hugh Morrison, the foreman of Ranch A.

"What's that about a horse?" asked Mr. Aldrich, as he entered the room. As Hugh had stepped outside, Dick spoke for him.

"Why Powers has just bought a new

horse; a stunner, though I guess he'll have a deuce of a time taming her, if he keeps her. But he do n't want to, says he wishes he could find some one to buy her, and Hugh says he'd like to have the breakin' of her."

"We need a new horse badly. Guess I'll go over and look at her to-morrow and see if I like her looks."

Supper was now brought in, and every one was ready for the fried ham and eggs, corn bread and coffee which Mrs. Aldrich had prepared.

The next morning, Mr. Aldrich started with Hugh on horseback for the next ranch.

"Do you think that you could break in a wild horse, Hugh?" asked Mr. Aldrich.

"Well sir, I can try, anyway. Up at Cromwell's ranch I broke in two of the wildest horses I ever saw. I should like nothing better," and the sparkle in his eyes corroborated his statement.

"Well, we'll see about it. We are in sad need of a new horse, and if this one suits me, I rather think that I will buy it."

They soon reached the neighboring ranch, and found Mr. Powers in the corral, doing his morning chores. Upon hearing the horses' steps he looked up and approached.

"Hello, Aldrich, got around early. Come to see the horse?" and he led the way to where stood as fine a specimen of horse flesh as either man had ever seen.

"Whew, what a beauty!" exclaimed Hugh as he dismounted and approached her.

"Better be careful, young man," said Mr. Powers, as Hugh approached dangerously near the horse's heels.

"How much will you take for her?" asked Mr. Aldrich, wasting no time in clinching the bargain.

"Well, I paid one hundred and fifty dollars for her,—awful cheap, too, but the party I bought her of wanted to sell for some reason, so he cut down the price, and I'll cut it down another fifty. She'd bring five hundred, tamed, in the city," replied Mr. Powers, wishing to get rid of the vicious animal as quickly as possible. Mr. Aldrich made out a check and gave it to him, while Hugh untied the horse, and quickly mounted his own, fearing that the new horse might break away before he had the means of chasing her. He managed to reach the ranch with no mishaps, and immediately began to break her in. A large crowd of cow-boys gathered to watch the performance, which promised "to be as good as a show," as Bill expressed it.

Hugh led the horse about fifty yards from the house, and leaped upon her back.

"He can't stick on, can he boys?" said Dick, as Hugh was thrown from the horse.

"Oh, give him time," said another.

"There, he's up again — no, he isn't though," exclaimed Bill, as Hugh mounted for the third time.

"He's got pluck."

"He won't be beaten by a horse. You wait and see," broke in Tom Mason, an ardent admirer of Hugh's.

"There he goes up again!"

"He's stuck, too, by Jove — just look at that hoss rear!"

"He's stickin' this time, for sure," said Dick, "Look at him hold onto her mane!"

"He's made up his mind he's goin' to stay, and I guess the horse thinks its time she gave in," remarked Tom, as the horse became less wild in her efforts to dislodge Hugh.

It did not take long now for the animal

to find that Hugh was master, and in half an hour from the time he led the horse into the field, Hugh had the satisfaction of riding the animal up to his companions.

"My, she's a beaut," exclaimed Bill, as he slapped her glossy flank.

"What you goin' to name her?" asked Tom.

"I haven't quite decided," replied Hugh. "Mr. Aldrich said that if I could break her in, I could use her, if I let him use Bridget for Mrs. Aldrich and the children, so I suppose I can name her."

"Let's think of a name, boys. We'll help Hugh out," said Dick.

"Name her 'Midnight'," suggested one. "She certainly looks like it."

"No, call her 'Wildfire'," broke in Dick.

"I've got it," said Hugh suddenly. "I'll name her 'Margaret' for Mrs. Aldrich. She's been so good to me, and the horse is such a beauty."

"Hurrah for Margaret, of Ranch A," shouted the boys, as Hugh led his horse up to the door. Mrs. Aldrich was very much touched and pleased at Hugh's thoughtfulness, and gave her namesake an apple on the spot.

Hugh soon found that a great deal of Margaret's viciousness was due to former harsh treatment. He quickly remedied this, and in a few weeks, Margaret would run, at his call, from any part of the corral. They were good friends, and Hugh soon came to love Margaret better than anyone on the ranch, although she was only a horse.

One morning two or three months later, Mr. Aldrich called Hugh up to him, directly after breakfast. "Hugh, you can be spared from the ranch for a few days, and I have an important message to be sent to Mr. Brighton, in

G——. Will you be willing to carry it?"

"Certainly sir," replied Hugh, "I would like nothing better."

After preparing for the journey, he went to the corral for Margaret, and an hour later, the two set out on their journey.

It was a beautiful day in September, cool and clear. Margaret was in high spirits and started off at a brisk trot. Shortly before noon, Margaret decided to walk for a short distance, and Hugh suddenly heard a noise by the road side.

"A rattler. Well, we'll put an end to you, my fine fellow," and quickly taking the rope he always carried with him, knotted at one end, he swung it around two or three times, and then let it go, at the head of the snake. It did not miss aim, and killed him in the twinkling of an eye.

At noon, Hugh dismounted, and he and Margaret ate their dinner. He was soon in the saddle, however, and did not again dismount until nightfall. He built a fire, and having given Margaret her oats, tied her with a long rope to a stake he drove into the ground, as she was not yet tame enough to stand when the reins were thrown over her head.

The country at this time was overflowing with horse thieves, although none had yet crossed the line into Texas. Hugh gave these dangerous beings no thought, and as the darkness closed in about him, sat before the fire, lost in thought. He had fallen into a light sleep, when he was awakened suddenly by hearing Margaret whinny. Hugh was wide awake in an instant, and jumped up to go to her. He had taken but a few steps, when he was seized, bound, and thrown on the ground. Margaret, fearing danger, leaped away,

tearing the stake from the ground.

"The horse!" exclaimed one of the thieves. "Chase her, Jack. What cursed luck. Why didn't you grab her?"

The second horse thief started off at a gallop after Margaret, but she had a good start, and was soon on her way back to the ranch.

When Mrs. Aldrich came down the next morning, there stood Margaret outside the door. Her sides were white with foam, and on a rope tied about her neck, hung a wooden stake.

"What does this mean?" said Mrs. Aldrich. "Call father *quick*, Mollie."

Mr. Aldrich soon appeared. "Something must have happened to Hugh," he exclaimed. "This horse must know where he is. Here Tom," he called, as Tom came around the house. "Something has happened to Hugh, and Margaret has come home. You take Margaret and another horse for Hugh, and tell Bill to take Bridget, and go where Margaret takes you. She knows where Hugh is. See how impatient she is."

Tom quickly aroused Bill, and in less than an hour they were off.

At nightfall, they arrived at the remains of the fire, for Margaret had taken them directly to the spot. Here, beside the ashes, lay Hugh, bound hand and foot. He was unconscious, but soon came to, after they unbound him and gave him some water from a nearby spring.

"What on earth has happened, Hugh? Tell us quick," demanded Tom when Hugh had regained consciousness.

The story was soon told, and in the morning, after Margaret had had time to rest, they started for the ranch, Hugh riding Margaret, hating to be separated from her a minute, for she had saved his life.

That evening, they were all sitting around the fire, talking over the events which had recently taken place. Margaret was certainly a hero, and Mr. Aldrich said as he bade Hugh good-night, "Well, Hugh, my boy, I guess after this, I'll have to give you Margaret for a wedding present."

Hugh was married three years later, and it did not take many months for his wife to love as tenderly as he did, Margaret of Ranch A.

### AN OBJECT LESSON.

IT was a rather cold November day when Uncle Billy took us two boys with him to examine his traps. It was his custom to let us go with him once in a while, and you may be sure that we were always glad to go with him on such trips.

We started about eight o'clock in the morning, expecting to get home by dinner time. We visited two traps without results, but the third one was sprung and held a severed muskrat foot. Uncle Billy examined this carefully and then put the leg into his pocket. The next trap, strange to say, held another severed leg. Uncle Billy, at the sight of this one, began to speak rather vehemently, using somewhat fiery language, to the effect that he would like to be left alone for a short time with a certain Pierre Duerot.

Now Pierre Duerot, or as everybody called him, "Putty," was a French-Canadian, who lived not far from our

house; a notoriously light-fingered man, especially with traps that he came upon when their owners were not watching. So we were able to see the point of Uncle Billy's imprecations.

The next trap to be visited was where, as we were told, Uncle Billy had set his trap in a hollow tree near some skunk tracks. We were approaching this place, when we were startled at the sound of somebody walking over the crisp grass ahead of us; on creeping ahead softly, who should we see but Putty Duerot heading directly for the place where the skunk trap was set. He was creeping along so suspiciously that we thought that we had better watch him to see what he was after. He was carrying our two muskrats in his hand. His next move was to approach the tree in which our skunk trap was. He peered into the hole a minute and then gave a gentle pull to the chain that held the trap.

At this point we were interrupted by Uncle Billy's beginning to laugh quietly and exclaim softly: "O my, if that 'ere skunk is only ketched by the hind leg!"

He may have been or he may not, but just then Putty gave a harder tug at the chain and suddenly, uttering an ear-splitting yell of pain, clutching his face with his hands, flung himself down the bank. He jumped to his feet and wandered about blindly in search of the brook, filling the air with French execrations and a strongly overpowering odor.

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At last he stumbled into the brook, and falling on his knees, began scrubbing his face vigorously, still keeping up his howling.

At this we could hold in no longer, and fairly doubling up with laughter, ran down to the bank, where we stood watching the sputtering Frenchman.

As the pain subsided he became conscious of his audience, and crawled abjectly onto the bank.

"O, Monsieur Reuel," he whined, "I'll nev' try to save you skonk no more. Tunder! he mos' spile mah eye! I was goin' to carry it home for you, w'en de skonk mos' kill me. Naow you can carry it you'self, 'cause I prob'ly don' smell ver' good."

"Well," said Uncle Billy, "you do n't smell much like a rose or an old-fashioned pink, and though I am much obliged for your kindness, hereafter I'll carry my game home and then you won't get into any more trouble. Now then, start your horses."

Putty departed, leaving a watery trail on the ground and an invisible one in the atmosphere.

We drowned the skunk and went home, certain that Putty would pull no more traps out of hollow trees, for some time to come.

— Prescott F. Bigelow, '09.

"THERE 'S MANY A SLIP."

THE camp was on an island in a fairly large lake of western Massachusetts. The party consisted of thirty boys whose ages varied from ten to seventeen years, and who were jolly, healthy, and full of fun. In fact, they were very good specimens of the average boy.

They lived in a cottage and a boat house, both being crowded to their utmost capacity. The meals were eaten on the large veranda of the cottage, which was just the right shape for such a use. The boys were divided into squads to wait on table and wash the dishes, but if the boys got into any mischief, the punishment was to wash the dishes all alone.

In spite of this, many tricks were played, and much trouble made, so that several times the cook threatened to leave, and the director to break up camp. Happily, however, none of these dreadful things occurred.

They spent the time playing baseball, tennis, fishing, rowing and swimming. Several times they had cross-country runs, and once a hare and hound run. The course of this race was through a heavy, unfrequented wood with which the boys were not familiar. Two, getting

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tired on the way, lay down to sleep in a natural arbor. The time passed rapidly and when they woke up it was nearly dark. It took them a long time to find their way back to the island, and when they did, they found that everybody had gone in search of them. After that no more hare and hound races were allowed to be run on unfamiliar ground.

One night, four boys who lived in the boathouse took "French leave" and attended a pavilion dance which took place up the lake, intending to be back before roll call so that they would not be missed. They hired, or rather bribed, one of the boys to row them across to the main land, for the only alternative was to swim, as the launch did not call at the island after seven o'clock, although it ran directly up to the pavilion wharf.

They reached the main land all right, walked up the road, and arrived at the dance. All four had a splendid time but when they began to think about going home, it was very late. It was so late that the last boat had left the wharf and there was no other that night.

Here was a serious difficulty. Finally Bill said, "I tell you what, let's sleep in the woods all night, and take the consequences in the morning."

"Too many snakes," replied Bob, "and besides," he continued, "we might catch cold lying on the damp ground." They were now walking down the road toward the place at which they had landed.

"Old Drad will be ripping mad,"

exclaimed Pete. "I see where we have to wash the dishes the rest of the week." (Dradford was the director of the camp.)

"Not on your life," replied Hal, as they reached the water's edge; "I'd rather die than wash another dish. I had to help wash them for two whole days after the time I put the chestnut burrs in Fatty Luce's bed. But that was worth it. Fat jumped into bed as big as all out doors. Such a yell I never heard! I suppose he thought he was stabbed."

They stood silently listening to a girl's chorus singing on the island opposite the one on which they camped. "Honey Boy," "Old Kentucky Home," and "America" followed each other in quick succession, but what was most aggravating was the "Good Night, Ladies" with which they ended the concert.

"Well," said Bob as the last line died away, "they seem mighty glad to leave us, but hanged if I don't wish I could say the same to you fellows! The only thing to do is to swim for it, with our clothes in one hand."

"There is no need of our all swimming," exclaimed Pete. "Don't you know of that punt that Mr. Gordon uses to go to work in, lying over at the end of the island? One of us has got to swim over, get the punt, and row it back. And," he added, "I'm the one." So saying, he proceeded to prepare himself for his swim. Nobody dissented to the selfmade arrangement, for although the water was not cold, they rather disliked the idea of dressing

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while wet, on their return.

In a few minutes, Pete entered the water and waded as far out as he could, then struck out. He swam so silently that they could scarcely hear him. The night was very dark, but they could faintly see the white punt on the end of the island. All was still when the silence was broken by a rattle of a chain.

"He's got there," said Hal, "but if he do n't make less noise with that chain old Gordon will hear him and then there 'll be the deuce to pay."

By this time the steady splash, splash of the paddle could be heard, but they were now so happy that they did not hear anything else. As the punt grounded, they started to get in. Hal went first and sat in the stern; Bob followed, while Bill by means of the paddle held the punt to shore until Pete got his clothes on.

"What are yer doing with that boat!" came a voice through the darkness.

Silence prevailed, then Hal came to himself and yelled. "Look out! It's the old guy."

"Bet yer boots it's the old guy," said the voice, this time within a few feet of the punt. The other boys, who were struck dumb by the sudden interruption, now began to scramble out and run. A hand reached out and grabbed Hal, who was still in the boat, and pulled him over into the water. Luckily he landed feet first, wrenched himself free, and ran.

Pete had just got his hat, shirt, and trousers on when the voice came through

the darkness, so he grabbed the remainder of his attire and also ran.

A few yards up the road on the right was a clay bank which was surmounted by a pine grove that had been neglected for some years. The bushes had had a chance to grow and had grown. Up this bank went the boys, breathless and frightened. They did not know, where they were going, they were so bewildered; but one thing they did know the big man was chasing them, and he detested boys. When they reached the top, they stopped for a moment to look back, then plunged into the thick, thorny bushes.

At the foot of the bank stood the "old guy," stick in one hand and — a shoe in the other. The shoe was Pete's, the stick his own. Then he spoke and said:

"Say, yer confounded brats, if I ever ketch yer monkeying around my place again I'll knock yer into the middle of next year." He stood a moment longer, then turned and walked off, muttering. When he reached the boat, he shouted, "If yer want this here shoe, yer can call on my old lady for it to-morrow. But," he added, "I won't answer for the consequences." A few minutes later, the boys heard him row off laughing to himself.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Bob.

"Good night, ladies, for I'm going to leave you now," hummed Bill.

"Look at the mess I'm in," spoke up Hal. When he was pushed into the water he got wet half way to his waist,

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so that the water, together with the red clay in which he had rolled while ascending the bank, formed a dirty mud.

"And I am minus a shoe," complained Pete. "All on account of you fellows who ran off and left me to take care of myself and my loose clothes, too. That's a nice way to treat a fellow who has tried to get you out of a scrape." As a matter of fact, Pete had been the first to run, reaching the top of the bank far ahead of the other boys.

"Worse and more of it. Here's a nice pickle. Farther away from home than ever and no decent show of getting there at all," Bob said. "If I had that old trouble-maker here I'd — I'd —"

"You would tell him how sorry you were that you had caused him any trouble," interrupted Bill.

Chug! chug! chug! came faintly over the water. Louder and louder it grew. Then through the darkness they saw the red and green light of the launch.

"Where is that going this time of night?" queried Pete, having got all his clothes on and feeling better.

"Looks as if it might be going up to the wharf," Hal replied. "Perhaps it's a special trip."

"Yes," satirized Bill, "*perhaps* it's a special trip. Say, did you ever know of the launch coming up here at this time of the night?"

"Stop your wrangling and run; we may get home after all if we catch that boat," said Bob.

Down the bank they went, sliding, falling, tumbling in their haste, but

reaching the bottom none the worse. Up the road they ran, Pete now and then crying out as a stone or stick hurt his unshod foot.

They reached the wharf in time and found the engineer just ready to start. On their inquiry as to whether he would drop them at the island, he said he would, but that they would have to jump for shore. They readily agreed and the launch steamed off.

"How did you happen to be up here this time of night?" asked Bill of the engineer.

"I brought up a telegram for the doctor," said he. "I would land you boys, but I have an answer which must be sent as quickly as possible."

"Oh, that's all right," Bob said, thankfully, we are too glad to get home to grumble. We came near it once to-night, but 'nearses' don't count in this game." Thereupon the boys laughed, but the engineer was all at sea. Many times afterwards did he puzzle his brain over what Bob said.

The launch now neared the island wharf, which was on the extreme end, so that she did not have to slow down to slide past it or steer out of her course.

"Good luck to you," said the boys and then they ranged themselves along the deck in preparation to jump. The landing was without incident, except that Pete jumped too soon and nearly went into the water.

The end door of the boat house was unlocked, so they got in without waking anybody. With a "Good night" they

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tumbled into bed and were instantly sailing to the land of dreams.

Next morning —

But let us draw a curtain over the sad

scene. Many times the other boys were mystified by the sly allusions to "the old guy" and Pete's shoe.

— Ray Mauger, A. H. S., '10.

## ATHLETICS

**D**URING the past winter the hockey team met with remarkable success, even better than was expected. The only defeats suffered were at the hands of the Harvard freshmen and the Brae-Burn hockey club.

The school entered the interscholastic league with Stone School, Melrose, and Roxbury Latin, thus running up against the strongest teams of greater Boston in league games, whereas formerly the league games have been comparatively easy victories, and the decisive contests fought entirely separate from them. In spite of this fact, the team landed on top as it has for the last four years, and now a new cup stands in our trophy case to show it. The decisive game was played with Stone School at Brae-Burn, January 30. There was more or less doubt before the start as to how the game would come out, as the two teams had met some time before and played a tie game, but this had taken place on very poor ice, and under the most unfavorable conditions generally. It took only about three minutes of play to prove which was the better team. The Stone School men were swept off their feet by the rushes of Clifford and Sloan, and when

the final whistle blew the score stood 5-1 in Arlington's favor. This game secured only the championship of the league, however, and not of greater Boston. Cambridge Latin, the winner of her league had been defeated early in the season and likewise Milton High. Thus Milton Academy was the only school left with a claim for the championship. We played this important contest at Milton, February 10 and won 4-3. It proved a close contest from beginning to end, and it was only hard, clean playing that pulled out the winning goal in the second half.

During the previous two winters Arlington had met Andover three times, and each time had suffered defeat by a margin of one goal. This last season the spell was broken, and that one extra point struck off. The score this time stood 1-1.

The general lineup throughout the season was: Murray (f.)

Sloan (f.)

Capt. Clifford (f.)

Churchill (f.) Scannell.

Bullard (c. p.)

Pierce (p.)

Dunbar (g.)

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The new players to get their "A's" were Murray, Pierce and Scannell.

The school has decided it is best to put all its work and time into baseball and leave track work and crew out of it, at least for this season. Accordingly considerable work has already been done in that sport. Soderquist, Sloan and Hill, the candidates for the pitcher's box have been practicing for several weeks and are getting into very creditable form. By the time this paper shall have been published, out-door work will probably be in progress, but as yet candidates have been confined to indoor practice. The prospects for a winning team are very good, all but two of last year's nine are back, and these vacancies promise to be well filled. The following schedule has been made out:

- April 9.—Dorchester at Arlington.  
 " 11.—Medford at Medford.  
 " 15.—R. L. S. at Arlington.

April 17.—Boston English High School at Arlington.

- " 20.—Open.  
 " 22.—Newton at Newton.  
 " 25.—Gloucester at Arlington.  
 " 29.—Reading at Arlington.  
 May 2.—Open.  
 " 5.—Winchester at Arlington.  
 " 7.—Volkman at Newton.  
 " 9.—Brookline at Arlington.  
 " 13.—Brookline at Arlington.  
 " 13.—Malden at Arlington.  
 " 16.—Wellesley at Wellesley.  
 " 18.—Stone at Arlington.  
 " 21.—Camb. Latin at Arlington.  
 " 23.—Wakefield at Wakefield.  
 " 27.—Open.  
 " 31.—Gloucester at Gloucester.  
 June 1.—Roxbury High at Arlington.  
 " 3.—Waltham at Waltham.  
 " 6.—Winchester at Winchester.  
 " 9.—Somerville at Somerville.  
 " 11.—Watertown at Arlington.  
 " 13.—Norwood at Norwood.

## CLASS NOTES

### Class of 1908.

#### A FEW BRIGHT TRANSLATIONS.

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Translation — "The queen drawing back shuddered at the thatch of Romulus."

"Vestigia nuda sinistri instituere pedis, crudus regit altera pero."

Translation — "They walked with the left foot bare, the other raw foot was covered with a boot, or (as an afterthought) the raw boot of some animal covered the other foot."

"Rouse" up Seniors and take notice, we have a baritone in our midst.

Who got mixed up with the two

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Colonial dames at the masquerade dance?

What a guilty look Mr. S.— had during the English debate. He was passing a note, but that was permissible.

*Teacher in Physics* — “Observe, and report on the image seen in the plane mirror.”

*Pupil*, after five minutes. “Why, I do n’t see much of anything.”

*Teacher* — “That’s strange.”

The Juniors are to be congratulated on the excellent form of entertainment which they presented to the Seniors. It was a marked success.

#### Class of 1909.

Brilliant Youth, “And they killed a bird all at once.” Marvellous!

Miss S-d-g-t (translating German): “— and I held his arm.” Fusser!

Wonderful performance, now 37, but all good things must come to an end.

“They licked their mouths with their eyes”—clever contortion!

“The advantage of the moonlight scene:” Fibo hopes it was n’t a thirty candle power moon.

Teacher: “Can you make dates in French?”

Stage whisper: “Too young!”

And now for the class gift!

#### Class of 1911.

To find the value of  $x$  you illuminate y. How very bright!

From the Latin translations we learn that Caesar was weak in the middle.

Some definitions that astounded the Commercial division were: sinister, an unmarried man; coquette, a kind of sewing.

What do boys know about starch?

1910 is still singing with sorrow, “Why we plucked a lemon in the garden of class pins.”

Pay up your class dues. We need the money. Per order, Horace Webber, Treasurer.

Remember, Pandora was curious.

#### Class of 1910.

Miss E—; “Spain was divided into two parts,— Hither and - er - *Thither*.”

In Physics: H—; “The threads are near *apart*.”

In French: — “The children are drunk on water.” Les enfants sont trop d’eau.

In Latin: F—, “No man was better than *she* —”

(Laughter from class.)

“Oh - er - ‘no woman was better than *he*.’”

Miss B—: “Miss D— pronounced proficisci-skit - sci - sss—well, anyway, she pronounced it wrong!”

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Voices from below:—"Well, what d' you know about that!"

"Wait 'til I get my overalls on!"

While reciting a special topic in History, Master B—— walked at least half a mile. This is an actual fact.

## EXCHANGES

*Comus* (Zanesville H. S.) Your paper deserves praise. It is among the best we receive.

*Melrose Life*.— Well defined headings for your different departments would add greatly to the appearance of your paper.

*The High School Journal* (Pittsburg) indicates good work throughout. The literary department shows talent on the part of the authors.

Teacher.— "Define steam."

Freshman.— "Let me see — well I — think it's water gone crazy with the heat." — Ex.

Algy met a bear,  
The bear was bulgy;  
The bulge was Algy.

Johnny.— "Will you make a noise like a frog, grandpa?"

Grandpa.— "What for, my boy?"

Johnny.— "Why papa says we'll get ten thousand when you croak." — Ex.

Here is an example of odd punctuation: "That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is? To avoid

nightmare we immediately punctuate thus: "That that is, is, that that is not, is not. Is not that it? It is." — Ex.

"There was an old doctor lived long ago,  
Who hired a fellow to shovel his snow;  
But instead of a shovel he gave him  
a hoe,  
For he was a hoe - me - a - path, you  
know." — Ex.

The letter D is truly an old salt — been following the C for years. — Ex.

The little boy came out of the room in which his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P - p - papa hit h - h - his finger with the h - h - hammer," answered Tommy.

"Well, you should not cry about a thing like that," said his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I - I did," sobbed Tommy. — Ex.

Knicker.— Do you like music?

Bocker.— Very much.

Knicker.— Listen to the band around my hat.

Pat.— "What are you laffin at, Moike?"

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# ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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## EDITORIAL

AS the school year draws to its close, examinations, graduation and vacation all draw steadily nearer. The year which once seemed so long is now almost gone, and many are soon to leave the High School in which they have spent four pleasant years. Those four years are undoubtedly the best years of one's life; the spirit of democracy which exists and the closeness of the comradeship does far more towards making men of us than the knowledge we acquire. It is different at college, for the classes are too large, the courses too varied and the homes of the students too scattered to produce the comradeship which is found in a High

School. But the good which one derives from the school depends entirely upon one's attitude towards it, those who enter willingly into all the duties which fall to their share are the ones who have the happiest memories of their High School days and who have no regrets to make when they leave the school. So let us all faithfully execute the duties which come to us, whether they are connected with our studies, athletics, or with the social affairs of the school.

The whole school deeply regrets the loss which we are about to experience through the resignation of Miss Weeks. Miss Weeks is a graduate of Mount

Holyoke College and has been connected with the Arlington High School for ten years. Years ago Miss Weeks organized the German Club and has always been the prime mover in all of its business and social meetings. Miss Weeks' new position is in Springfield, and her duties will be confined to the teaching of Latin. We are all very sorry to have to part with Miss Weeks, but as we know that it is for her own good and advancement to accept this position, we ask the school to join us in wishing Miss Weeks all manner of good fortune in her new position.

The Arlington High School Concert was given in the Town Hall, on the evenings of April 30 and May 1. The sale of tickets was not at all satisfactory, and the proceeds were of course much less than what had been hoped for. The concert was well given, and we are sorry that a larger number did not enjoy it.

Ward Chick has rewritten one of the old Tech songs and made it appropriate for the use of the High School, it is called the "Spirit of A. H. S." Miss Heard kindly mimeographed enough copies so that every pupil might have one. The "Spirit of A. H. S." possesses a snap and dash which makes it well liked by everyone in the school, and we think that the class of 1911 should be proud of their president's work.

The Memorial Day exercises came on Friday morning, May 29. We had the honor of having with us the Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. Scully, Mr. White and Mr. Parker. Our first speaker, Mr. Bushnell, read to us a letter which was written by a young man who was aboard the Monitor from the time it left New York harbor until after its fight with the

Merrimac, and who was in sole command of the Monitor during the latter part of the engagement. In the letter, which was written to his father and mother, he described the perils and dangers which beset the Monitor in its journey from New York harbor to Hampton Roads. He said further in his letter that the engagement was carried on at such close quarters that the two vessels touched each other five times.

Mr. Parker then spoke a few words on what the Memorial Day of the future was to be. He said that it would be just what we, the school boys and school girls of to-day should make it, and that he knew we would make it exactly what it should be, a day on which we honor the memory of those who helped preserve the Union.

Mr. Scully then read some very interesting statistics concerning the ages of those who served in the Civil War. It was extremely interesting to note that over half of the Union Army was composed of boys, eighteen years and under, and therefore it was the school boys of '61 that kept the United States united.

The cup which the hockey team won has been presented to the school and placed in the trophy case. Mr. Holt, in accepting the cup in the name of the school, spoke a few words on the clean and fair playing for which our teams are noted, and for the spirit which is shown towards their opponents. The cup was offered by the New England Interscholastic Ice Hockey League and must be held three years out of five to become the property of the school.

The fire drill held about the middle of May for the first time this year, proved a success, the time occupied being a little over two minutes.

## LITERARY DEPT.

A MOTOR TRIP THROUGH  
NORTHEASTERN NEW YORK

THE camp was situated on the shores of beautiful Lake George, about six miles from the head of the lake where the trains left their loads of summer tourists. It had all the comforts of real camp life in the heart of the Adirondacks. The camp itself was a large log cabin, with a very broad piazza extending along the front and facing the lake. For comfort and pleasure on the water there was a forty-five-foot cruising launch, sail-boat, two row boats, and a canoe, while for the land excursions there was the "auto." It was in the last named that we were accustomed to make a trip to Troy, N. Y., a distance of seventy-five miles, where my uncle had his city home. One of these trips proved very interesting — they all were — but this one especially so on account of the adventures that befell us.

After being in the city for two very hot days we set out for cooler regions, namely: Lake George. In the party there were Uncle "Lou," his two sons, Henry and Jack, and myself. We started early in the morning from the city, going through the outskirts and then striking across the level plain around the city of Troy. The scenery was very beautiful so early in the morning, the air fresh and all vegetation bright and sparkling. As we drove along the level road, in the distance the Adirondacks loomed, while behind the Catskills towered. The machine rushed with its occupants through the drowsy villages, awakening the echoes with its din and scaring bold chanticleers with

their numerous wives from its path. As the distance from the city increased the hamlets grew more scattered and the country more rolling. On all sides there were waving fields of green corn through which the road passed looking like a broad path, and the Erie Canal like some still brook. After a while we left the main road and followed the tow path alongside the canal, which was just wide enough for the machine, and smooth and hard. When we came to a canal boat with its seemingly lazy horses or mules, by very skilful manœuvering they were passed; the stolid looking "captain" of the stubby boat looking at us with an inquiring gaze and silently smoking his beloved clay pipe.

The worst difficulty on the tow path was the small bridges which crossed the canal, being at right angles with the path and making it necessary to come almost to a stop before taking the exceptionally steep ascent to the top of the bridge, thereby taxing the different speed gears to the utmost.

It was twelve o'clock when we approached the town of Schuylerville, a prosperous village located at the junction of the Erie canal and one of its branches. The town had one narrow main street, very full of humanity, through which the electric cars ran. Stores were built as closely as they could be on each side of the street. There were two small country hotels with their large stables in the rear, at least six barber shops, three hardware stores, four or five bakeries and as many saloons. It was evidently an off week for business, for all the clerks, proprietors, and customers, and indeed most of the population of this prosperous town seemed to

be sitting in front of the stores. On leaving the town the street rose with its usual abruptness to the bridge over the canal. It was on this rise that we met with an accident.

The gears had been sorely taxed by the sharp rises over the canal, and on this last instance when the low gear was pulled in, there had been six inches ripped out of the brass cogs. There was nothing to do but to back the machine into the town again. We did so, to the wonderment of the natives, and after some trouble managed to back in front of the most prosperous looking hotel, known as the Schuylerville House. Then, knowing that there would have to be a new gear and that it would necessitate a trip to Troy, we prepared to make a stay of probably two days and at least two nights. So after Henry had telephoned to the lake, where the launch was waiting with the other members of the camp, and the broken gear with its parts had been removed, Uncle "Lou" started for Troy where he arrived about twelve o'clock that night.

Jack, Henry and myself did not know at first what to do with ourselves, but after a few minutes decided to take a walk (this was after supper) to the old monument raised in commemoration of some minor battle fought on that spot in the War of the Revolution. It proved to be a greater distance than we had supposed, and it was rather late when we again arrived at the hotel, and went to our rooms. By unanimous vote we were to sleep as late as we wanted to, — they never would let us sleep at camp.

It was a bright starry morning when I was awakened by Jack's pulling me from bed, feet first, and landing on my head. After a small sized fight both of us became fully awake, and proceeded to Henry's room to administer the same

treatment to him that I had received. We rolled him out of bed, from which he landed in a sitting posture, stupidly blinking and exclaiming, "Wazzermarrer" (Translated: What's the matter?)

To make a long story short, we waited and whiled away the day waiting for Uncle "Lou", who arrived late in the afternoon with the new gear. By dint of hard work extending late into the night, and lessened (?) by the very trying melodies of the village band, brought before the windows of our room where we were supposed to be, to serenade us, and by getting up with the sun, the machine was fixed so that we started from Schuylerville at about ten, a. m. Again we followed the tow path on our homeward way for a number of miles, the country becoming more wild each moment as the miles were reeled off.

When we arrived at Moseskill, a small isolated village, we took the main road that extends from Saratoga to Lake George, and followed this for about ten miles, then we again struck off and took the main road formed along the side of the Great Barge Canal, which is being built from the Great Lakes to the Erie, Hudson River, and New York Harbor, which will form when completed an inland water route from the St. Lawrence to New York. Once we got on the wrong side of the construction road and found ourselves about to cross a bridge, as yet uncompleted, and had to retrace our course and start again on the opposite side of the excavation.

So without further mishap or adventure we sped along through the villages of Poohsonkill, Stillwater, Sandyhill and Fort Edward, coming nearer and nearer the lake, as could be seen by the mountains that seemed to rise up out of the ground as a barrier to our progress.

At last the city of Glens Falls came into view, and we knew that our journey was nearly over, the city being only eight miles from the lake. Speeding through this, the machine took the last steep grade over the mountain, before going down into the little village at the head of the lake.

We were running through the thick forest on the top of the mountain, when suddenly around a curve the forest opened, and at an elevation of 900 feet we looked down on the great panorama of the lake, lying between the Adirondacks, with almost countless small islands scattered in it, and launches looking like small insects crawling on its surface.

After a stop of a few moments we descended into the village, took the automobile to the garage, and went down to the dock, where, by luck, we found the launch, which had come to the village for supplies. Happy at the thought of again going into camp, we blithely told the story of our mishap and journey as the launch cut its way across the surface of the lake, taking us to "solid comfort."

— W. F. Chick, 1911.

### A GHOST SCARE

"Hello, Ben, going to join the expedition?"

"No."

"No? Why, old fellow you'll miss the time of your life. We're going to visit the man in the moon, and I don't know what you call him in the sun."

"I've got to see Mr. Cox before I can go. When do you start?"

"About nine from Square Rock."

"If I come I'll be on time, so don't wait for me," Ben said as he walked away.

"Good luck to the latest recruit,"

Jack said to himself, "I'll wager he'll be there. No fun lost on Ben."

A crowd of boys with Jack as leader had arranged to go to the top of the highest mountain to see the moon rise and likewise the sun, over the broad level valley of the Rio Grande. As the hands of the clock got around towards nine many of the party had gathered at the rock.

"All here but Ben," said Jack.

"Yes, but here he comes now, just a second before nine," added one of the party taking out his watch.

"Half a second past nine. No lazy ones allowed," piped in Jack.

"Your watch is wrong; Mine says a minute of nine," saucily replied Ben.

"O, we'll say your watch is right, come on."

Off they started for the top of the mountain, laughing, scrambling and pulling themselves up as best they could in the semi-darkness.

"I've got to have a light or I'll break my neck," Ben said as he bent over a soto stalk, and lighting the bushy top let it up again, "there, that's it. Good's a lamp-post. Hurrah!"

"Good thing, there's not much grass or many trees around here," added Jack as he followed Ben's example. Soon the whole crowd were lighting the bushy tops of the sotos.

"Let's blaze a trail to the top," shouted Jack, "and frighten old John Holtz. He'll think the world's coming to an end when he sees this line of fire. He's so awfully superstitious."

The sotos were very dry and burst into brilliant torches immediately. Upon reaching the top and looking back over the line of fire one said, "A big bonfire would cap the climax."

"All right, here goes," another said. As much wood as they could gather in

a short time was piled together and a huge bonfire was soon blazing.

"Moon's due at what time?" one asked, "If it doesn't hurry up those clouds will hide it."

"Half past ten, fifteen minutes' wait," said Jack as he started off in search of more wood.

"There's the old man coming now," added Ben pointing to the east, where the black mass of the distant mountains was gradually becoming visible, accentuated by the light from the rising moon. When the moon, big and round, finally rose above them, Jack said to Ben, "That's what you came to look at. He's smiling on you for your goodness. Aren't those the Sacramento mountains over there on the horizon? Let's see, they must be at least a hundred miles away. See how the moonlight glistens on the Rio Grande! That's a grand moonrise all right, probably we'll not see another one like it for a long time. It's getting chilly, the moon has already gone under a cloud. I'm going back to the fire.

"Me, too," chimed in Ben.

Going back to the fire, they sat down and told stories to pass away the night. Ghost stories especially, as the night and situation called for.

"I wish I could have seen old John Holtz when he saw the trail of fire," said Jack.

"You would? Then do!" came in a hoarse voice from the darkness just beyond the outer circle of light made by the bonfire.

One glance toward the bushes was

sufficient, for they saw a white figure rise out of the shadows that skirted the light from the bonfire. For an instant all were as if stunned and paralyzed with terror, then with one yell all were gone from the spot, not even looking to right or left, but dashing through the darkness down the mountain side, slipping on the loose rocks and running against trees. Not until they had reached the bottom, breathless and pretty well scratched up, did they stop to look back. No pursuing spirit was in sight. Leaving all conjectures concerning the ghost for broad daylight consideration they hastily scattered to their homes.

The next morning the boys found that the line of fire up the mountain side had caused more or less consternation among the people in the quiet little valley; some of the miners had hurried down from the upper camp, thinking someone was lost, or perhaps that the fires were Indian signals.

Weariness as an excuse for not waiting for the sunrise, was readily accepted by their families. But when Ben met old John Holtz going to the post office and he asked with a quizzical expression which was easier, going up a mountain or coming down, Ben knew that their secret society had another member.

'09.

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# "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

IT was the second day of the fall term at a small Western college, and all day the streets of the town had been crowded with students of diverse types.

A group of students whose conversation plainly showed that they were Sophomores stood on the steps of Chase Hall, talking busily. Hearty greetings and warm hand-clasps were exchanged whenever a newcomer joined them, until fifteen or twenty had assembled.

Presently Dick Barrington spoke up: — "Faculty meeting tonight, you know. This is the night the little Freshies get their's. It's the freshest bunch I've ever seen. Why, one of 'em sauced me when I ordered him to take his cap off in the presence of his elders and betters. Said he would, — when he came across any! What did I do? Why I took him across my knee and spanked him! Fact."

"That's it. That shows their blooming smartness. We've got to get after them to-night, sure," broke out Bob Thayer.

"Good thinking, Bob; so say I. We can tell all the Sophs we see before to-night to meet somewhere, — say in the field by Ma'am Bickley's place, at nine, and after we've raided the Fresh Dom, rush our captives over to Kendall. I've got the whole top floor to myself, so far. What do you say?"

"That's all to the Marys!" "O.K!" "We'll be there, with bells on!" greeted Hemenway's suggestion, and after a few more words, the crowd broke up.

That night, at the time appointed, a huge crowd of Sophomores showed indistinctly in the light of the waning moon.

"1910 is showing up mighty well!" exclaimed Huyler, as, by twos and threes, the crowd was still enlarged.

After a few more minutes, Hemenway said impatiently, — "Let's start, fellows! It's long past nine now. We're to rush right down to the Fresh Dom. and raid the inmates, you know. Come ahead, and make it snappy!" and the squad of Sophomores followed, as usual, Hemenway's lead.

They walked noiselessly down a side street that led to the Freshman Dormitory, six abreast, and chanting rhythmically under their breaths. As they neared the building, a slight figure came hurrying down the steps.

"A-a-ah! First capture!" and Hemenway made a dive at the unfortunate victim, who protested vigorously. Flashing a pocket-light into his face, for Hemenway thought he might possibly be an old student, he exclaimed, — "He's a new guy all right! Sissy, too! Wow! He's mad! Here, tie his mouth, somebody, he talks too much — So you'll report us, will you, honey? Oh no, I think not. What? Yes, it *is* rather preposterous to hear a little Freshie protest so. — Now his arms, fellows. There!" and the first captive was led triumphantly up the steps.

They met with but little resistance from the surprised Freshmen in the different rooms, for they had not been expected so soon. Nearly twenty were

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taken in as many minutes, and then Thayer sang out, — "This is enough for now, boys. Some one'll be investigating this rough-house. All off for the Kendall, now."

The Sophomores and their charges arrived safely at Kendall Hall, and made their way up the four flights to Hemenway's two rooms. The remaining rooms on that floor were as yet unoccupied, and opened into one another in a manner most convenient for the use to which they were now put, for Hemenway's rooms were not sufficiently large to hold the mob.

"I'm anxious to put my first Freshie thro' some stunts," said Hemenway as he lit the gas. "He's mad clear thro', and we'd hear some complaints if we took that bandage from his mouth. So we won't! Poor dope."

The 'poor dope' sat on the floor and glared, and seemed to be the object of no little interest to the Freshmen, who exchanged horrified and puzzled glances until one became bold enough to whisper certain information to his neighbor, causing him to laugh spasmodically. When opportunity came, the news was passed on, causing unbounded delight among the Freshmen.

"You look angry yet, my friend," said Hemenway, sweetly, as he stepped up to his victim. "You won't mind if you're made to show off first? Oh, don't glare! That is'n't pretty for little boys. I'm afraid you're stuffy, but — Oh well, then, we'll assist you!"

So 'Stuffy,' as he was now called,

was pulled vigorously to his feet, and Hemenway drew a table out from the wall. The table had a shelf a quarter way up its legs, and onto this, "Stuffy" was forced to crawl.

"Now we'll play 'cuckoo,'" continued Hemenway. "Here, you wall-eyed Freshie over yonder, come and get on top of the table. Now then: — you, Stuffy, will be the cuckoo, and when I call out a certain hour, you must poke your little head out that number of times. Sarvy? And you, my friend," addressing the scared Freshman on top, "crack him one every time he sticks his nut out, with this hairbrush."

"Oh, I can't. Honest, I — I can't hit him. I'd rather be the cuckoo," began the Freshman, earnestly.

"Bosh! What a scared set you are. Get at it now, and don't shoot your mouth off so much! — All ready. — Six o'clock! Stick your head out like a nice boy, Stuffy. Goo-oo-ood!"

Much to everyone's surprise, "Stuffy" seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and to see his red, perspiring face darting out, back and forth, as if on springs, sent the whole room into gales of laughter.

"Eight o'clock! Biff him, kid! Oh harder! There."

The Freshman on top put more strength into his blows at this, and gave good strong blows in place of the puny ones he had been giving. Not many blows struck the darting head, beneath him, however, for "Stuffy" was nothing if not quick.

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This fun kept up for some time, and then other Freshmen were put thro' different stunts. Every time one of them was seen to smile, — and it was well nigh impossible not to do so, — he was ordered to "get right down and wipe that smile off on the floor," — a Sophomore assisting in rubbing the unfortunate one's nose vigorously into the rough rug.

At last, at about one A. M., the poor Freshmen were allowed to go home, and the last laugh that burst from the Sophomores was at "Stuffy's" molasses besmeared face, resulting from the fact that he and "Grinny" tried to feed one another with molasses, with their eyes blindfolded.

On the following morning, Hemenway and Thayer walked together up to chapel, laughing over the events of the evening.

"There's "Stuffy," ahead," said Thayer, presently. "An old looking chap for a Fresh, don't you think? He'd evidently never heard of hazing before, he was so sore."

Hemenway laughed assent, and was just about to sing out, — "You must let *us* in first, "Stuffy," when the chapel door opened, and "Prexy" came out, exclaiming heartily to "Stuffy" — "Why good morning, Professor Harding! — Why weren't you at the meeting last evening? Oh, detained?"

M. S. Gott, '10.

#### A YOUNG COMPOSER.

THE moon had risen, and with the aid of its many small companions was doing its best to light up the broad avenues and narrow alleyways of a great city. It was early in the evening of a beautiful November day, and, although the month was half gone, not the least warning of the approaching winter could be felt in the clear atmosphere.

If one could have looked down from above upon this city, he would have seen in the very heart of it a great cathedral into which was pouring a continuous line of people. The light from within, streaming out through the windows, lit up on the one side a church and on the other a large tenement house. A window of the latter was open, and if one had looked through this he would have seen a little girl lying on a bed. She was not asleep, but had her ears wide open, listening to catch the first peal of music that should come from the cathedral, where she knew there was to be a concert. She loved to hear music, especially the singing of a great chorus such as was to sing that night, but being a cripple she could not attend the concerts like other people.

At last the singing began, and Gertrude, for this was the girl's name, listened attentively, holding her breath at moments lest she might not hear all. After the first selection was completed Gertrude sank back upon the bed with a sigh, for she had risen to a sitting

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posture in her eagerness to catch every sound. Thus she listened to each selection, and when all was over she was completely exhausted. Sleep, which was now desired, would not seem to come to her. Her thoughts were upon the beautiful music she had just heard; she wished she could write such wonderful songs that could inspire people as those had her. But she was a cripple, what could she do? And yet why ought that to hinder her? From that moment her greatest desire was to study music and write one song at least which might be sung at some concert in that great cathedral.

Ten long years rolled by, during which Gertrude lived up to her determination, and as a result, two or three songs were already written. One of these she picked out, which seemed to her worthy of being sung at one of the annual concerts in the cathedral. But this hard work had begun to tell upon Gertrude's frail body. At first this was not very visible, but gradually it had begun to show itself plainly. She had had one great desire which she could not let go, and this kept her still busy at her work.

Yet Gertrude still had a great task before her, that of getting her song into a concert. The first year she failed, and the second. She could get no one of influence, who was interested enough, to help her, and her hope was almost gone, when one day a certain musical director in the city came to see her. He seemed to find in her music

something that others had not, and determined to help her. His efforts were finally successful, but it seemed as though success had come too late to allow Gertrude the joy of hearing the great chorus in the cathedral sing the song which she had written and composed. The strain had been too much for her, and the doctor gave no hope to her sad parents. He said that she could not even hold out till the coming concert. But some unseen power seemed to hold back the fast ebbing tide of death, and the evening of the concert found her in the same room where she had once listened so eagerly to the music which came in through her open window.

This time she was not alone. Her father and mother sat near her bed, the window was open as before, and the light from the cathedral, piercing the window, fell upon Gertrude's face, which lit up with a smile of joy as the music began, for the very first selection was hers. Within the cathedral the audience were amazed at the splendor of the song. But the most pleased and happiest of all was Gertrude. As the music died away her head sank upon her breast, and quiet sleep came to her happy soul.

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## GERMAN CLUB NOTES

THE last meeting of the year of the *Mehr Licht Verein* took place in the High School hall on Tuesday evening, May 19. It was the last meeting for the members of 1908, for on this evening the Junior members of the German class entered the club and took charge of it. The meeting was called to order by Miss Weeks who explained the object of the club, and nominations were then made for the election of new officers for the ensuing year. The following officers were elected: Miss Weeks, president; Muriel Brandenburg, vice-president; Edward Dineen, secretary; Annette Sheehan, treasurer. During the evening, songs were sung by the members. After the meeting refreshments were served in the lower corridor of the school.

The Junior members of the club decided to give some sort of an entertainment to the Senior members. After

some discussion it was planned to give a lawn party at Miss Weeks' house. The date was set for Friday evening, June 12. The committees were under the supervision of the following members: Muriel Brandenburg, entertainment; Nellie Power, refreshment; Paul Winslow, lawn committee. An interesting program was arranged by the committee. There were songs by the members which were rendered in fine style. Several of the members had dialogues to recite which made a fine hit. The toasts were very good. At the conclusion, a song entitled "*Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath*" was sung by the assembly.

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SINCE the last issue of the Clarion the baseball team has played more than half of its scheduled games. Its success has been varied with about an even number of victories and defeats. But of late victories have been in the majority, and by the end of the season, although the remaining games will be hard ones, we feel sure that we shall be able to show a longer list on the winning side. We started the season with rather hard luck, for not only did one of our best pitchers leave school, but the rest of the team, for one reason or another, did not succeed in getting together as a whole, until the fourth game. The team is for the most part the same as that of a year ago, but a few of the positions have been changed. Captain Clifford, who has played left field in previous years, has moved to third base, which position he fills in the same creditable way he formerly did the outfield. O'Brien has been regular catcher, and Johnson now plays in right field. The following shows the regular line-up in batting order:

Clifford, 3d base.  
Scannell, 2d base.  
Rolfe, centre field.  
Murray, left field.  
Sloan,— Hill, pitch.  
Dineen, 1st base.

Kelley, short stop.

O'Brien, catch.

Johnson, right field.

On the 20th of April the team won its first victory when it defeated the Arlington Athletic Club, 7-6. Two days later April 22d, it lost to Newton 9-10, but on the 25th, Gloucester was downed 11-1 and on the 29th, Reading also met defeat by the score 8-1. May 2d, Technology '11, came out ahead, 11-8, but May 5th, Arlington again won 10-7.

May 9th, Brookline was defeated 4-3,

|          |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Innings  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
| A. H. S. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1-4 |
| B. H. S. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-3 |

May 13, Arlington was defeated by Malden 1-5

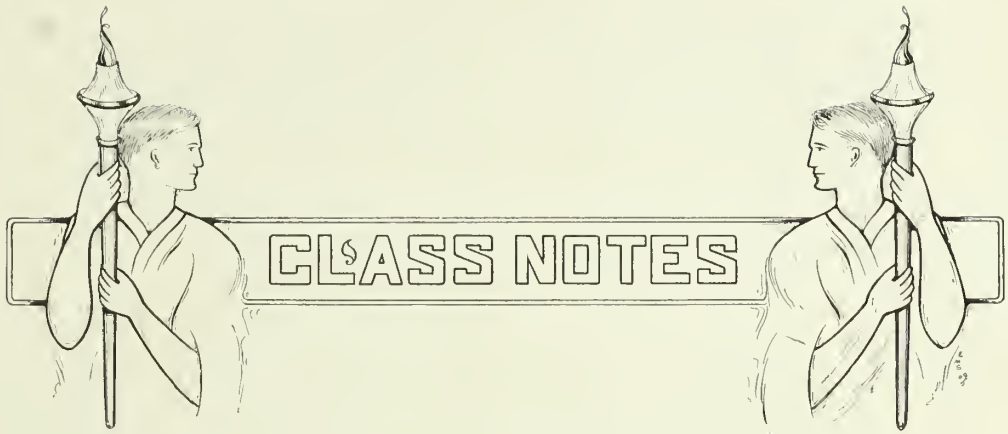
|          |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Innings  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
| A. H. S. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0-1 |
| M. H. S. | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0-5 |

May 16, Arlington defeated Wellesley 6-5.

|          |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Innings  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10  |
| A. H. S. | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1-6 |
| W. H. S. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-5 |

May 18, Arlington defeated Stone School, 6-5.

|          |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Innings  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
| A. H. S. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1-6 |
| S. S.    | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0-5 |

**Class of 1909**

Someone suggests a soda-fountain as a class gift. Brilliant idea!

Heard in Latin: "they performed sacred rights to the Styx (sticks) of Jove."

Miss L-n-n: "I will revenge my man!" Questioning glances from M-n-y. (Recall their spirited debates in English).

"Oh, what will the future be?" No insinuations!

Anna, whose sister ARE you?

German translation — "The mother served coffee from her spinning wheel."

**Class of 1910**

Room 1. — Latin verbs made while you wait. We vouch for their originality.

In *another* Special Topic, Master B— announced that "the German people fell into a *decay*." We congratulate him, however, on the superb control of his pedal extremities.

Miss — "I hear voices that are not my own."

S—'s recent hazing has not only made him tongue-tied, but evidently color-blind. 'Nuff sed.

*Quelle bome chose que je ne sois pas encore marie*, translated, — "What a good thing that I have not married again!"

**Class of 1911**

Cæsar diligently *preserved* the women and children. Wouldn't that *jar* you!

By these the beginning of the fight began at the beginning. A little more *complicated*, please.

The ninth-grader and the diploma — "He won't be happy till he gets it."

The scenery of Switzerland is *large*. Descriptive adjective.

Welcome 1912.

(This is rather premature but 1911 always will lead the others.)

"He ate celestial music." Was *he* an ostrich or a goat?

## EXCHANGES

The contents of the *Oracle* (Bangor, Me) are better than the first glance at the somber cover would give one to think. It has several good stories, but the lack of an Athletic Column is noticeable.

*The Nautilus* (Waterville, Me) far exceeds the usual school paper. It has a number of admirable stories, which, combined with the several full page cuts, make it an extremely good paper.

More distinctive headings and the articles appropriately placed under them, would add to the attractiveness of the *Quill*, (Staten Island).

We think the *Oracle* (Auburn, Me) would be improved by larger type and with the text and advertisements less crowded.

It is a pleasure to read the clean cut well printed issue of the *Register* (Boston Latin School)

We like the *Review* (Galveston, Texas) for its clear cut and neat appearance. The cuts are unique and apropos.

I can't imagine why it is,  
I surely cannot tell;  
But every time I try a rhyme  
It really sounds like —  
No, that won't do.

And when again in rhythmic strain,  
I try to spin a yarn,  
The people that are listening  
Don't seem to give a —  
No, that won't do.

So now I guess I'll give it up,  
I'm not in my right class;  
I'll hie me back to simple verse  
Before I'm called an —  
No, that won't do.

Another thing I can't explain  
As clever as I am,  
Whate'er I try in metric verse  
Don't prosper worth a —  
No that won't do. — Ex.

A Scotchman complained that he had a ringing in his head.

"Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked his friend.

"No."

"I'll tell ye — it's because it's empty."

"And ha'e ye never a ringing in your head?" asked the other.

"No, never."

"And do ye ken the reason? — because it's cracked." — Ex.

Recruit (on guard): — "Advance and give the countersign!"

Messenger — "I've forgotten it."

Recruit (Impatiently) — "Well say 'Lincoln' and pass on. I'm not going to wait all day fer yez t' tink av ut."

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"Help! help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Quick! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek. Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hee's knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no! He canna no walk! He wronga end up." — Ex.

First Sport. — "My money is wet money."

Second Sport. — "How's that?"

First Sport. — "In the morning it's dew and in the evening it's mist." — Ex.

Old Maid. — "Is this a smoking compartment, young man?"

Obliging Passenger. — "No mum. Higher up!" — Ex.

Small Boy — "Auntie, did God make both you and me?"

Auntie — "Yes, dear."

Small Boy — "He's doing better work than he used to, isn't he, auntie?" — Ex.

Teacher — "What is the largest river in Italy, Leo?"

Leo — "The—the—the—"

Leo's sister — "Say, Po, Leo."

Leo, quickly — "Sapolio."

Pat — "What be yer charge for a funeral notice in yer paper?"

Editor — "Fifty cents an inch!"

Pat — "Good heavens! An' me poor brother was six feet high"

Mike. — "Don't shoot, Pat, the gun's not loaded."

Pat. — "I must, Mike; the blame bird won't wait." — Ex.

The young author was in a quandary. "Would you," inquired he, "have your hero tear down the street or tear up the street?"

"That depends. Is your hero a sprinter or a paving contractor?" — Ex.

(Brown takes a friend home to see his new purchase of a sun-dial and strikes a light to show it.) "Confound it, the beastly thing's stopped." — Ex.

Prof. — "How long should a man's leg be in proportion to his body?"

Student. — "Long enough to reach the ground, sir." — Ex.

"How did Harry enjoy his trip abroad?"

"Very much. He looks happy and has gained one hundred and fifteen pounds"

"One hundred and fifteen pounds?"

"Yes; and she's an heiress." — Ex.

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He sits apart; the dance goes on  
With saddened gaze he eyes the throng  
Nor answers he, but sighs aloud  
When called to join the merry crowd.

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# ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

Vol. XII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 3.

## THE CLARION

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## EDITORIAL

A YEAR ago when the school opened it was found that there were ten more pupils in the Freshman Class than there had ever been before. This year there are twenty. This unusual number of new pupils has, of course, crowded the seating capacity of the school to nearly the limit. There is at present, when every High School pupil is seated, less than ten vacant seats in the school. To arrange the programme so that all of the scholars could find seats at their recitations was, of course no easy matter to accomplish. It has been found necessary to hold recitations in all of the laboratories and also in the hall. If this increase continues in the same proportion every year it will not be long before it will be found necessary

to turn over the High School entirely to High School pupils. The ninth grade is also extremely large this year, it having been found impossible to seat the entire class without using movable desks.

In order that a more suitable alarm of fire could be given than that which the room bells formerly gave, a large brass gong has been placed in the upper corridor. This gong may be sounded from either the upper or lower corridor. This would mean a great saving of time if an alarm had really to be rung. One fire drill has already been held, but, owing to several delays, the time taken was two minutes. This is rather slow, but will undoubtedly be shortened after a little practice.

The school faculty has had several changes made in it since last year. Miss Bowker's former position is now occupied by Miss Ruth Tenney. Miss Tenney taught last year at Auburn, Me., and is a graduate of Tufts College. Miss Fannie Myerson is now filling Miss Weeks' position. Miss Myerson is a graduate of Wesleyan University and taught formerly at Southington, Conn. Miss Dixon's position is now taken by Miss Clara M. Trask. Miss Trask is a graduate of Bates, and has been teaching at Gardner, Mass. Miss Mary A. Weaver is another of our new teachers, and is a graduate of Smith. Mr. A. H. Delano has taken Mr. Morgan's former position. Mr. Delano taught last year at Barre Academy, Vermont, and is a graduate of Boston University.

THE CLARION extends a cordial welcome to all of the new teachers.

The Country Frolic, given by the Juniors as a reception to the Seniors was pronounced a success by all. The frolic was held October 30, in the Arlington Auditorium. Everyone was asked to wear a country costume, and this added greatly to the evening's fun. The matrons were Mrs. Cooke and Mrs. Crosby. The hall was prettily decorated with Jack o' lanterns and with school and class banners. Games were played and dancing was also enjoyed. Appropriate refreshments were served during the intermission, and the party broke up after singing the High School song. The committee in charge was Bradley Frost, Jack Hutchinson, Gladys Richardson, Marjorie Gott, and Everett Webber.

"Bachelor Hall," a comedy in three

acts, is to be presented by the Athletic Association in the Town Hall, November 25. Mr. William Partridge, who has always been so successful in his work with the High School, is coaching the production. We earnestly hope that all pupils and friends of the school will help to make it a success, as the Association is, financially, in very poor condition. Tickets may be obtained from all members of the Association.

Since the last issue of the CLARION the class of 1908 has graduated. The class had thirty-two members, and from this number twenty-nine received diplomas. The evening's programme was pleasing and interesting, and those who took part in it are to be complimented on the way in which it was carried out.

Instead of following the custom of preceding classes, and having drawn upon the board in the hall a representation of their class pin, the class of 1909 has had a banner made of felt, similar in style and color to their pin. The banner has been placed on the reading desk in the hall. When it was unfurled November 2, Mr. Holt spoke a few words on the idea and said that he hoped that all of the undergraduates would respect the banner and all that it stood for. His plan of having a banner of the Senior Class in the hall is a good one, and we hope that all other graduating classes will follow the example of 1909.

A second fire drill was held November 25, at twelve o'clock. The time taken was one minute and thirty seconds. This was a marked improvement over the former drill the time being shortened by thirty seconds.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## RICH'S CLASS DAY

THAT'S all there is about it, Kid. If Bess can't go, I won't take anyone, and here Dad is, trying to make me take a country cousin. Well I guess not, not if I know it; why I never even saw her."

"I see how you feel, Rich, but, seeing it's your own spread and all, I suppose you really ought to do it."

"That's just why I don't want to. I don't want to spoil my class day by having a country cousin to trot around. If Bess can't go, I go alone, that's all. My cousin probably eats with her knife and dances like an elephant. No, sir, it won't do."

"What's her name, by the way?"

"Amy Harfford, our cousin."

"A-m-y Harfford, well I'll ——— come on over to Mem and get some supper."

A week later the kid received a letter from his sister, saying that she and her friend would come on the 11.16 train next Wednesday, and she wished that he and Rich could meet them. The Kid smiled, put the letter in his pocket and strolled over to Thayer to see Rich. "Well, I've put Nell wise and she'll work things out all right. Trust her for that," thought the Kid, as he wandered along. He burst into Rich's room and found him tying his necktie about, wonder of wonders, a stiff collar.

"Well, what's up, Rich? Going calling?"

"No, I'm just going to run over to Brookline this evening to bid Bess goodbye. She sails tomorrow morning, right in the middle of a lecture. Worst luck!

I've used up all my outs and don't dare to take the chance to see her off, either."

The Kid asked Rich if he would go in with him Wednesday to meet his sister and a friend who were coming down for Class Day. Rich consented, bade his chum good night, and was gone.

Wednesday came at last. The Kid and Rich were waiting patiently for the train, which was already three quarters of an hour late. Finally, it arrived, and the girls were met. It was too late for dinner at the house where the girls were to stay, so the boys took them to dinner in town. Rich commented to himself that they were two pretty good looking girls. Kid's sister was certainly pretty, but her friend, Miss Droffrah! words could not express her beauty. Queer, too, thought Rich, that she should have such a foreign name when she didn't look a bit that way.

When the Kid and Rich were alone, Rich said, "Say, Kid, I'll take Miss Droffrah, Class Day if you want."

"Well, I tell you, Rich, I want to take her myself. Buxton takes Nell, you know, but seeing you really want to and you can't get Bess, I suppose I might make a great sacrifice and let you. I can take Edith Holmes, I guess."

"Oh! say, Kid, that's mighty good of you. I'll remember this. You're a brick. Thanks," and thus they parted.

Kid could not wait for morning, but went directly over to tell the girls, who shrieked at the good news.

"Poor cousin Richard! What will he say when he knows?" said Amy.

Class Day dawned warm and beautiful. Rich and the Kid were out for

all the processions, speeches, and exercises. Nell and her friend spent the morning walking about the yard with Nell's father and mother, who had arrived the night before. Seeing Kid's folks made Rich wish more and more that his parents were able to come on to see him graduate. He knew, however, that this was impossible.

Rich and Kid marched side by side to the Stadium, where the exercises were to be held. After these were over, they waited in the hope of meeting the girls, but the crowd was so great that they had to give it up, and go back to their rooms. The girls were waiting for them in Kid's room, for it was there that the Kid and Rich spread. The boys acted the part of hosts for nearly two hours, when they left Mr. and Mrs. Newhall, Kid's parents, in charge of things. They then went over to the Gym where they found Buxton doing his duty by the three girls. The hall was too crowded for comfort, so after a few turns, the six came out, and walked over to Sever to hear the Glee Club.

Every minute Rich became more and more fascinated with the charming Miss Droffrah, and after a while he managed to lose the rest of the party. He and Miss Droffrah were headed for the Chapel steps, when, just as they were turning the corner of Thayer, a girl rushed up to Miss Droffrah and cried, "Why, Amy Harfford, I thought you weren't going to come down for Class Day. Why didn't you tell me that you had changed your mind?"

Amy, rather embarrassed, looked at Rich, and said, "Miss Adams, I want you to meet my cousin, Mr. Harfford." They chatted for a few minutes and then said good night. Amy started back towards Thayer, but Rich took her arm and led her over to the Chapel steps.

It was a long time before either spoke. Then, finally, Rich said, "Well, this serves me right after all, I guess, but it did sort of take my breath away."

"I do hope you are not angry with me, Richard, but really when Nell proposed it to me I thought it was too good to miss, so I did it. You aren't angry, are you?"

"No, Amy, I don't know why not, tho'. I guess you gave me just what I needed, and I have had the finest Class Day ever. Please answer me this one question. Where did you get that awful name?"

"Oh, that's all right. I leave it with you to guess though I didn't have to go very far for it. Did you never amuse yourself by spelling names backwards?"

Gladys Richardson, '10.

#### BLUE VS. BLACK

THE day of the great championship game dawned at last. It had been looked forward to by many students with manifest impatience. It had been the sole topic of conversation for many days, both in the class rooms and on the streets, each one asking the other, "Who's going to win?" Now that the great day had come, many wore serious faces, for the Blue had met with a serious defeat but three days before, at the hands of a weaker team. Errors had occurred at critical moments, when great steadiness was required. The team, as a whole, had not been able to get together with team work, neither had they been able to supply the hits when hits would have counted. In the critical seventh inning, when Smith, who was doing the pitching for the Blue, showed signs of distress, the opposing team had seized every opportunity to pile up the runs. But since that day, the players had been given the hardest practice of the year.

An hour before the game, the stands were crowded, on the one side by supporters of the Blue, and on the other side of the field by those of the Black. Cheer after cheer rose on the air as the two opposing factions tried to out-cheer each other. As the two rival teams trotted on to the field, the earth seemed to shake, so great was the noise.

The Blue were the first at bat, and the umpire cried "Play ball!" The great game was on at last, and the mass of spectators settled back in their seats, convinced that they were to see a game of games.

During the first five innings, neither side had scored a run, although the Blue got a man as far as second base, only to have him die there as the next two batters went out on flies.

It was in the sixth inning that the Black started the batting rally. The first three Blue batters had gone out in one, two, three order. Then the Black took their turn at bat. The first man got a hit. The second man was hit on the arm, taking first and stealing second on the double steal. The next batter gave the right fielder a chance to make a circus catch and throw, getting the man at the plate. A hit would still mean a run, and the supporters of the Black were shaking the stands with their cheers, but all the batter could do with the pitcher's curves, was a grounder to the shortstop. The Blue now went to bat. The first two were out on easy chances to the pitcher and second baseman, but the third followed with a hit, taking second on a wild pitch and stealing third, where he was left when the last batter struck out.

The Black now went to bat, determined to do or die. The strain was great on both the players and the spectators. Each player was on his toes waiting for anything that came his way, while the pitcher was working as he had never worked before.

Not a sound was heard from the field as the first batter took his place at the plate. Crack! went the first ball pitched over the second baseman's head, leaving the runner on first. The second batter got a two-base hit. With second and third bases occupied, the third baseman walked out to the pitcher, saying, "Steady, old boy, this is where we show our strength. Remember we are all behind you, and are sure to win." This seemed to give the pitcher renewed strength. With a confident look around him, he faced the batter. As soon as the ball left the pitcher's hand, the third baseman came in on the run, picked up a perfect bunt, and tossed it to the catcher, who, after tagging his man, threw the ball to third, thus completing a double play. The last man fled out to the pitcher.

In the Blue's half of the eighth, the first man got a base on balls, and the second batter sacrificed him to second. The next batter came up with a lucky single, putting the runner on third, from where he scored on a passed ball. This proved to be the only run of the game, as the opposing team could do nothing with the pitcher's curves.

After the game, the victors retired to the club rooms where they received the championship cup. A. H. S., '09.

#### THE RUBIES

THE long-looked-for day arrived at last and all fears that it would rain were allayed as the sun rose bright and clear and added to the beauty everywhere around. It was a beautiful day in the middle of September. The leaves were in their gayest colors, making the country a real paradise, and the twittering of the birds told that nature was in its happiest mood.

"A day off" as the boys expressed it, had been granted to the school at Fernaldston. Everyone had planned what

he would do on this day, and, although school had begun only a short time before, there was no complaint that anyone could not amuse himself

A party of four of the boys were to make a trip in an auto which they were to hire as they intended to visit a town about fifty miles distant where they had some friends. The party consisted of George Danvers, Robert Cunning, Charles Hazelton, and Harry Drew, all Seniors at St. Angelo, fine looking, broad-shouldered fellows. George was to run the auto in capacity of chauffeur, as he had had experience in that line and was looked upon as an elder by the others. He was fond of fun and yet there was a sort of reserved manner about him that told one when he had gone about far enough. There was also a mystery which no one could fathom. For three years he had worn a certain ring on one finger, and when anyone questioned him in regard to it, he tactfully changed the subject. It was a beautiful ring, set with a large ruby, and one could see that the owner did not like to talk about it, so finally the fellows concluded that there was some romance in the matter. Their suspicions, however, were not verified until this day, and then when they least expected it.

They started off early in the morning in the best of spirits, and many miles passed quickly. They enjoyed the beautiful views and pleasant sights of autumn; in many places large piles of squashes were heaped up waiting to be harvested; the limbs of trees hung heavily from the weight of the apples which were of beautiful hues. In some places the corn stacks

were still in the fields, waiting the negligent farmers. About noon the party reached Sherburne, had their luncheon with their friends, and after resting for a short time, concluded that they must turn homeward.

They decided to go by a different way which, they were told, was not much farther. After going some miles, it was suddenly noticed that directly ahead the road grew very narrow, in fact, just wide enough to allow one carriage to pass. On either side was a frail-looking fence beyond which the grade was very steep. George brought the machine almost to a stop so suddenly did they come upon the place, and then proceeded very slowly.

"Hark," said Harry, "What was that?"

"Oh, it was nothing," said Robert.

"There it is again," said Harry, and as he spoke, George brought the machine to a stop. By this time they were all aware that there was somebody groaning, and all began to scramble down the banking.

"It sounded like an animal," said Charles.

Suddenly at George's call they went where he was and found a woman lying on the ground, unconscious, and nearby a horse, making such pitiful noises that it was seen immediately that he was near death. They were all very much excited as they set to work to bring the young lady

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to consciousness. George felt of her pulse, and, as he did so, gave an exclamation of surprise and started backward. The rest were unable to see the cause of his surprise, but he told them to look at the ring on her finger and then at his. They did so and noticed that they were exactly alike.

Soon the young lady opened her eyes, and they all felt sure that she was more frightened than hurt. As she looked around, her eyes rested on George, and at first a startled expression, then one of happiness came over her face, and she uttered his name. They assisted her up to the road where the auto was, and then George refused to drive any more, provided one of the others would take his place.

Miss Blaisdell told us what she remembered before the accident, that the horse had become frightened at something and as she was not used to driving she was not able to control him, and they went crashing down the side of the hill. After that she remembered nothing more. The poor horse had died soon after the rescuers came, as he had struck against a tree.

After they got home the boys succeeded in getting the story from George. He said that he had met this young lady about four years previous, and had become very much attached to her. Shortly before the time set for their marriage a cousin stepped in and made trouble for them which caused their separation. He had gone West for a time and she abroad. She had returned only a day or two before, and had obtained this team in order to drive to a friend's house.

"But the rings?" said Harry.

"Oh, those were just keepsakes which we bought once when we were away, and agreed to wear as long as they should last. That was how I recognized her, for she had changed some."

During the rest of that year, George was absent from social functions which he used to attend, and it was noticed that his face wore a different expression from former times.

A year from the next June several of his chums at school had the pleasure of attending George's wedding, which was a glorious occasion. George whispered to his companions of that eventful day and said that he probably would never have been as happy as he was that night, had it not been for that auto ride. E. A. J., '10.

### JOHNNIE'S DAY

JOHNNIE'S mother had broken a hair brush, and a hair brush is not an easy thing to break, especially if one is accustomed to using moral persuasion. But Johnnie had been a very bad boy and for once his mother had broken one of her pet fads and incidentally, her hair brush. She had, however, good cause to do so, for it seemed as if Johnnie had done everything that could be called bad.

At breakfast he had upset his father's coffee, and upon being sent from the table, he had returned unnoticed and crept beneath it. From there he had nearly sent his maiden aunt into hysterics by sneezing at an unfortunate moment. He had also stolen jam, drawn

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pictures on the wall paper, broken a neighbor's window, and had finally started a yacht race in the bath tub, but this, too, ended in disaster. For Johnnie had soon tired of it, and had gone off, leaving the water running, as a result of which a large portion of the kitchen ceiling fell. After this he was taken in hand by his mother and morally persuaded that he had been a bad boy and must behave in the future. In consequence Johnnie's behavior at dinner was remarkable (for Johnnie). After dinner, to keep him from further mischief, he was given the comic sheets of old Sunday newspapers. There was but one, however, which seemed to interest him. This one showed a small boy about Johnnie's size placing a cat upon a sheet of sticky fly paper and it also gave several pictures of the very amusing antics which the cat performed. It seemed very funny to Johnnie and had amused him for a long time. Finally he resolved to try it himself.

By skillful manœuvering he had obtained a sheet of sticky fly paper from the kitchen and had taken it to the play-room. He then placed his little kitten squarely upon the sheet. The result was unexpected, for the kitten started for the open door, but was tripped by the fly-paper and when it came to its feet, it was plastered all over with the fly-paper. Nevertheless, it managed to reach the head of the stairs and to tumble down the whole flight, at the foot of which was Johnnie's mother. Now Johnnie had always been taught by his mother to be kind to animals, so

when she saw the poor kitten in such a pitiful condition her anger rose. After recalling all of Johnnie's previous deeds of wickedness, she resolved that he must be whipped. So for the first time in many months, Johnnie was given a taste of corporal punishment. He was then handed over to his big brother, who was told not to let him leave the room. As Johnnie's brother had not got along very well in his Latin during the last term, he was making it up now with a tutor. He was expecting the tutor when the culprit was handed over to him. After one look at Johnnie's mournful and tear-stained face, he said, "Cheer up, old chap! It isn't as bad as all that, — what did you do any way?"

"Nuffin," was the sobbing reply, "I was jes' playin'."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of your playing before. You didn't try to be Sir Thomas Lipton, again, did you?"

But Johnnie saw that he was being made fun of and would not answer.

"Never mind, Jackie, old boy," continued his brother, "I'll let you go as soon as my tutor comes. The Mater is going shopping, but for Heaven's sake don't let her know that I let you out, for I don't want any hair brushes broken around here."

Shortly afterwards the tutor arrived and Johnnie was let out, to fall at once into more mischief. For no sooner was he out of doors than he began playing with the garden hose. He had not been there very long before one of his playmates went by on the sidewalk.

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Now for reasons best known to himself, Johnnie disliked this particular boy, so he made his revenge wet as well as sweet, and gave him a thorough soaking. The boy ran away, but, nevertheless, left Johnnie with his hands full, for by accident he had hit a gentleman who was passing, squarely in the face with the stream of water. "You little wretch," sputtered the man, and started for Johnnie on the jump. Johnnie knew that his safety lay in repelling the attack, for flight was impossible. Fortune, however, favored him for the man slipped on the wet grass and when he regained his feet, he wisely retreated, very warm and very moist. The maid had seen this from the window and now came running out, followed by the cook. By this time the gentleman had called a police officer and the little boy had returned with his mother. A short and very heated discussion followed, but poor, beleaguered Johnnie was moved neither by threats nor bribes. At this point the coachman arrived, and, after taking in the situation, remarked, "Oh, we will soon have him, all right. wait till I turn off the water from the cellar" The valve in the cellar was rusted and the coachman could not move it. Then the gentleman spoke up. "We shall have to rush him. It is the only way we can get him. Come on now everybody. Get in line and when I say 'charge,' rush him."

With sinking heart Johnnie viewed the preparations for the grand attack.

"Charge!" cried some one and the odd line of battle dashed forward (The men were in the middle and the women on both ends). At the first touch of the cold water, the women fled, leaving the men to complete the attack.

Now cold water traveling at a good rate of speed has a curious demoralizing effect on one's nerve, and a policeman is no exception to this rule, for our policeman was the first to turn and run, and, in his flight he upset his companions, and when they all got out of range, their martial spirit was well subdued.

Johnnie's brother had been a silent and amused spectator of this scene. He now appeared with a large umbrella. The policeman was muttering something about resisting an officer; the coachman was nursing a sore shin, and the other man was airing his views on assault and battery, but at sight of an umbrella their faces brightened, and anxiously they watched the carrying out of the idea.

Crouching behind the umbrella, Johnny's brother advanced swiftly. Now no umbrella can keep out water coming from a garden hose, but it can cut down the speed and amount of water, so Johnnie was captured. His brother took him sobbing and kicking to his room, and after locking the door laid him on his bed, telling him all the time that he would not let anybody touch him. Finally, he calmed down and Johnnie's brother, going to the window, looked out on the scene of

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conflict. Beneath him a very disreputable man was picking up his battered and muddy panama. The man's coat was torn, his cuffs hung limply about his wrists, his collar was gone, and his face was streaked with dirt. Suddenly the man turned and shook his fist angrily at the house.

Johnnie's brother smiled slightly and murmured softly to himself, "Veni, vidi, vici." W. S. B., '09.

### THE PRIMA DONNA

MANY years ago all Paris was on its knees to an opera singer, Rosina Stahl. She was beautiful as well as accomplished, but because she had been thus worshipped and honored, she had become haughty and unusually conceited. Many had there been, who, after years of incessant study, had expectantly appeared before the musical world, only to be overwhelmingly defeated, ignored, or ridiculed. Many hearts had been broken by such a crushing failure; many lives had been ruined, saddened, forever. So, when the people learned that another was to vie with the great Rosina, they only sighed knowingly.

The new singer was only a frail young girl not yet out of her teens, and when she appeared on the stage at the largest opera house in Paris, the spectators gazed hopelessly at her. Her wonderful, pleading eyes turned in appeal to the great prima donna, but the answering glance was unconcerned and cold, perhaps even *cruel*. The orchestra had played the first few notes, and now the girl sang. People became restless, for her voice was shallow and indicated fear and lack of confidence. It was a glad moment when she had finished.

But once more she sang and the audience was hushed; it listened, breathless. There was something in this girl's simple singing that touched them. Her heart was in her music; she had entirely forgotten her surroundings, for she was soaring far away on the wings of her song. And when she had finished, all looked to Rosina Stahl for her verdict. It was with difficulty that the prima donna had retained her composure. This girl's voice with its clear, sweet tones lacked that tremulo which indicated trained singing, but the very absence of it seemed to add to the charm.

Then the manager spoke briefly to the beautiful Rosina and, immediately afterward, when the new singer was about to depart, he said:

"Madame, your voice is sweet, but it has attained its limit. You have little confidence and it will never be greater. I am sorry, but your singing will not suit us."

The girl drew herself up and her eyes flashed as she answered:

"Some time, sir, you will be desperately sorry for your words! I shall become a great singer, and the time is not at all distant when you will implore me to sing for you, but I never will!"

And her words came true. Soon afterwards the whole world was wildly enthusiastic over a new prima donna. Managers gave her fortunes to sing one night for them. Then the manager of a certain Paris opera house asked her to sing. Rosina Stahl's was a forgotten name. All Paris longed for the sound of the new singer's voice, but it was never granted.

Paris never heard the songs of the lovely Jenny Lind.

Muriel Brandenburg, '09.



THE hockey season will soon be here and a good response is expected when the call for candidates is issued. Although the majority of last year's team have graduated, there is no reason why a team as successful as last year's should not be turned out. The school will belong to the New England Skating Ice Hockey Association again this year.

At present the following games have been scheduled:

December 23. Rindge Manual Training School at Arlington.

December 25. Alumni.

December 28. Medford High School at Arlington.

December 30. Wakefield High School at Wakefield.

January 7. Brookline High School at Arlington.

January 9. Milton High School at Milton.

January 16. Rindge Manual Training School at Arlington.

January 19. Mechanic Arts High School at Arlington.

January 22. Melrose High School at Melrose.

January 27. St. Mark's at Southboro.

January 29. Milton Academy at Milton.

A football team made up for the most part of members of the High School, has been playing games with several of the neighboring High School teams. The team has been highly successful in these games, considering the lack of practice and the haste in which it was organized. For many years the High School has not been represented by a football team, but as none of the members of the team will graduate this school year, it is very probable that the school will have a football team next fall.

#### TREASURER'S REPORT

AT the opening of school in September, 1908, the Athletic Association found itself without funds. In preceding years, the Association has been fortunate in having turned over to it from the out-going Treasurers very considerable amounts of money, which has enabled it to keep its credit intact. Following is a statement of the accounts turned over to the treasurers by the out going officers for the last three years:

|                           |         |
|---------------------------|---------|
| September, 1906 . . . . . | \$67.95 |
| September, 1907 . . . . . | 86.18   |
| September, 1908 . . . . . | 00.00   |

The membership at present is as follows:

|                       |    |
|-----------------------|----|
| Seniors . . . . .     | 6  |
| Juniors . . . . .     | 12 |
| Sophomores . . . . .  | 7  |
| Freshmen . . . . .    | 21 |
| Ninth Grade . . . . . | 4  |

There are now fifty boys in the Association, but not all the Freshmen and ninth-grade boys have been enrolled.

The following is the financial standing of the Association to date:

#### RECEIPTS

|                                                       |        |
|-------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| From 25 members for the dues for September, 1908      | \$2.50 |
| From 15 members for the dues for October, 1908        | 1.50   |
| From 2 members for the dues for the year of 1908-1909 | 2.00   |
| From 1 member for the dues for five months            | .50    |
| Total receipts                                        | \$6.50 |

#### EXPENDITURES

|                                                        |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Expenses for the months of September and October, 1908 | 2.40   |
| Balance on hand October 20, 1908                       | \$4.10 |

Respectfully submitted,

PAUL T. WINSLOW, *Treas.*

#### SECRETARY'S REPORT

THE first meeting of the Athletic Association, for this year, was held

October 2. At this meeting the following officers were elected:

President, Howard Murray; Vice-President, Arthur Peirce; Treasurer, Paul Winslow; Secretary, William Black; Auditor, Everett Webber.

Athletic Committee: William Scannell, Walter Kelley and Howard Murray.

A committee was appointed to determine upon some means for raising money to meet expenses for the coming year. At the second meeting, George Chapman was elected clerk and stenographer of the Association, and the Athletic Committee was given entire charge of all property of the Association.

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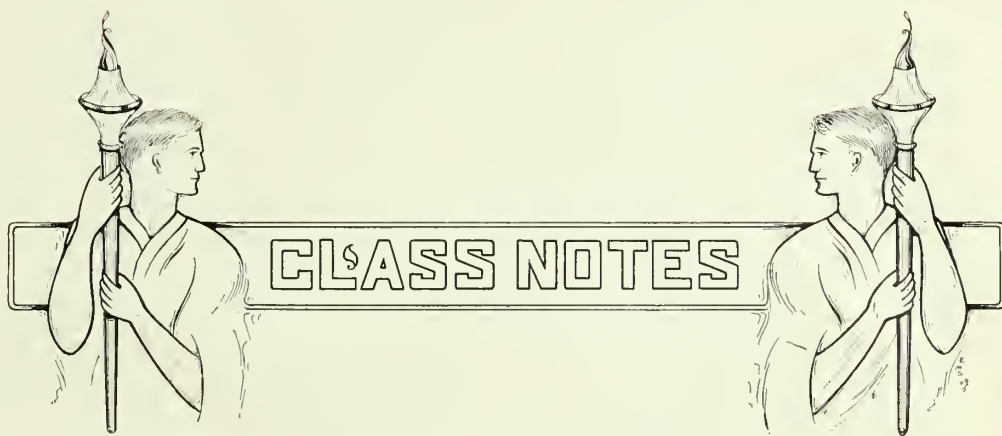
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### Class of 1909

Finally each of us has become "one who knows, and knows that he knows." And, having arrived at this stage, let us make this last year that we are together our best.

There were the "hobos" waiting for the train. (A freight train?)

Watch for the 1909 class pin in the hall.

English teacher: "I will chastise with the valour of my tongue — Miss H——." (Fear and trembling in that first row.)

"He walked with a cane by moonlight." Why?

Miss C——, dictating: "He stood on his face."

### Class of 1910

Criticism of "The Ancient Mariner." "Why-er-, it isn't practical. There weren't any women on board!"

Inference: Had there been women on board, the poem might have been more practical.

The Juniors have learned from sad experience that standing aids the growth — or one's morals.

Heard in corridor: "Here, let me hide behind this radiator! Here comes M——, and I haven't paid my dues."

William, how didst manage to keep your back seat?

"Mr. S——, give the word which means 'to will.'"

S——, tragically: "Villain!"

In English: "What do you understand by the words "maiden knight," Miss P——?"

"A fresh knight."

The following officers were elected for this year: Bradley Frost, President; Marjorie Gott, Vice-President; Ray Morgan, Treasurer; William Scannell, Secretary.

### Class of 1911

The officers for the year 1908-'09 are: President, Donald Hill; Vice-President, Harriet Bartlett; Secretary, Blanche King; Treasurer, Ward Chick.

"Three-fingered" Brown may be great, but "Two-fingered" Jack is greater.

England was divided into *shears*. Why not scissors?

The Seniors and Juniors will turn green with envy at our class pins. As to the *freshmen*, they're green, anyway.

The highway department preserves the streets. Wouldn't that *jar* you?

How *interesting* the study of schools proved to be.

#### Class of 1912

##### OFFICERS

President, Fred O'Brien.

Vice-President, Florence Heard.

Secretary, Shatswell Ober.

Treasurer, Horatio Lamson.

Editor, James Blevins.

Friday, October 9, the Juniors defeated the Freshmen in a game of football, 20-0. It is said that the Freshmen were defeated by the referee, not by the Juniors.

The other day the clock in Room A stopped. We all wonder whether Mr. P— looked at it.

Will somebody please present Room A with a geography for use in the Freshman Algebra class?

At the last Freshman Class meeting, it was voted to have class pins in the Sophomore year; also that class dues should be ten cents a month.

Teacher. "Master C, what is your subject for narration?"

Master C. "What Friday did on Saturday."

And the class laughed.

The boy had to sneeze, so he did, Whoishee???

On the other side of the room some one was heard to say:

"Yes, I know who she is."

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## EXCHANGES

*Academy Bell* (Fryburg). — Isn't your cover a bit too simple? A little more design would be acceptable.

*Recorder* (Springfield). — Why not write something more than a mere list of your exchanges?

*Clarion* (Marlboro). — You are starting out well for a new paper. Our chief suggestion is that you cut down its size as it is too big to look well.

Among our exchanges for this month we find *The Yellow Dragon*, from Hong-kong, China. It is especially interesting, one of its stories and many of its notes being written in both Chinese and English.

The pupils of the Elgin High School show great energy in the editing of their weekly *Mirror*. It is not as easy as it may seem to edit a school paper every week.

*Authentic* (Stoneham). — Your ads. spoil the appearance of the whole last part of your paper.

*Register* (Latin School). — Your September cover design is rather unique in that it does not follow the usual conventional designs.

*Recorder* (Winchester). — Your June number does you credit, but isn't your page of Class Statistics rather too personal?

*Owl* (Parkersburg). — Your paper shows a great improvement over its last edition. We are glad to see it.

### ONE WEEK

The year had gloomily begun  
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's  
Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun  
But he had very little  
Mon.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues  
I've nothing here but ones and  
Tues."

A bright thought struck him and he said  
"The rich Miss Goldbricks will I  
Wed.

But when he paid his court to her  
She lisped, but firmly said, "No  
Thur."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die"  
His soul went where they say souls  
Fri.

They found his gloves and coat and hat  
The coroner upon them  
Sat.

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# ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

Vol. XII.

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## EDITORIAL

NEARLY every year there is a certain amount of trouble and disputing upon the matter of choosing a class pin. Some of the class wish one design, others a different one, some prefer one combination of colors, and still others, another. So it goes on and almost every year there is a repetition of this trouble. Then even when the pin has been decided upon no one, unless they are intimately connected with the school or with the class, will recognize it as an Arlington High School pin. For class pins have for the most part only the initials, A. H. S. upon them, and there a great many towns and cities whose names begin with A. Now as to the solution of this problem, at colleges it is done by having

a distinct college pin, which is used by all of the students and is known by all to be the emblem of that particular college. Why not do the same in our own High School? Have a High School pin which every member of school would be permitted to wear and which would be the same in all respects save — that each class might have its numerals upon the pin. Then every wearer of this pin, or seal, would be recognized as a graduate or undergraduate of the Arlington High School. We consider this an excellent idea and if a suitable pin could be designed, one which the pupils of the school might seriously consider.

Thus far this year we have enjoyed

four out of the course of lectures, which are given annually through the income from the Pratt Fund. The first lecture was by Professor Fay, of Tufts College. His subject was, "The Majesty of the Mountains." The lecture was illustrated by the stereopticon and was extremely interesting and entertaining. Views were shown of nearly all the principal peaks and mountain ranges in the world. The second lecture was by Mr. Leon H. Vincent, his subject being "Franklin as a Man of Letters." Mr. Vincent told his audience many amusing incidents in Franklin's life. He also spoke of his literary work, of his inventions, of his statesmanship, and of his diplomacy, giving in all, a clear and interesting account of Franklin's life. The third lecture was also by Mr. Vincent, his subject this time being, "Artemus Ward to Mark Twain." The subject of the next lecture was, "Homes, haunts and life of Abraham Lincoln," and the lecturer was the Rev. Henry P. Rose, of Newark, N. J. The lecture was illustrated by, the stereopticon, the pictures having been taken by Mr. Rose himself. The lecture was well timed, coming as it did just previous to the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and it surely gave those who attended it a clearer and better idea of Lincoln's life and of the obstacles which he had to overcome in order to obtain his purpose.

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The class of 1909 has decided that it is not expedient for them to present the school with the customary Class Gift. When first started the Class Gift idea was an excellent one, since for the most part the rooms and corridors of the school lacked ornamentation of any kind. So the gifts by the several classes of pictures and statuary, filled a want

that was sorely felt. The gifts which first started with large framed copies of famous paintings, finally in later years became large and expensive pieces of statuary, such as *The Wrestlers*, *The Discus Thrower*, *Minerva and Diana and the Stag*. The price of these gifts was high, so high in fact, that in several classes it was found necessary to raise the class dues, in order to meet the additional expense. Now if a class saves its money for four years for the purpose of spending the most of it on a Class Gift, it must do without the social times which form so important a part of High School life and must also pay extra high class dues. We have observed that our own school has the smallest number of social affairs of any of the high schools of the surrounding towns, and the cause of this is due to the fact that the classes are unable to afford both a Class Gift and extra social times. Class Gift giving is an excellent thing, but it has been greatly overdone in our school, however, there are still many portions of the school which would be bettered by a few of the less expensive gifts.

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Upon the refusal of the Athletic Association to admit the girls of the school as members, the girls began to form an Athletic Association of their own. A large number of the girls took an interest in it and after a few preliminary meetings the following officers were elected: President, Doris Allen; Treasurer, Marion Buttrick; Secretary, Gertrude Thomas; Athletic Committee, Blanche King, Dorothy Black, Gladys Richardson; Auditor, Majorie Gott. The Girls have made an excellent start in their undertaking and THE CLARION wishes them the best of success.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE WAY WHEREIN I WALK  
(A NOTE OF YESTERDAY)

IT was long ago, before the railroad came, that Colonel Allyn with his wife and baby daughter settled in the sleepy old pueblo of Santa Barbara.

The Allyns, before many years had passed, owned the finest ranch and home in the valley. The house, a long, low rambling abode, stood on a slight elevation, and from the shady porch one could see in the hazy distance where the blue Pacific lay sparkling in the noon-day sun. The giant wild oaks grew around the house, and their wide spreading branches hung protectingly over it, casting great patches of shade on the green lawn.

The first rains had fallen and the foothills had turned from brown to green. The mountains, seen through a glimmering veil of sparsely planted olives, rose range upon range, deepening into violet with the distance.

The old house was thickly covered with climbing roses and ivy, and it was only here and there that the dull red tile roof and bits of the adobe wall, that was the tint of the gold of Ophir, showed through the mass of green. Honey-suckle and jasmine grew rank across the front of the porch. The family life centered here. The cracked brick floor was partly covered with bright Indian blankets and small rag rugs. A linen covered table, several Chinese chairs, and a canvas hammock gave the porch an air of rest.

\* \* \*

It was noon. Zigzag waves of white

heat rose from the dusty driveway. A small ragged urchin was coming slowly up the avenue. As he neared the house, one of the long, green blinds opened, and a young girl came out upon the porch and seated herself upon a steamer chair. She was tall and delicate looking, with straight, clear-cut features and gray eyes. Her thick, brown hair was bound round her well-poised head. Her dress was white, much beruffled, and a wide yellow silk sash with long fringed ends, was tied around her waist. She was Helen Allyn, the only child of the house. She had lived in Santa Barbara all her life, with the exception of two years spent at school in the North.

"Buenas dias, Senorita," said the Spanish boy, coming up the steps. He paused beside her, and in embarrassment, rubbed one foot up and down the back of the other very dusty little leg.

"Buenas dias, Emanuel," Helen replied with an encouraging smile.

"Padre Buenci would like you to come to the Mission to play at two o'clock," said the boy in Spanish.

After a moment's thought, she answered in the same tongue, "Tell Padre Buenci I will come. Would you like a drink, Emanuel?"

"Thank you, Senorita," he said, and went towards the olla that hung beneath one of the trees.

"Mother," said Helen, as a gentle, sweet-faced little lady came out upon the porch and sat down beside her, "Padre Buenci wants me to come to the Mission this afternoon."

"It's a very hot walk," replied Mrs. Allyn smiling, "but I suppose you will

have to, unless Jimmy should just happen to drop in."

"Perhaps he will just happen to, I hope so," and then meeting her mother's eyes, she smiled and shook her head gravely.

"Well," said Mrs. Allyn, a trifle emphatically for her, "I never saw such a person to 'just happen to' do things a—why—," turning hastily around at the sound of wheels on the gravel, as Jimmy Thurston drew up his fat little horse and phaeton.

"I walked her, it was so hot," he explained, fanning himself with his hat; "that's why you didn't hear me. I just happened to be passing and I thought I'd drop in and see if either of you wanted to go to town."

"You've come just in time, Jimmy," said Mrs. Allyn quickly, "to take Helen over to the Mission. Father Buenci wants her to play for him. Now run along and get your hat and sunshade, Helen, and tell Teresa to bring the poor boy a drink," she added.

As Helen went indoors, her mother walked out to the buggy and stood chatting with the young man. Jimmy Thurston was a manly looking fellow with frank blue eyes and crisp brown hair. "Yes," everybody said, "Jimmy is certainly good enough for our Helen — almost." And he was; for a more self-reliant boy could not have been found in the entire valley. He loved books and music as devotedly as Helen did, but he loved her more, with a love as boundless as the whole out-doors. But Helen had quite decided never to marry anyone, she said, not even the persistent Jimmy.

"Poor boy," murmured Mrs. Allyn, as Teresa handed him a glass. Just then Helen came out upon the porch.

"Keep out of the sun, mother," she

said, getting into the phaeton; "I'll be back before dark."

Mrs. Allyn watched the buggy move down the long, shady avenue and turn at last into the broad dusty El Camino Road. As she re-entered the house, a tear glistened on her cheek. "He is such a dear boy," she said.

\* \* \*

"Come back at three, Jimmy," called Helen, as she went up the Mission steps an hour later.

"The Brothers are waiting in the reception room," said a low voice at her elbow.

Helen turned quickly and met the steady gaze of a tall, slender young monk. His thick, close-cropped hair matched his hazel-black eyes. The brown habit of the Franciscan Order became him well.

"I'm Helen Allyn," replied the girl quietly, following the monk as he led the way down the corridor. "I don't believe I've met you. You have not been here long?"

"No," he answered, "I came but a few days ago from San Louis Rey. My name is Padre Leonardo."

"Father Buenci has spoken to me of you," said Helen, as they entered a large square room.

The eight monks sat in a row against the bare wall, on a long wooden bench. An arm chair and a few very stiff, high-backed chairs stood on the opposite side of the room. An old-fashioned, four-legged piano, its ivory keys yellow with age, was placed near the window; near the door was a plain bare table. Several prints of the saints and a picture of St. Francis and Father Junipero Serra hung on the walls.

"It is well you have come, Helen," said Father Buenci, a pleasant, sympa-

(Continued on page 15)

## A LITTLE VISIT TO EDINBURGH

WE were fortunate on our arrival in the beautiful city of Edinburgh to be assigned a room in the hotel which overlooked Princess Street, Princess Gardens, and Edinburgh Castle. In these places are some of the most historic and interesting things in Scotland.

It was not long before we were riding down Princess Street in one of the double decked trams. This street may be compared to our Tremont Street, excepting that Princess Street is far more beautiful. On the right hand side of the street are the stores and shops with their brilliant displays of goods, on the left are the Princess Gardens in which is the famous Scott Memorial monument, of which I shall speak later. At the foot of the Gardens is the National Art Gallery, where there are many rare and valuable paintings. Across the Gardens, upon a high and majestic cliff is Edinburgh Castle, which stands in its magnitude and grandeur as if to guard all the big city beneath it.

As we rode down the street we saw the Scotch Highlanders who are stationed at the Castle, in their red coats and plaided kilts, and also the little school boys in their plaided kilts and small caps with the initials or emblems of their school on them. When the conductor came in we gave him two pence, equal to four cents in our money, which took us to the end of the route, and he gave us a little blue check which is a receipt for our car fare.

Next morning we took a carriage and drove straight to the Castle. Passing through a big gateway, we entered the esplanade, which is used as a drill ground by the soldiers. Crossing the

esplanade we came to the moat where we left the carriage and met the official guide. With him we crossed the moat which is now used as a playground by the soldiers, and came to the portcullis gateway, built in 1369. After passing the barracks we came to St. Margaret's chapel, supposed to be the oldest building in Edinburgh if not in Scotland; it is very plain and very small, being about sixteen feet long by ten feet wide. In front of the chapel is one of the oldest cannons in the world, "Mons Meg" as it is called. It dates back as far as 1455, and was used to shoot stone balls. There are some steps near here leading down to the old "state prison," which is nothing but a little stone room, very cold and uncomfortable, but one does not go down to see the prison so much as to see the place where many noted people were confined, sometimes awaiting their execution.

The guide next took us to the court before the Crown room and the banqueting hall. Neither of these were open when we arrived, but were to be in a few minutes, so we gave the guide his "tip" which he was eagerly expecting, and then he left us to find our way out.

The Crown room was the first to be opened. In this room one sees the old Regalia of Scotland behind strong iron bars. The Crown is supposed to date back as far as the time of Robert Bruce, and is made of pure gold and adorned with diamonds, pearls, topaz, amethysts, garnets, emeralds, rubies and sapphires. There are also scepters of gold and swords with jeweled scabbards, gold plates and the like. A guard is always marching up and down in front of this room to give the alarm if anything goes wrong in the Crown room.

Next we crossed the court and entered the banqueting hall. This room

was used as a hospital for many years, but was restored some time ago to its original condition. It is very impressive as one enters; it is long and narrow and at the lower end is a huge fireplace. There is a fine collection of armor here and many graceful designs are made on the wall with historic pistols, swords and battle axes. Here also is the cannon carriage upon which Queen Victoria's body was carried at her funeral.

We next visited Queen Mary's rooms, of which there are two, one large outer room and one very small bed room. It was in this room that James VI of Scotland, and I of England was born, and it was from one of the windows, according to tradition, that the infant was lowered in a basket over a sheer precipice of rock to the castle road below, to be taken to Stirling to be baptised according to the Roman ritual. There is an old oaken chair here supposed to be a part of the furniture used by Queen Mary.

Having seen all the places and things of special interest in the castle, we found our way out by the same gate we had entered. Our carriage was there waiting for us and we drove straight to Holyrood Palace and Abbey, passing on the way St Giles Cathedral, where we were privileged to attend service the following Sunday, and the home of John Knox. While we were driving through Canon-gate Street, some small boys came up beside the carriage and ran along with us turning "cart-wheels"; we did not know what they wanted at first, but presently found out when they began to

ask for pennies, we gave them some and they ran off apparently very well satisfied, — and so were we.

As we drew near the palace, one of the first things to catch our attention was a little turreted building standing by itself, known as Queen Mary's Bath; here according to tradition the queen used to bathe in white wine. Of the palace and the Abbey, the latter is by far the older, having been erected in 1128. Just the walls and the tombs remain. There are many interesting tombs here; in one there are seven bodies of members of the old Scottish and English royalty. The palace was built in 1528, that is the original; it has been burned down several times since. Queen Mary's apartments are, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the palace. The state bed still remains in her room and the walls are covered with pieces of mediæval tapestry. In this room is the entrance to the queen's private stairway. It was from this that the murderers of Rizzio, the queen's private secretary, emerged to kill him, and there is a brass plate set in the floor to show where he fell with more than fifty wounds in his body. Lord Darnley's apartments are just under the queen's, and the private stair entered one of his rooms, this being the only means by which the apartments were connected. One of the most impressive rooms in the palace is the picture gallery, one hundred and fifty feet long by twenty-seven feet wide. It is filled with portraits of Scottish kings.

Returning to the hotel for our dinner we afterwards went to examine more

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closely the Scott Memorial Monument. This Monument, one of the most beautiful in all Europe, is two hundred feet high. It is made up of a series of pin-nacled balconies. We went inside and climbed to the top, a feat not unlike climbing Bunker Hill Monument. The frequent balconies afford an opportunity to rest and see the ever-widening view. We reached the top after climbing two hundred and eighty-nine steps and when we stepped out on the top balcony we were one hundred and eighty feet above the ground and the people on the street looked very small. The view was magnificent.

We afterwards visited the Royal Scottish Museum which is one of the best in the world, and the National Art Gallery, returning to our hotel at night very tired, but more than satisfied with a day filled full of pleasure and profit.

John Bancroft Bisbee, '12

### THE OLD DISTRICT SCHOOLS

THE schools of the present day are very different from the schools that our grandmothers and grand-fathers attended, although even today, in small country towns, the old district school is still in existence.

The school-houses in those days were small, and contained but one large room.

The furnishing was very crude, consisting of rough benches and desks, a large, ungainly stove, and a small hanging blackboard. The teacher's desk was on a platform, at the foot of

which the little children sat and conned their lessons. The boys took turns in supplying the wood for the fire and in keeping the schoolroom clean.

Behold, then, the restless troupe of scholars, ranging in age from five to twenty, their mischievous eyes apparently scanning their books, while they plotted together behind their large geography covers.

The pupils did not go home during the noon-hour, because the school was generally on the outskirts of the village. They brought their lunches in small baskets, and shared their food with one another. In the winter, what sport they had, coasting and sliding, and during the summer, gathering flowers and berries!

There was not a great variety of lessons taught, the three most important being the three R's—Reading, Writing, and 'Rithmetic. Spelling was also another important lesson, while history and geography were taught on a smaller scale.

The boys supplied the school-master with birch rods, not for heating purposes, no, indeed, but for preserving order in the school-room. For the teachers in those days, like Ichabod Crane, believed in the old saying: "Spare the rod, spoil the child."

Most of the teachers attended some small academy, and there gained enough knowledge to enable them to teach school. The chances for advancement were scarce in those days, and most of the graduates from the academies earned their living by teaching in schools.

DR. G. W. YALE

DENTIST

CHARLES DAVIS COBB, D. M. D.

DENTIST

The school-master's knowledge was limited, books being scarce. The few on his desk were highly prized, not only by the teachers but by the older and more studious pupils. "The iron rod of justice" occupied a conspicuous place on a corner of the desk. The school-master's desk was also a refuge for such articles as half-eaten apples, horse chestnuts, bean-blowers, etc., that had been taken from pupils who cared more for playing than for attending to their lessons.

Although the school-master was looked up to as being a very important person in the village, still he received but small compensation for his work, and it became a custom in the small towns for the school-master to spend a week at each of the pupil's houses. As a rule, the older children did not like to have the teacher at their homes, because it meant extra study evenings; but the smaller ones were delighted, as it meant all sorts of goodies which children dearly love.

While the modern education is slowly dawning like the morning, and becoming brighter and clearer as time rolls on, the old district school is slowly waning as the dusk, but leaves behind it pleasant remembrances of "Ye Olde Districte Schules."

Ethel Storey, '10.

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## STUMBLING BILL DOES HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

STUMBLING BILL, the awkward college student, sat in his study dreaming. Suddenly he jumped up with a start. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed; "here's Christmas coming the day after tomorrow and I haven't bought a thing yet. Looks as though I had better get a wiggle on tomorrow and buy out the town. Let me see now, who I've got to buy for. First, there's ma. She is always first in war, peace, and everything else, including Christmas presents. Wonder what I can get her. Ah! I have it! Handkerchiefs will do her all right, I guess. I got her some last year and the year before, so she'll kind of expect them, and I hate to disappoint ma. Well, there's one settled.

"I guess pa is next. Some neckties will do him finely. I'm glad he isn't particular like sister. She is so fussy that I am almost afraid to offer her anything. Now, let me see; I wonder how hair ribbons will do. That's all I can think of. Guess we'll let it go at that.

"Now, for the two little kids. I'll get one a drum or something like that, and the other will go crazy over a big doll. I'd better buy this stuff first thing tomorrow."

The next day found Bill hurrying through the shopping district. In fact, he was in such a hurry that he knocked over a newsboy and sent his papers blowing down the street. Bill gave up half a dollar to the boy as a consolation and hurried on.

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PERHAM, The Druggist

He entered the first department store he saw, and saw a large sign which said: "Big bargains in Handkerchiefs Today." "That's me," remarked Bill, as he saw the sign." Then he paused, dismayed. Around the counter was a great crowd of excited women, all eager to snatch the bargains. "Looks like a class rush, only worse," thought Bill. "Still if I ever expect to get anywhere I might as well butt in now; so here goes." Saying this he plunged through the crowd, and after much difficulty, he reached the counter. "Half a dozen, quick!" he cried. "Do I want stamps? You bet I don't! I got all I wanted on my feet, on the way here." Having received his bundle, Bill started to work his way out. Of course his feet had to get in the way, and he tripped and fell, carrying a fat lady down with him. She promptly stabbed him with a hat pin. "Wow!" yelled Bill, jumping to his feet. I guess I had better make myself scarce. This is as bad as an Italian wedding."

Bill managed to get the gifts for his father and sister without meeting with any serious mishap, except falling down a flight of stairs. But when he entered the toy department his troubles began. The first thing he saw was a pile of drums. He went up to them to examine them closely. Suddenly his feet slipped out from under him, and he went right against the column of drums, knocking them helter-skelter, with a great crash. Bill got up saying disgustedly, "None of these things for mine. I'll see if I can't find something else."

The next thing he saw was a tank of water in which were boats, sailing around. "Those look good to me," said Bill, as he leaned over to watch them. Of course, he had to lose his balance, and down he went, head first, into the water, much to his anger and the amusement of the crowd. "That's the wettest water I ever saw," he said, endeavoring to dry himself by a radiator. "I guess I don't care for any of those confounded boats. Water's dangerous stuff to fool with. Wonder where the doll department is? Ah! here it is."

Bill went up to the saleslady and said, "Give me a doll for my kid sister; a nice, big one. This is a nice one. How much? Oh! there it goes on the floor; all broken, too. Well, give me another." Then he left the store, rejoicing that his shopping was over.

Before he had gone far he met a crowd of fellow students who immediately began to laugh loudly. Bill looked all around for the cause of this merriment. Suddenly he noticed that the doll had poked her head through the paper wrapping and was gazing innocently at the students. Bill, shamefacedly, tried to explain that it was for his little sister, but his chum would not listen and declared that he had bought it for his own personal amusement. Bill angrily went off, followed by the shouts of the fellows.

As he walked along, Bill was trying to make the doll's head keep out of sight, when he almost ran into some lady friends, who immediately began to giggle, and ask him if he was trying to

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keep the baby from crying. Bill tried to stammer an excuse, but finally gave it up as a bad job, and again started homeward. He stuffed the doll under his coat and ran down the street, not stopping until he had safely reached his room, where he flung himself, breathless, in a chair, and, holding his right hand over his head he shouted loudly, "Never again!"

### IF

Oh, wouldn't it be funny, and wouldn't it be queer,  
If all these things should happen, in  
A. H. S. so dear. —  
If Daves should get excited, and Manley  
lost his hair;  
If Black his wise look cast away, a-hold-  
ing down his chair;  
If Buttrick fat and "Shorty" should  
sing a blithesome song;  
And "Dippy" had his lessons, and  
never got them wrong;  
If Arthur Smith eschewed advice, and  
Chapman didn't sneeze;  
Now wouldn't it be funny? Just a little  
you'll agree.  
If Murray wasn't busy, and Kelly not  
befuddled;  
The Seniors gave their class gift, before  
accounts were muddled;  
If Bigelow the exchanges should scatter  
around the class;  
And Smart walked into music at a pace  
defined as fast;  
The teachers all to-gether forgot to  
come to school;

Result, sh in a whisper, we should all  
be fools.

If Hutchy's arm did hold no bone  
of hardness sure,

The safety of his classmates were always  
most secure;

If none were late at recess, and Winslow  
should grow fat,

And Higgins in his pompadour should  
wear what's called a "rat";

If Scannell grew a foot, which added to  
his two,

Would make him very different from  
any one of you;

If Goodwin something fresh were never  
known to say;

And Maüger disremembered the class  
dues just one day;

If Osgood should become a *Man* of  
goodly prime,

And Buckley with his book-strap should  
come to school on time;

Now wouldn't it be funny, and wouldn't  
it be queer,

If all these things should happen in  
A. H. S. so dear?

R. E. M. } '09.  
P. T. W. }

### POLO AND HOCKEY

**P**OLO, the game that has been suc-  
ceeded by hockey, was played by  
the Arlington High School until the  
year 1900.

This game required only five men on a  
side; the positions were called first rush,  
second rush, center, halfback and goal.

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Instead of a puck a hard rubber ball was used, this being a little smaller than the ordinary baseball. The hockeys, or rather sticks, were curved at the end, like some that are used today.

The first records that have been found of the Arlington High School playing polo, are dated 1897. The team of this year, of which Johnson was captain and first rush; Puffer, second rush; F. White, center; Pierce, halfback, and H. White, goal, has left a very good record. Some of the games played were Winchester, 0; Arlington High School, 3; Harvard 2; Arlington High School, 2; a good showing. There were other games but they are not of as much importance to us. The totals for the season stand, Arlington, 53; opponents, played, 11.

The next year, F. White was elected captain. He was the only man left of the former team, but by solid practicing they managed to make a fine record. The league games of this year were with Dorchester, 3-1; Mechanics Arts, 4-1, and Waltham, 2-0. Burthrong and Plumer were stars of this year, and White played well. During the next year for some reason, no league games were played. Many other games were played, Arlington High School being beaten once and tied once, winning all of the other games.

As I have said, polo was played until 1900, but the next year hockey was introduced and has been played ever since.

The Canadians were the originators of hockey, and when it was introduced into Arlington, it was received with great disapproval in the Arlington High School Athletic Association. It required seven players, and Arlington could not see where seven good players could be obtained out of a school of two hundred.

Still in order to stay in the league we had to change.

As a result of this we had to play Waltham twice, once at home and once at Waltham. To our great sorrow we lost the two, thus giving Waltham a leaf on the cup.

However, the next year the team was made up of Freeman, Cook, More and Berthrong, forwards; Hilliard, goal; Mills, point, and Johnson, coverpoint. We won from Cambridge M. T., Cambridge Latin and Somerville in the league games, also from Waltham. The latter saw that they could not play hockey as compared with us, and so played "dirty" to their own disadvantage.

More was elected captain for the next year and he turned out a fine team, beating Waltham, 2-0; Roxbury, 7-0.

The next season Hilliard was made captain, but resigned, and Fred H. Viets took his place. This year to our great joy we won the cup that now stands in Cotting Hall, with two others and with many more hoped for.

Livingstone was made captain for the next season, but resigned on account of sickness. Gray took the office. This team under the good judgment of the captain, played well throughout the entire season, ending with a good schedule.

Hicks, whom we all remember, was captain for the next year, but he also resigned, and H. Viets took his place.

Since then Arlington's reputation for turning out excellent hockey teams has strengthened, and especially during the last winter, when, with that strong combination of Clifford and Sloan, Arlington added another cup to its collection, and left a record of which any high school could well be envious.

F. C. O., '12.

“AND HE DEPARTED INTO THE  
LAND OF NOD”

SOMETHING was wrong, that was evident. The engine stopped short, the gas hissed loudly in escaping from the bag, and the rudder refused to work. There we were, Bud and I, in old Mepho, our airship, suspended some two miles above the Pacific Ocean, helpless. What was more, the gas bag was leaking badly, and already we felt ourselves slowly sinking downward.

Then something snapped! I felt myself being hurled up into the air and then going down, head first. Then I thought of Bud. Looking up I saw him coming swiftly on in a straight line for me.

“Don’t you run me down,” I shouted to him. “You’ve got a lot of big nails in your boots.”

“You be hanged,” I heard him reply faintly. Bud never could joke on serious occasions. I believe if I hadn’t been with him most of the time he would have committed suicide long ago from melancholy. I kind of acted as a balloon to keep up his spirits.

Then I seemed to drop out of the element that I had been floating through and landed on my feet in total darkness. A blow on my head crumpled me up and I knew nothing.

When I came to my senses I was still in the dark, but I heard the voice of Bud over me. “Poor dub!” he said.

“Bud,” I groaned.

“Ted, old boy, how do you feel?” he anxiously exclaimed.

“Perforated in the head,” I replied,

feeling of the injured member which was full of small indentations.

“No wonder,” he said sympathetically. “Say, that was a fine hole you opened up for me. It reminded me of our old football games.”

“Bah Jove!” I exclaimed, feeling of my head again. Suddenly Bud’s interest changed.

“Bad place we’re in,” said he “Dark as a dungeon, and about as much scenery. Let’s move about and see if we can get somewhere.”

I rose to my feet a bit shaky, it is true, but nevertheless, strong of heart and eager in my search for adventure. Our eyes were now becoming accustomed to the dark and we could see a little. We seemed to be in the darkest place I ever struck in all my life. Bud walked ahead a few steps and I could just see him when — he disappeared. I thought he had started walking faster and gone out of range of my sight, so I took after him. I ran forward about six paces, but the next step I took failed to reach the ground and I fell in space and struck water. It was not deep, but my head went a good ways into the mud. I got out at last, and after I had dug away the mud I opened my eyes, and stood up. To my astonishment I could see finely. It was dark but the darkness seemed to act just the same as the light did back in God’s country, wherever that was. At a slap on the back I turned around and saw Bud covered from head to foot with a wet white substance. He was a sight.

“Huh!” he grinned. “Where did

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you get that?" he went on, pointing at my clothes. Looking down I saw that I was in the same condition as he. I silently pointed at his apparel.

"Great guns!" Then a smile broke over his face, just as a wave breaks over a beach. It rippled up to the high water mark and then rolled back again. "Red water, white mud. What next?"

"Red water?" I said, looking down, and sure enough, we were standing up to our knees in red water.

"We must be crazy or under the influence of alcoholic liquors," Bud said.

"And white mud," I added.

"It's by me. Let's get out of this," starting towards the shore. In a few moments we were on dry land, not much worse off than being soaked with red water and covered with white mud.

"Pretty good fun, seeing through the dark, eh, Ted, old boy?" Bud asked of me.

"Mighty fine," I agreed, "Wonder if they have houses in this country. Perhaps their houses are underground. Maybe their fires give off cold. Probably their ——"

"No time for dreaming," interrupted Bud. "I'm getting hungry, so let's walk in search of substantial sustenance."

"I feel more like sleeping," I yawned, stretching my hands above my head. Then a funny thing happened. I began to rise from the earth. I stopped acting sleepy at once and dropped my hands from above my head, thereupon immediately sinking to earth.

"Smart, aren't you? Pooh, anybody

could do that. Guess I'll be sleepy for a while just to see what it feels like." Bud yawned and put his hands over his head, then he began to rise. I ran forward to catch his feet in order to hold him onto solid earth when, as I put my hand up to catch him, I rose and struck my head against his feet. That reminded me very forcibly that he had large nails in his shoes, and I put my hands down to my sides, once more returning to earth. Bud sailed up and down for a moment or two and then he came back to earth.

"Bud," said I.

"Well, Ted, my boy?" he said condescendingly.

"What's the use of running when we might just as well fly?"

"That's a great head of yours, but how are you going to fly. All we can do is go up and down, but not backward or forward. See?" He asked by the way of emphasis.

He was right. I had not thought of that. Since we could not fly we kept on walking. Once we stopped, went up into the air to take an observation, and then came down again after seeing a light some distance away. We hurried forward and in time came to a small sturdy looking house.

A woman came to the door but SHE HAD NO MOUTH. We were so struck with amazement that we stood there staring. The place where her mouth should have been was just as flat as the palm of my hand. Bud was the first to recover from his astonish-

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ment, as usual, and he promptly asked for something to eat. The woman nodded her head and led us into the dining room.

Another surprise was here. The dishes were all black. "Looks as though there's been a death in the family. I wonder if this is the regular stunt?"

"Another case of opposites," I said. "I bet it is kind of dreary eating off of black dishes. Here the mouthless hostess comes." She entered bearing a tray of dishes, black as usual, covered. She set some of the dishes before Bud and the rest before me. We took off the covers and there lay the food. It was too frail to handle, and as we breathed on it it began to disappear.

"Well, of all things," I exclaimed. "All the food gone, and nothing to show for it."

"It was most all evaporated anyway," Bud said.

By this time it had grown quite light and it was getting more and more difficult to see. From a box on the mantel our hostess took a small stick of wood, like one of our matches, struck it on her hand, whereupon it burst into flame, the flame being black. Stepping to the chandelier over our heads, she turned on the gas and lit it. It burned brightly, but it was black. The black made it possible for us to see once more. Out of doors it was all light and we could not see a thing.

Bud kicked me under the table, and I turned from the window to see our lady

beckoning to us from the door from which we had first entered. We rose and followed her. She led us down a flight of stairs to a room.

The room was an ordinary bedroom except that the bed was fastened to the ceiling. The dark was burning brightly from a fixture on the wall.

"How do you expect we are ever going to get into bed?" I asked of Bud.

"Forgotten our up and down experience?" he replied.

"I move that we go to bed without removing our clothes," I said.

"First good idea you have had since taking this trip," replied Bud. "Second the motion." So after giving me directions to turn out the dark after he had got in bed, he rose very slowly, reached the bed and crawled in. As for me, I turned out the dark and found myself in total lightness. Of course I couldn't see a thing, and the idea of finding the bed in the light was not pleasing to me. However, I summoned my courage, which wasn't much, and raising my hands above my head, rose suddenly. I had put the speed on too quickly and as a result I rose very fast and struck my head against the ceiling with a tremendous bang. I groaned and dropped to the floor.

"What's the matter?" inquired Bud from the folds of the blanket above.

"Matter enough," I groaned. "I went up so fast that I nearly carried away the skylight. Guess I'll light the dark."

"That is beyond your power, my

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boy," chuckled Bud. "You haven't any matches."

"That's right. The only thing I can do is to try again. If I once get up there I'll hammer the life out of you for getting me in this fix."

The only thing that I could do was to go down to the floor and try again. This I did, not once, but three or four times, and at last succeeded after almost exhausting my patience.

I was so sleepy that I did not think of punching in Bud's head, but immediately went to sleep. I slept well, and awoke next morning, with a terrific headache. Looking around I saw I was back at home. Then it had only been a dream after all. The bottles were on the table, the ashes of the cigars were in the tray, my shirt front was all wrinkled, and I saw that my Tuxedo was spoiled by the rarebit that I had spilled on it. Then I rang the bell. Sambo appeared smiling and shining.

"Sambo, a bromo-seltzer, quick," and I fell to thinking of the tribulations of a rarebit fiend.

"Ted," '10.

(Continued from page 4)

thetic-looking monk, coming towards her, "the good Brothers are music hungry and we want you to play to us for an hour — and perhaps you will sing?" he asked.

"Perhaps," replied Helen, with a smile, as she sat down before the piano. It had been her greatest pleasure to play for the monks ever since she had been

able to, and she was familiar with all their favorite compositions. Without a moment's hesitation she began the "Spring Song."

"Ah, Mendelssohn," murmured Father Leonardo with a pleased expression, as he took his seat beside Father Buenci."

\* \* \*

During the months that followed fast one after another, several days of each week found the Colonel's daughter at the Mission.

A mutual interest in music had formed the first bond of friendship between the young monk and the girl musician. Before long they found that they had many interests in common and so the friendship deepened.

It was almost Easter, and all of the valley was abloom with fragrant flowers, and the Mission gardens and orchards were heavily laden.

From an open doorway came the strains of a violin and piano blended perfectly. The violin throbbed out its last despairing note, and Father Leonardo laid his instrument carefully on the piano.

"Thank you, Helen," he said simply, and walked slowly to the window and stood looking out.

The girl nodded and commenced to play. The monk came back to the piano as the last note died away.

"Helen," he said, leaning toward her, "I have something to tell you." His usually low caressing voice was almost harsh. "I am going away!"

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He paused. "I go tomorrow at sunrise"

Slowly all color left her face.

"Where?" she asked in a low tone

"To the Pueblo de Los Angeles, then to San Juan Capistrano and thence — ah!" with a wave of his hand, "I know not"

"Then this is the last time we shall play together?" she said looking at him appealingly.

"Yes, the last time. The 'Adieu,'" he replied slowly and regretfully, walking around the piano and sitting down on the bench beside her.

"I said I had something to tell you. It is a long story, but I will tell it all" Father Leonardo paused and his expression showed the story had recalled bitter memories and sorrows half forgotten. "I was young and impetuous," the monk smiled bitterly, "and in the wild, passionate outburst of anger and disgust, I turned to the Church. A month later I entered the Franciscan Brotherhood. During these years my music has been my greatest pleasure — my consolation in bitterness and hatred. It was all that remained of what I once had been.

"Father, dear Father, I understand," the girl murmured.

"It is more difficult to tell you than I had thought." He arose and walked to the window, where the light falling across his face showed his irresolution and desire. Suddenly he turned. "I love you! I love you," he cried kneeling beside the girl. "I had meant not to tell you. God forgive me for speaking!

"I love you, too," she said at last, simply and quietly.

Then both were silent.

The monk had turned from the window and when he spoke, his soft, low voice was the voice of Padre Leonardo, the monk.

"Dear girl," he said, "the bitterness and hatred are all gone. You with your sweetness and gentle, pure womanhood have restored my faith in woman-kind. I love you for this and bless you. God has been good"

"God has been good to me," said Helen turning towards him. "He has shown me the way wherein I should walk, and I am glad" She paused, and then both instinctively turned to the piano. Father Leonardo picked up his violin and together they played that saddest of songs, Schubert's "Adieu." And the girl in a low, tender voice sang the words:

"Farewell thy call attending  
While I must linger here.  
Affection never ending,  
Shall guard thy memory dear.  
Farewell, a morrow's gladness  
Succeeds a day of pain.  
And hearts that part in sadness  
In heaven unite again."

"Farewell" — the last note died away into silence.

Father Buenci and Jimmy Thurston stood in the doorway.

With lingering fingers the girl closed the piano. Then she knelt before the monk. Gently he touched her and in a low voice he blessed her. Slowly she arose and went towards the two men, and without a word passed out into the gathering night.

Father Buenci hastened noiselessly across the room and out into the garden to where the young monk sat with bowed head.

"My son," he said, laying his hand on his head, — and the sympathy of one who knows and understands was in his voice and touch.

\* \* \*

The next morning at dawn a solitary horseman left the Mission and followed the road towards the south.

D. Blanchard.



THE following is the result of hockey games which have been played so far:

|                   |     |
|-------------------|-----|
| * Rindge M. T. S. | 3-3 |
| Medford H. S.     | 0-1 |
| Wakefield H. S.   | 1-0 |
| Wellesley H. S.   | 2-1 |
| Brookline H. S.   | 8-1 |
| * Cambridge Latin | 2-1 |
| Milton H. S.      | 2-0 |
| Cambridge Latin   | 0-1 |
| Winchester H. S.  | 5-3 |
| Milton Academy    | 3-2 |
| * Practice games. |     |

The games especially worthy of note are the Rindge game, the Milton H S game and the Milton Academy game. In the first of these three games extra periods were played, but neither side was able to score. In the second game three extra periods were played and in the third, Smart and Scannell each tallied a point for Arlington. In the third game one extra period was played and during it Murray, by fast skating and skillful dodging managed to score.

Through the efforts of Mr. Scully and the generosity of Mr. Hornblower, a rink has been obtained for the hockey team. The need of a rink has always been apparent but until this year nothing definite had been done.

#### Treasurer's Report.

SINCE the last report twenty-two boys have been enrolled in the Asso-

ciation, making altogether seventy-two members.

The Association not only has increased in membership, but also financially. From nothing, the treasury has been increased to over a hundred dollars.

#### ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE TREASURER'S REPORT

##### RECEIPTS

|                           |                |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| From program              | \$75.00        |
| " sale of tickets         | 142.50         |
| " sale of tickets at door | 33.00          |
| " sale of candy           | 15.05          |
| " check room              | 4.55           |
|                           | <hr/> \$270.10 |

##### EXPENDITURES

|                                                                 |                |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| For rent of Town Hall,<br>Police Officer and piano              | \$14.00        |
| For R. W. LeBaron                                               | 3.00           |
| " printing                                                      | 20.00          |
| " candy boxes                                                   | 2.94           |
| " orchestra                                                     | 6.00           |
| " properties                                                    | .35            |
| Wm. O. Partridge for direc-<br>tion, scenery, costumes,<br>etc. | 77.20          |
| Expenses of Committee                                           | 6.78           |
|                                                                 | <hr/> \$130.27 |
| Balance on hand                                                 | \$135.48       |
| Borrowed by Association                                         | 4.35           |

Net receipts \$13.93

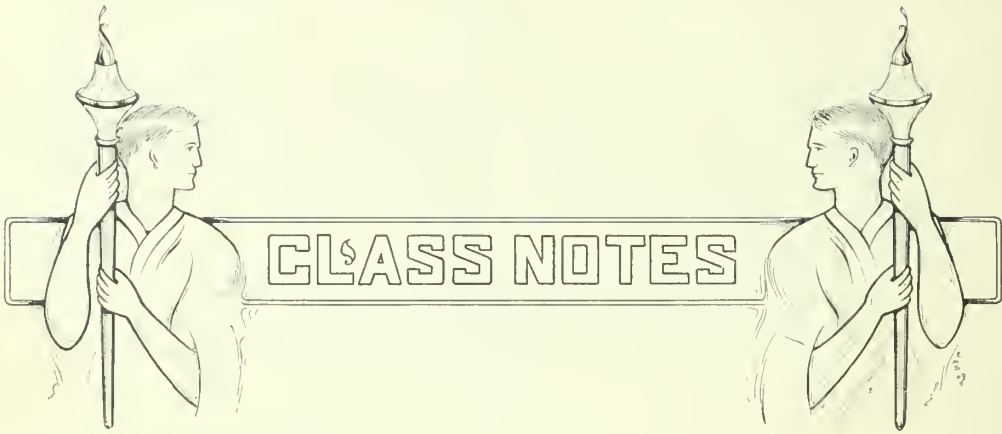
Respectfully submitted,

PAUL T. WINSLOW,

Treas. of the Committee.

Approved Dec. 10, 1908, by Entertainment  
Committee.

Howard T. Murray  
Paul T. Winslow  
William S. Black  
William Scannell  
Ray E. Manger

**Class of 1909**

Didicissem?

We learn in English that an urchin is either a hedgehog or a pert little fellow. Therefore, D——s is (a hedgehog?)

The Greek class is enjoying its second childhood. There are others.

Class Editor, '12: No "knocks" on upper classmen, please.

**Class of 1910**

The much-needed "conversation beads" did not make such a "hit" as their owners intended. Instead, a sort of reflex action resulted.

Miss —— was heard to make the startling announcement that she would have to take a certain Freshman apart — —!

And still the Latin Juniors cry with never-ceasing anguish, "*Quo usque tandem abutere, Cicero, patientia nostra?*" And the sympathetic (?) Seniors say, commiseratingly: "Just wait till you come to Virgil!"

**Class of 1911**

On good authority we learn that the British *evaporated* Boston.

Great discovery: Hannibal had a *father*.

One of our number assures us that the Romans lost many *victories*.

The Freshmen should be congratulated on their song. It is peculiarly appropriate.

**Class of 1912**

The English Division of the Freshman Class has discovered a new kind of animal known as (Fair Tails).

Heard in Algebra Class. Teacher: "Miss ——, What is .50 of a week?"  
Miss E—. " $1\frac{2}{3}$  days."

At that rate our twenty-four weeks of Algebra would go just as we would like it.

According to a certain person the Iliad tells stories.

Might have known the Greeks were used to lyres.

## EXCHANGES

### MY NEW TYPEWRITER

I have a new type-eWriter,  
 Ad it is my delight  
 To patter on it gailY—  
 And write, and write (and write \$  
 It aids mE in my laborsg  
 When I(m workinG vein£  
 It makes a great improveEmEnTö  
 I write So veRy plain  
 It operateS sosw! etlY\$  
 That when you † find you're stuck  $\frac{1}{6}$   
 Ane cannot fiND the lett4er\*  
 Just 6jab† — and trust to luck 6 \$ ?  
 It's Easy — V7ry easY;  
 To operRate it tehn : ; ? 11 — 80  
 Now where on earth's that comma ?]

\* \* \* \* \*

Give me my ink and pen. — Ex.

Prove: A piece of ruled writing paper is  
 equal to a lazy dog

Proof: Ruled paper — ink-lined plane

Inclined plane — slope up

Slow pup — lazy dog

Ruled paper — lazy dog — A E. D.  
 Ex.

“You can always tell a college man”

“Yes, but you can't tell him much.”

— Ex.

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An Englishman, an Irishman, and a  
 Scotchman were one day arguing as to  
 which of the three countries had the fastest  
 trains.

“Well, said the Englishman, “I’ve  
 been in one of our trains, and the telegraph  
 poles have been like a hedge.”

“I’ve seen the mile-stones appear like  
 tomb-stones,” said the Scot.

“Be jabbers,” said Pat, “I was one  
 day in a train in my country, and we passed  
 a field of turnips, and a field of carrots,  
 and a field of cabbage and parsley, and a  
 pond of water, and we were going so fast  
 I thought it was soup.— Ex.



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And every time he wagged his tail,  
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